THE WORKS OF Mr. *William Congreve*:

In TWO VOLUMES.

Consisting of HIS

PLAYS and POEMS.

The THIRD EDITION, Revis'd by the AUTHOR.

LONDON:

Printed for JACOB TONSON, at *Shakespear's Head* over-against *Katharine-Street* in the *Strand.* MDCCXIX.

THE WORKS OF

MVSEVM BRITAN NICVM

THE WORKS OF Mr. *William Congreve.*

VOLUME *the* FIRST.

CONTAINING

The OLD BATCHELOR.
The DOUBLE DEALER.
LOVE *for* LOVE.
} Comedies.

LONDON:
Printed for JACOB TONSON, at *Shakeſpear's Head* over-againſt *Katharine-Street* in the *Strand.* MDCCXIX.

MVSEVM
BRITAN
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PREFACE.

THERE is no Occaſion to ſay any thing in relation to theſe Plays, which ſome time ſince have been every way made Publick: And conſequently, are already plac'd in that degree of Reputation, (whatever it be) which their Auditors and Readers, have thought fit to allow them.

This Edition of them, therefore, is only recommended as

the leaſt faulty Impreſſion, which has yet been Printed; in which, Care has been taken both to Reviſe the Preſs, and to Review and Correct many Paſſages in the Writing.

Notwithſtanding which Care, it muſt be confeſs'd, too many *Errata* in both kinds, ſtill remain; thoſe of the Preſs, are to be reckoned amongſt Things, which no Diligence can prevent. Mr. *Bayle*, in his Preface to the firſt Edition of his Dictionary, ſpeaks of the Vexation of ineffectual Superviſing the Preſs, in Terms ſo feeling, that they move Compaſſion in his Reader; and concludes the Paragraph touching it, in theſe Words "*Je l'oublie autant que Je puis, animus meminiſſe horret.* The

PREFACE.

The Tragedy of the *Mourning Bride*, in this Edition, is reformed in its *Numbers*, and by ſeveral little Variations and Tranſpoſitions in the Expreſſion, intirely caſt into Blank Verſe; in reſpect of which Meaſure, it was before, in many Places, defective. Some few Verſes are alſo, in one or two Places, inſerted or ſubſtituted in the Room of others, it is hoped for the better.

It will hardly be deny'd, that it is both a Reſpect due to the Publick, and a Right which every Man owes to himſelf, to endeavour that what he has written, may not appear with any Faults, which he is capable of avoiding. This Conſideration a-

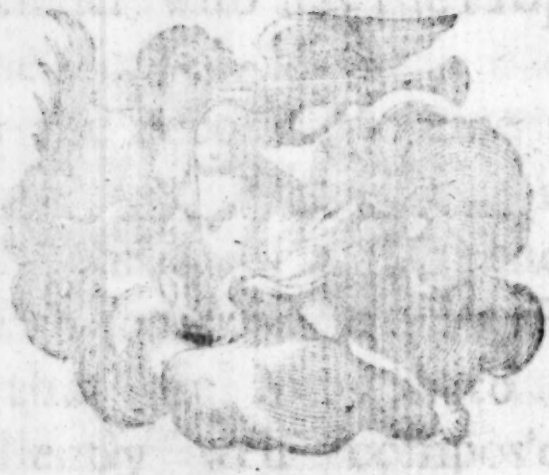
lone, were ſufficient to have occaſion'd this Edition; but it has been haſten'd by another Motive, which is, that theſe five Plays have lately undergone a ſpurious Impreſſion, and have been very faultily, as well as very indirectly Publiſhed; in Prejudice both to the Author, and the Bookſeller who has the Property of the Copy.

In the Second Volume there is an Opera, which has never yet appear'd; of which, there is little to be ſaid in this Place, but that the Muſick to it is excellently well compos'd by Mr. *John Eccles*.

The Miſcellaneous Verſes, which conclude this Work, are of ſeveral kinds, and written occaſionally

caſionally at diſtant Times; the early Date of ſome, no doubt, will plainly appear, and it is hoped will alſo plead their Excuſe. Part of 'em has heretofore been Printed ſingly, or diſpers'd in Miſcellanies.





THE

Old Batchelor.

A

COMEDY.

Quem tulit ad Scenam ventoſo gloria Curru,
Exanimat lentus Spectator; ſedulus inflat.
Sic leve, ſic parvum eſt, animum quod laudis avarum
Subruit, aut reficit———

Horat. Epiſt. I. Lib. II.

Printed in the YEAR 1719.

THE

Old Batchelor.

A

COMEDY.



To the Right Honourable

CHARLES *Lord* Clifford,

OF

LANESBOROUGH, &c.

My LORD,

IT is with a great deal of Pleasure, that I lay hold on this first Occasion, which the Accidents of my Life have given me of Writing to your Lordship: For since at the same time, I write to all the World, it will be a means of publishing (what I would have every Body know) the Respect and Duty which I

owe

owe and pay to you. I have ſo much Inclination to be yours, that I need no other Engagement: But the particular Ties, by which I am bound to your Lordſhip and Family, have put it out of my Power to make you any Compliment; ſince all Offers of my ſelf, will amount to no more than an honeſt Acknowledgment, and only ſhew a Willingneſs in me to be grateful.

I am very near wiſhing, That it were not ſo much my Intereſt to be your Lordſhip's Servant, that it might be more my Merit; not that I would avoid being obliged to you, but I would have my own Choice to run me into the Debt; that I might have it to boaſt, I had diſtinguiſh'd a Man, to whom I would be glad to be obliged, even without the Hopes of having it in my Power, ever to make him a Return.

It is impoſſible for me to come near your Lordſhip, in any kind, and not to receive ſome Favour; and while in appearance I am only making an Acknowledgment

ledgment (with the uſual under-hand dealing of the World) I am at the ſame time, inſinuating my own Intereſt. I cannot give your Lordſhip your due, without tacking a Bill of my own Privileges. 'Tis true, if a Man never committed a Folly, he would never ſtand in need of a Protection: But then Power would have nothing to do, and good Nature no Occaſion to ſhew it ſelf; and where thoſe Qualities are, 'tis pity they ſhould want Objects to ſhine upon. I muſt confeſs this is no reaſon, why a Man ſhould do an idle thing, nor indeed any good Excuſe for it, when done; yet it reconciles the Uſes of ſuch Authority and Goodneſs, to the Neceſſities of our Follies; and is a ſort of Poetical Logick, which at this Time I would make uſe of, to argue your Lordſhip into a Protection of this Play. It is the firſt Offence I have committed in this kind, or indeed, in any kind of Poetry, tho' not the firſt made Publick; and, therefore, I hope will the more eaſily be pardoned:

But

But had it been Acted, when it was firſt written, more might have been ſaid in its behalf; Ignorance of the Town and Stage, would then have been Excuſes in a young Writer, which now, almoſt four Years Experience, will ſcarce allow of. Yet I muſt declare my ſelf ſenſible of the good Nature of the Town, in receiving this Play ſo kindly, with all its Faults, which I muſt own were, for the moſt part, very induſtriouſly cover'd by the Care of the Players; for, I think, ſcarce a Character but receiv'd all the Advantage it would admit of, from the Juſtneſs of the Action.

As for the Criticks, my Lord, I have nothing to ſay, to, or againſt, any of them of any kind; from thoſe who make juſt Exceptions, to thoſe who find fault in the wrong place. I will only make this general Anſwer in behalf of my Play (an Anſwer, which *Epictetus* adviſes every Man to make for himſelf, to his Cenſurers) *viz. That if they who find ſome Faults in it, were as intimate with it as I am,*

the

hey would find a great many more. This s a Confeſſion, which I needed not to have made; but however, I can draw this uſe from it, to my own Advantage, that I think there are no Faults in it but what I do know; which, as I take it, is the firſt ſtep to an Amendment.

Thus I may live in hopes (ſome time or other) of making the Town amends; but you, my Lord, I never can, tho' I am ever

Your LORDSHIP's

moſt Obedient, and

moſt Humble Servant,

WILL. CONGREVE.

TO
Mr. *CONGREVE.*

WHEN Virtue in purſuit of Fame appears,
And forward ſhoots the Growth beyond the Years,
We timely court the riſing Hero's Cauſe;
And on his ſide, the Poet wiſely draws;
Beſpeaking him hereafter, by Applauſe.
The Days will come, when we ſhall all receive
Returning Intereſt, from what now we give:
Inſtructed, and ſupported by that Praiſe,
And Reputation, which we ſtrive to raiſe.
Nature ſo coy, ſo hardly to be woo'd,
Flies, like a Miſtreſs, but to be purſu'd.
O Congreve! *boldly follow on the Chaſe;*
She looks behind, and wants thy ſtrong Embrace:
She yields, ſhe yields, ſurrenders all her Charms,
Do you but force her gently to your Arms:
Such Nerves, ſuch Graces, in your Lines appear,
As you were made to be her Raviſher.
Dryden *has long extended his Command,*
By Right Divine, quite through the Muſes Land,
Abſolute Lord; and holding now from none,
But great Apollo, *his undoubted Crown:*
(That Empire ſettled, and grown old in Pow'r)
Can wiſh for nothing, but a Succeſſor:
Not to enlarge his Limits, but maintain
Thoſe Provinces, which he alone could gain.

His

To Mr. CONGREVE.

His eldeſt Wicherly, *in wiſe Retreat,*
Thought it not worth his Quiet to be Great.
Looſe, wandring Etherege, *in wild Pleaſures toſt,*
And foreign Int'reſts, to his Hopes long loſt:
Poor Lee *and* Otway *dead!* Congreve *appears,*
The Darling, and laſt Comfort of his Years:
May'ſt thou live long in thy great Maſter's Smiles,
And growing under him, adorn theſe Iſles:
But when —— when part of him (be that but late)
His Body yielding muſt ſubmit to Fate,
Leaving his deathleſs Works, and Thee behind,
(The natural Succeſſor of his Mind)
Then may'ſt thou finiſh what he has begun:
Heir to his Merit, be in Fame his Son.
What thou haſt done, ſhews all is in thy Pow'r;
And to write better, only muſt write more.
'Tis ſomething to be willing to commend;
But my beſt Praiſe, is, that I am your Friend,

THO. SOUTHERNE.

To Mr. CONGREVE.

THE Danger's great in theſe cenſorious Days,
When Criticks are ſo rife, to venture Praiſe:
When the infectious and ill-natur'd Brood
Behold, and damn the Work, becauſe 'tis good;
And with a proud, ungenerous Spirit, try
To paſs an Oſtraciſm on Poetry.
But you, my Friend, your Worth does ſafely bear
Above their Spleen; you have no Cauſe for Fear;

Like

To Mr. CONGREVE.

Like a well-mettled Hawk, you took your Flight
Quite out of Reach, and almoſt out of Sight.
As the ſtrong Sun, in a fair Summer's Day,
You riſe, and drive the Miſts and Clouds away,
The Owls and Bats, and all the Birds of Prey.
Each Line of yours, like poliſh'd Steel's ſo hard,
In Beauty ſafe, it wants no other Guard.
Nature her ſelf's beholden to your Dreſs,
Which tho' ſtill like, much fairer you expreſs.
Some vainly ſtriving Honour to obtain,
Leave to their Heirs the Traffick of their Brain,
Like China *under Ground, the ripening Ware,*
In a long time, perhaps grows worth our Care:
But you now reap the Fame, ſo well you've ſown;
The Planter taſtes his Fruit to Ripeneſs grown.
As a fair Orange-tree at once is ſeen,
Big with what's ripe, yet ſpringing ſtill with green;
So at one time, my worthy Friend appears,
With all the ſap of Youth, and weight of Years.
Accept my pious Love, as forward Zeal,
Which tho' it ruins me I can't conceal:
Expos'd to Cenſure for my weak Applauſe,
I'm pleas'd to ſuffer in ſo juſt a Cauſe:
And tho' my Offering may unworthy prove,
Take, as a Friend, the Wiſhes of my Love.

J. MARSH.

To

To Mr. *CONGREVE*, on his Play called *The Old Batchelor*.

WIT, like true Gold, refin'd from all Allay,
Immortal is, and never can decay:
'Tis in all Times and Languages the ſame;
Nor can an ill Tranſlation quench the Flame:
For, tho' the Form and Faſhion don't remain,
Th' intrinſick Value ſtill it will retain.
Then let each ſtudied Scene be writ with Art;
And Judgment ſweat to form the labour'd Part:
Each Character be juſt, and Nature ſeem;
Without th' Ingredient, Wit, 'tis all but Phlegm:
For that's the Soul, which all the Maſs muſt move,
And wake our Paſſions into Grief, or Love.
But you, too Bounteous, ſow your Wit ſo thick,
We are ſurpriz'd, and know not where to pick:
And while with Clapping, we are juſt to you,
Our ſelves we injure, and loſe ſomething new.
What mayn't we then, great Youth, of thee preſage,
Whoſe Art and Wit ſo much tranſcend thy Age?
How wilt thou ſhine at thy Meridian height?
Who, at thy Riſing, giv'ſt ſo vaſt a Light.
When Dryden *dying, ſhall the World deceive,*
Whom we Immortal, as his Works, believe;
Thou ſhalt ſucceed, the Glory of the Stage,
Adorn and entertain the coming Age.

BEVIL. HIGGONS.

PRO-

PROLOGUE intended for *The* OLD BATCHELOR.

Written by the Lord *FALKLAND*.

MOST Authors on the Stage at firſt appear
Like Widows Bridegrooms, full of Doub
and Fear:
They judge, from the Experience of the Dame,
How hard a Task it is to quench her Flame:
And who falls ſhort of furniſhing a Courſe,
Up to his brawny Predeceſſor's Force;
With utmoſt Rage from her Embraces thrown,
Remains convicted, as an empty Drone.
Thus often, to his Shame, a pert Beginner,
Proves in the end, a miſerable Sinner.
As for our Youngſter, I am apt to doubt him:
With all the Vigour of his Youth about him:
But he, more Sanguine, truſts in one and twenty
And impudently hopes he ſhall content you:
For tho' his Batchelor be worn and cold,
He thinks the Young may club to help the Old:
And what alone can be atchiev'd by neither,
Is often brought about by both together.
The briskeſt of you all have felt Alarms,
Finding the Fair one proſtitute her Charms
With broken Sighs, in her old Fumbler's Arms.

But

PROLOGUE.

But for our Spark, he ſwears he'll ne'er be jealous
Of any Rivals, but young luſty Fellows.
Faith let him try his Chance, and if the Slave,
After his Bragging, prove a waſhy Knave,
May he be baniſh'd to ſome lonely Den,
And never more have leave to dip his Pen;
But if he be the Champion he pretends,
Both Sexes ſure will join to be his Freinds;
For all agree, where all can have their ends.
And you muſt own him for a Man of Might,
If he holds out to pleaſe you the third Night.



PRO-

PROLOGUE

Spoken by Mrs. *Bracegirdle*.

HOW this vile World is chang'd! In former Days,
Prologues, were ſerious Speeches, before Plays;
Grave ſolemn Things, as Graces are to Feaſts;
Where Poets begg'd a Bleſſing from their Gueſts.
But now, no more like Suppliants we come;
A Play makes War, and Prologue is the Drum
Arm'd with keen Satire, and with pointed Wit,
We threaten you who do for Judges ſit,
To ſave our Plays, or elſe we'll damn your Pit.
But for your Comfort, it falls out to-day,
We've a young Author, and his firſt born Play;
So, ſtanding only on his good Behaviour,
He's very civil, and entreats your Favour.
Not but the Man has Malice, wou'd he ſhow it,
But on my Conſcience he's a baſhful Poet;
You think that ſtrange — no matter, he'll out-grow it.
Well, I'm his Advocate——by me he prays you,
(I don't know whether I ſhall ſpeak to pleaſe you

PROLOGUE.

He prays——O bleſs me! what ſhall I do now!
Hang me if I know what he prays, or how!
And 'twas the prettieſt Prologue as he wrote it!
Well, the deuce take me, if I han't forgot it.
O Lord, for Heavens ſake excuſe the Play,
Becauſe, you know, if it be damn'd to-day,
I ſhall be hang'd for wanting what to ſay.
For my ſake then——but I'm in ſuch Confuſion,
I cannot ſtay to hear your Reſolution.

[Runs off.



Dramatis Perſonæ.

MEN.

Heartwell, a ſurly old Batchelor, pretending to ſlight Women, ſecretly in Love with *Sylvia*,	Mr. *Betterton.*
Bellmour, in Love with *Belinda*,	Mr. *Powel.*
Vainlove, capricious in his Love; in Love with *Araminta*,	Mr. *Williams.*
Sharper,	Mr. *Verbruggen.*
Sir *Joſeph Wittoll*,	Mr. *Bowen.*
Captain *Bluffe*,	Mr. *Haines.*
Fondlewife, a Banker,	Mr. *Dogget.*
Setter, a Pimp,	Mr. *Underhill.*
Servant to *Fondlewife*.	

WOMEN.

Araminta, in Love with *Vainlove*,	Mrs. *Bracegirdle.*
Belinda, her Couſin, an affected Lady, in Love with *Bellmour*,	Mrs. *Mountfort.*
Lætitia, Wife to *Fondlewife*,	Mrs. *Barry.*
Sylvia, *Vainlove*'s forſaken Miſtreſs,	Mrs. *Bowman.*
Lucy, her Maid,	Mrs. *Leigh.*
Betty.	
Boy and Footmen.	

SCENE, *LONDON.*

THE



THE OLD BATCHELOR.

ACT I. SCENE I.

SCENE, *The Street.*

Bellmour *and* Vainlove *meeting.*

BELLMOUR.

Vainlove, and abroad ſo early! Good Morrow; I thought a Contemplative Lover could no more have parted with his Bed in a Morning, than he could have ſlept in't.

VAINLOVE.

Bellmour, good Morrow —— Why truth on't is, theſe rly Sallies are not uſual to me; but Buſineſs, as you , Sir —— [*Shewing Letters.*] And Buſineſs muſt be folw'd, or be loſt.

BELLMOUR.

Buſineſs!——And ſo muſt Time, my Friend, be cloſe purſued, or loſt. Buſineſs is the Rub of Life, pervert our Aim, caſts off the Bias, and leaves us wide and ſhort of the intended Mark.

VAINLOVE.

Pleaſure, I gueſs you mean.

BELLMOUR.

Ay, what elſe has Meaning?

VAINLOVE.

Oh the Wiſe will tell you——

BELLMOUR.

More than they believe——or underſtand.

VAINLOVE.

How, how, *Ned*, a wiſe Man ſay more than he underſtands?

BELLMOUR.

Ay, ay, Wiſdom's nothing but a pretending to know and believe more than we really do. You read of but one wiſe Man, and all that he knew was, that he knew nothing. Come, come, leave Buſineſs to Idlers, and Wiſdom to Fools; they have need of 'em: Wit, be my Faculty; and Pleaſure, my Occupation; and let Father Time ſhake his Glaſs. Let low and earthly Souls grovel 'till they have work'd themſelves ſix Foot deep into a Grave —— Buſineſs is not my Element——I rowl in a higher Orb, and dwell——

VAINLOVE.

In Caſtles i'th' Air of thy own building: That's thy Element, *Ned* —— Well, as high a Flyer as you are, I have a Lure may make you ſtoop. [*Flings a Letter*

BELLMOUR.

I marry Sir, I have a Hawk's Eye at a Woman's hand —— There's more Elegancy in the falſe Spelling of this Superſcription [*Takes up the Letter*] than in all *Cicero* —— Let me ſee —— How now! *Dear perfidious* Vainlove. [*Reads*

VAINLOVE.

Hold, hold, 'ſlife that's the wrong. [*BELL*

BELLMOUR.

Nay let's ſee the Name *(Sylvia!)* How can'ſt thou be ungrateful to that Creature? She's extreamly pretty, and loves thee intirely —— I have heard her breath ſuch Raptures about thee———

VAINLOVE.

Ay, or any Body that ſhe's about———

BELLMOUR.

No faith *Frank* you wrong her; ſhe has been juſt to you.

VAINLOVE.

That's pleaſant, by my troth from thee, who haſt had her.

BELLMOUR.

Never——Her Affections: 'Tis true by Heav'n, ſhe own'd it to my Face; and bluſhing like the Virgin Morn when it diſclos'd the Cheat, which that truſty Bawd of Nature, Night had hid, confeſs'd her Soul was true to you; tho' I by Treachery had ſtoll'n the Bliſs———

VAINLOVE.

So was true as Turtle—— in Imagination, *Ned*, ha? Preach this Doctrine to Husbands, and the married Women will adore thee.

BELLMOUR.

Why faith I think it will do well enough —— If the Husband be out of the way, for the Wife to ſhew her Fondneſs and Impatience of his Abſence, by chuſing a Lover as like him as ſhe can, and what is unlike, ſhe may help out with her own Fancy.

VAINLOVE.

But is it not an Abuſe to the Lover to be made a Blind of?

BELLMOUR.

As you ſay the Abuſe is to the Lover, not the Huſband: For 'tis an Argument of her great Zeal towards him, that ſhe will enjoy him in Effigie.

VAINLOVE.

It muſt be a very ſuperſtitious Country, where ſuch

Zeal paſſes for true Devotion. I doubt it will be damn'd by all our Proteſtant Husbands for flat Idolatry —— But if you can make Alderman *Fondlewife* of your Perſwaſion, this Letter will be needleſs.

BELLMOUR.

What, the old Banker with the handſom Wife?

VAINLOVE.

Ay.

BELLMOUR.

Let me ſee, *Latitia!* Oh 'tis a delicious Morſel. Dear *Frank* thou art the trueſt Friend in the World.

VAINLOVE.

Ay, am I not? To be continually ſtarting of Hares for you to courſe. We were certainly cut out for one another; for my Temper quits an Amour, juſt where thine takes it up——But read that, it is an Appointment for me, this Evening; when *Fondlewife* will be gone out of Town, to meet the Maſter of a Ship, about the Return of a Venture which he's in danger of loſing. Read, read.

BELLMOUR reads.

Hum, Hum——*Out of Town this Evening, and talk of ſending for Mr.* Spintext *to keep me Company; but I'll take care, he ſhall not be at home.* Good! *Spintext!* Oh the Fanatick one-ey'd Parſon!

VAINLOVE.

Ay.

BELLMOUR reads.

Hum, Hum——*That your Converſation will be much more agreeable, if you can counterfeit his Habit to blind the Servants.* Very good! Then I muſt be diſguiſed—— With all my Heart —— It adds a Guſto to an Amour; gives it the greater reſemblance of Theft; and among us lewd Mortals, the deeper the Sin the ſweeter. *Frank,* I'm amaz'd at thy good Nature——

VAINLOVE.

Faith I hate Love when 'tis forc'd upon a Man, as I do Wine——And this Buſineſs is none of my ſeeking;

I

I only hapned to be once or twice, where *Latitia* was the handſomeſt Woman in Company, ſo conſequently apply'd my ſelf to her —— And it ſeems ſhe has taken me at my Word —— Had you been there, or any Body, 'thad been the ſame.

BELLMOUR.

I wiſh I may ſucceed as the ſame.

VAINLOVE.

Never doubt it; for if the Spirit of Cuckoldom be once raiſed up in a Woman, the Devil can't lay it, till ſhe has don't.

BELLMOUR.

Prithee, what ſort of Fellow is *Fondlewife?*

VAINLOVE.

A kind of Mongrel Zealot, ſometimes very preciſe and peeviſh; but I have ſeen him pleaſant enough in his way: Much addicted to Jealouſie, but more to Fondneſs: So that as he is often jealous without a Cauſe, he's as often ſatisfied without Reaſon.

BELLMOUR.

A very even Temper, and fit for my purpoſe. I muſt get your Man *Setter* to provide my Diſguiſe.

VAINLOVE.

Ay, you may take him for good and all if you will, for you have made him fit for no body elſe——Well——

BELLMOUR.

You're going to viſit in return of *Sylvia*'s Letter—— Poor Rogue. Any Hour of the Day or Night will ſerve her —— But do you know nothing of a new Rival there?

VAINLOVE.

Yes, *Heartwell*, that ſurly, old, pretended Woman-hater, thinks her Virtuous; that's one Reaſon why I fail her: I would have her fret her ſelf out of Conceit with me, that ſhe may entertain ſome Thoughts of him. I know he viſits her ev'ry Day.

BELLMOUR.

Yet rails on ſtill, and thinks his Love unknown to us; a little time will ſwell him ſo, he muſt be forc'd to give

it birth; and the Diſcovery muſt needs be very pleaſant from himſelf; to ſee what Pains he will take, and how he will ſtrain to be deliver'd of a Secret, when he has miſcarried of it already.

VAINLOVE.

Well, good Morrow, let's dine together; I'll meet at the old Place.

BELLMOUR.

With all my Heart; it lies convenient for us to pay our Afternoon Services to our Miſtreſſes. I find I am damnably in Love, I'm ſo uneaſie for not having ſeen *Belinda* yeſterday.

VAINLOVE.

But I ſaw my *Araminta*, yet am as impatient.

SCENE II.

BELLMOUR *alone.*

BELLMOUR.

WHY what a Cormorant in Love am I! who, not contented with the Slavery of honourable Love in one Place, and the Pleaſure of enjoying ſome half a ſcore Miſtreſſes of my own acquiring; muſt yet take *Vainlove*'s Buſineſs upon my Hands, becauſe it lay too heavy upon his; So am not only forc'd to lie with other Mens Wives for 'em, but muſt alſo undertake the harder Task of obliging their Miſtreſſes — I muſt take up, or I ſhall never hold out; Fleſh and Blood cannot bear it always.

SCENE III,

[*To him*] SHARPER.

SHARPER.

I'M ſorry to ſee this, *Ned:* Once a Man comes to his Soliloquies I give him for gone. *BELL-*

BELLMOUR.

Sharper, I'm glad to ſee thee.

SHARPER.

What, is *Belinda* cruel, that you are ſo thoughtful?

BELLMOUR.

No faith, not for that——But there's a Buſineſs of Conſequence fall'n out to Day, that requires ſome Conſideration.

SHARPER.

Prithee what mighty Buſineſs of Conſequence can'ſt thou have?

BELLMOUR.

Why you muſt know, 'tis a piece of Work toward the finiſhing of an Alderman; it ſeems I muſt put the laſt hand to it, and dub him Cuckold, that he may be of equal Dignity with the reſt of his Brethren: So I muſt beg *Belinda*'s Pardon.——

SHARPER.

Faith e'en give her over for good-and-all; you can have no hopes of getting her for a Miſtreſs; and ſhe is too proud, too inconſtant, too affected, and too witty, and too handſom for a Wife.

BELLMOUR.

But ſhe can't have too much Money—There's twelve thouſand Pound, *Tom.*——'Tis true ſhe is exceſſively foppiſh and affected, but in my Conſcience I believe the Baggage loves me: For ſhe never ſpeaks well of me her ſelf, nor ſuffers any Body elſe to rail at me. Then, as I told you, there's twelve Thouſand Pound——Hum——Why faith upon ſecond Thoughts, ſhe does not appear to be ſo very affected neither——Give her her due, I think the Woman's a Woman, and that's all. As ſuch I'm ſure I ſhall like her; for the Devil take me if I don't love all the Sex.

SHARPER.

And here comes one who ſwears as heartily he hates all the Sex.

SCENE IV.

[*To them*] HEARTWELL.

BELLMOUR.

WHO, *Heartwell!* Ay, but he knows better things—How now *George*, where haſt thou been ſnarling odious Truths, and entertaining Company, like a Phyſician, with Diſcourſe of their Diſeaſes and Infirmities? What fine Lady haſt thou been putting out of Conceit with her ſelf, and perſwading that the Face ſhe had been making all the Morning, was none of her own? for I know thou art as unmannerly and as unwelcome to a Woman, as a Looking-Glaſs after the Small-Pox.

HEARTWELL.

I confeſs I have not been ſneering fulſom Lyes and nauſeous Flattery, fawning upon a little tawdry Whore, that will fawn upon me again, and entertain any Puppy that comes, like a Tumbler, with the ſame Tricks over and over. For ſuch I gueſs may have been your late Employment.

BELLMOUR.

Would thou hadſt come a little ſooner, *Vainlove* would have wrought thy Converſion, and been a Champion for the Cauſe.

HEARTWELL.

What, has he been here? that's one of Love's *April*-Fools, is always upon ſome Errand that's to no purpoſe, ever embarking in Adventures, yet never comes to Harbour.

SHARPER.

That's becauſe he always ſets out in foul Weather, loves to buffet with the Winds, meet the Tide, and ſail in the Teeth of Oppoſition.

HEARTWELL.

What, has he not dropt Anchor at *Araminta?*

BELL-

BELLMOUR.

Truth on't is ſhe fits his Temper beſt, is a kind of a floating Iſland; ſometimes ſeems in reach, then vaniſhes, and keeps him buſied in the ſearch.

SHARPER.

She had need have a good ſhare of Senſe to manage ſo *Capricious* a Lover.

BELLMOUR.

Faith I don't know, he's of a Temper the moſt eaſie to himſelf in the World; he takes as much always of an Amour as he cares for, and quits it when it grows ſtale and unpleaſant.

SHARPER.

An Argument of very little Paſſion, very good Underſtanding, and very ill Nature.

HEARTWELL.

And proves that *Vainlove* plays the Fool with Diſcretion.

SHARPER.

You *Bellmour* are bound in Gratitude to ſtickle for him; you with Pleaſure reap that Fruit, which he takes Pains to ſow: he does the Drugery in the Mine, and you ſtamp your Image on the Gold.

BELLMOUR.

He's of another Opinion, and ſays I do the Drudgery in the Mine. Well, we have each our ſhare of Sport, and each that which he likes beſt; 'tis his Diverſion to Set, 'tis mine to cover the Partridge.

HEARTWELL.

And it ſhould be mine to let 'em go again.

SHARPER.

Not till you had Mouth'd a little, *George*, I think that's all thou art fit for now.

HEARTWELL.

Good Mr. Young-Fellow, you're miſtaken; as able as your ſelf, and as nimble too, tho' I mayn't have ſo much Mercury in my Limbs; 'tis true indeed, I don't force Appetite, but wait the natural Call of my Luſt, and think time enough to be lewd, after I have had the Temptation.

BELL-

BELLMOUR.

Time enough? ay, too ſoon, I ſhould rather have expected, from a Perſon of your Gravity.

HEARTWELL.

Yet it is oftentimes too late with ſome of you young, termagant flaſhy Sinners——you have all the Guilt of the Intention, and none of the Pleaſure of the Practice——'tis true you are ſo eager in Purſuit of the Temptation, that you ſave the Devil the trouble of leading you into it: Nor is it out of Diſcretion, that you don't ſwallow that very Hook your ſelves have baited, but you are cloy'd with the Preparative, and what you mean for a Whet, turns the Edge of your puny Stomachs. Your Love is like your Courage, which you ſhew for the firſt Year or two upon all Occaſions; 'till in a little time, being diſabled or diſarmed, you abate of your Vigour; and that daring Blade which was ſo often drawn, is bound to the Peace for ever after.

BELLMOUR.

Thou art an old Fornicator of a ſingular good Principle indeed! and art for encouraging Youth, that they may be as wicked as thou art at thy Years.

HEARTWELL.

I am for having every body be what they pretend to be; a Whoremaſter be a Whoremaſter; and not like *Vain love*, kiſs a Lap-Dog with Paſſion, when it would diſguſt him from the Lady's own Lips.

BELLMOUR.

That only happens ſometimes, where the Dog has the ſweeter Breath, for the more cleanly conveyance. But *George*, you muſt not quarrel with little Gallantries of this nature: Women are often won by 'em. Who would refuſe to kiſs a Lap-Dog, if it were preliminary to the Lips of his Lady?

SHARPER.

Or omit playing with her Fan, and coaxing her if ſhe were hot, when it might intitle him to the Office of warming her when ſhe ſhould be cold?

BEDL

BELLMOUR.

What is it to read a Play in a rainy Day? Though you hould be now and then interrupted in a witty Scene, nd she perhaps preserve her Laughter, 'till the Jeſt were ver; even, that, may be born with, conſidering the Reward in proſpect.

HEARTWELL.

I confeſs you that are Womens Aſſes bear greater Burens: Are forced to undergo Dreſſing, Dancing, Singng, Sighing, Whining, Rhyming, Flattering, Lying, Grinning, Cringing, and the Drudgery of Loving to boot.

BELLMOUR.

O Brute, the Drudgery of Loving!

HEARTWELL.

Ay, why to come to Love through all theſe Incumbrances, is like coming to an Eſtate over-charg'd with Debts; which by the time you have pay'd yields no further Profit than what the bare tillage and manuring of the Land will produce at the Expence of your own Sweat.

BELLMOUR.

Prithee how doſt thou love?

SHARPER.

He! he hates the Sex.—

HEARTWELL.

So I hate Phyſick too—— yet I may love to take it for my Health.

BELLMOUR.

Well come off, *George*, if at any time you ſhould be taken ſtraying.

SHARPER.

He has need of ſuch an Excuſe, conſidering the preſent ſtate of his Body.

HEARTWELL.

How d'ye mean?

SHARPER.

Why, if whoring be purging (as you call it) then, I may ſay, Marriage is entering into a Courſe of Phyſick.

BELL-

BELLMOUR.

How, *George*, does the Wind blow there?

HEARTWELL.

It will as ſoon blow *North* and by *South*—Marry, quotha! I hope in Heav'n I have a greater Portion of Grace, and I think I have baited too many of thoſe Traps, to be caught in one my ſelf.

BELLMOUR.

Who the Devil would have thee? unleſs 'twere an Oyſter-Woman, to propagate young Fry for *Billingſgate*—thy Talent will never recommend thee to any thing of better Quality.

HEARTWELL.

My Talent is chiefly that of ſpeaking Truth, which I don't expect ſhould ever recommend me to People of Quality——I thank Heav'n, I have very honeſtly purchas'd the Hatred of all the great Families in Town.

SHARPER.

And you in return of Spleen hate them: But could you hope to be receiv'd into the Alliance of a noble Family—

HEARTWELL.

No, I hope I ſhall never merit that Affliction——to be puniſh'd with a Wife of Birth——be a Stag of the firſt Head, and bear my Horns aloft, like one of the Supporters of my Wife's Coat. 'Sdeath I would not be a Cuckold to e'er an Illuſtrious Whore in *England*.

BELLMOUR.

What, not to make your Family, Man! and provide for your Children?

SHARPER.

For Her Children, you mean.

HEARTWELL.

Ay there you have nick't it——there's the Devil upon Devil——O the Pride and Joy of Heart 'twou'd be to me, to have my Son and Heir reſemble ſuch a Duke——to have a fleering Coxcomb ſcoff and cry, Mr. your Son's mighty like his Grace, has juſt his Smile and Air of's Face. Then replies another——methinks he has more

of

f the Marqueſs of ſuch a Place, about his Noſe and Eyes; ough he has my Lord what-d'ye-calls Mouth to a ttle —— Then, I, to put it off as unconcern'd, come uck the Infant under the Chin, force a Smile and cry, y, the Boy takes after his Mother's Relations —— when e Devil and ſhe knows, 'tis a little Compound of the hole Body of Nobility.

BELLMOUR. SHARPER.

Ha, ha, ha.

BELLMOUR.

Well, but *George*, I have one Queſtion to ask you ——

HEARTWELL.

Pſhaw, I have pratled away my Time —— I hope you e in no haſte for an Anſwer —— for I ſhan't ſtay now.

[*Looking on his Watch.*

BELLMOUR.

Nay prithee *George* ——

HEARTWELL.

No, beſides my Buſineſs, I ſee a Fool coming this way. lieu.

SCENE V.

SHARPER, BELLMOUR.

BELLMOUR.

WHAT does he mean? Oh, 'tis Sir *Joſeph Wittoll* with his Friend; but I ſee he has turn'd the Cor- r, and goes another way.

SHARPER.

What in the name of wonder is it?

BELLMOUR.

Why, a Fool.

SHARPER.

'Tis a tawdry Outſide.

BELLMOUR.

And a very beggarly Lining —— yet he may be worth your

your Acquaintance—— a little of thy Chymiſtry *Tom*, may extract Gold from that Dirt.

SHARPER.

Say you ſo? 'faith I am as poor as a Chymiſt, and would be as induſtrious. But what was he that follow'd him? is not he a Dragon that watches thoſe Golden Pippins?

BELLMOUR.

Hang him, no, he a Dragon! if he be, 'tis a very peaceful one, I can enſure his Anger dormant; or ſhould he ſeem to rouſe, 'tis but well laſhing him, and he will ſleep like a Top.

SHARPER.

Ay, is he of that Kidney?

BELLMOUR.

Yet is ador'd by that Biggot Sir *Joſeph Wittoll*, as the Image of Valour: He calls him his Back, and indeed they are never aſunder——yet laſt Night, I know not by what Miſchance, the Knight was alone, and had fallen into the Hands of ſome Night-walkers, who I ſuppoſe would have pillaged him: But I chanc'd to come by, and reſcued him: though I believe he was heartily frightned, for as ſoon as ever he was looſe, he ran away, without ſtaying to ſee who had help'd him.

SHARPER.

Is that Bully of his in the Army?

BELLMOUR.

No, but is a Pretender, and wears the Habit of a Soldier; which now-a-days as often cloaks Cowardice, as a black Gown does Atheiſm —— You muſt know he has been abroad——went purely to run away from a Campaign; enrich'd himſelf with the Plunder of a few Oaths——and here vents 'em againſt the General, who ſlighting Men of Merit, and preferring only thoſe of Intereſt, has made him quit the Service.

SHARPER.

Wherein no doubt he magnifies his own Performance.

BELL

BELLMOUR.

Speaks Miracles, is the Drum to his own Praiſe——the y Implement of a Soldier he reſembles, like that, be- full of bluſtring Noiſe and Emptineſs——

SHARPER.

And like that, of no uſe but to be beaten.

BELLMOUR.

Right; but, then, the Compariſon breaks, for he will ea drubbing with as little Noiſe as a Pulpit Cuſhion.

SHARPER.

His Name, and I have done?

BELLMOUR.

Why that, to paſs it current too, he has gilded with a tle; he is call'd, Captain *Bluffe*.

SHARPER.

Well, I'll endeavour his Acquaintance—— you ſteer ther Courſe, are bound

Love's fair Iſle; I, for the golden Coaſt.
y each ſucceed in what he wiſhes moſt.

End of the Firſt Act.

ACT

ACT II. SCENE I.

Sir Joſeph Wittoll, Sharper *following*.

SHARPER.

SURE that's he, and alone.

Sir *JOSEPH WITTOLL.*

Um——ay this, this is the very damn'd Place; the inhumane Canibals, the bloody minded Villains would have butcher'd me laſt Night: No doubt, they would have flea'd me alive, have ſold my Skin, and devour'd, *&c.*

SHARPER.

How's this!

Sir *JOSEPH WITTOLL.*

And it hadn't been for a civil Gentleman as came by and frighted 'em away — but agad I durſt not ſtay to give him thanks.

SHARPER.

This muſt be *Bellmour* he means————ha! I have a Thought————

Sir *JOSEPH WITTOLL.*

Zooks, would the Captain would come; the very Remembrance makes me quake; agad I ſhall never be reconciled to this Place heartily.

SHARPER.

'Tis but trying, and being where I am at worſt. Now luck!-------curs'd Fortune! this muſt be the Place, this damn'd unlucky Place————

Sir *JOSEPH WITTOLL.*

Agad and ſo 'tis————why here has been more Miſchief done I perceive.

SHAR

SHARPER.

No, 'tis gone, 'tis loſt —— ten thouſand Devils on that hance which drew me hither; ay here, juſt here, this ot to me is Hell; nothing to be found, but the Deſpair what I've loſt. [*Looking about as in Search.*

Sir *JOSEPH WITTOLL.*

Poor Gentleman —— by the Lord *Harry* I'll ſtay no nger, for I have found too ——

SHARPER.

Ha! who's that has found? What have you found? re- re it quickly, or by ——

Sir *JOSEPH WITTOLL.*

Not I, Sir, not I, as I've a Soul to be ſav'd, I have und nothing but what has been to my loſs, as I may , and as you were ſaying, Sir.

SHARPER.

O your Servant, Sir, you are ſafe then it ſeems; 'tis ill Wind that blows no body good: Well, you may re- ice over my ill Fortune, ſince it pay'd the Price of your anſome.

Sir *JOSEPH WITTOLL.*

I rejoice! agad not I, Sir: I'm very ſorry for your oſs, with all my Heart, Blood and Guts, Sir: and if you d but know me, you'd ne'er ſay I were ſo ill-natur'd.

SHARPER.

Know you! why, can you be ſo ungrateful, to forget e!

Sir *JOSEPH WITTOLL.*

O Lord! forget him! No, no, Sir, I don't forget you — becauſe I never ſaw your Face, before agad. Ha, ha, ha.

SHARPER.

How! [*Angrily.*

Sir *JOSEPH WITTOLL.*

Stay, ſtay Sir, let me recollect —— he's a damn'd angry llow —— I believe I had better remember him, 'till I n get out of his Sight; but out o'ſight out o'mind a- d. [*Aſide.*

SHARPER.

SHARPER.

Methought the Service I did you laſt Night, Sir, i preſerving you from thoſe Ruffians, might have take bettter Root in your ſhallow Memory.

Sir *JOSEPH WITTOLL.*

Gad's-Daggers-Belts-Blades and Scabbards, this is th very Gentleman! How ſhall I make him a Return ſuit ble to the Greatneſs of his Merit——I had a pretty thin to that purpoſe, if he han't frighted it out of my Me mory. Hem! hem! Sir, I moſt ſubmiſſively implo your Pardon for my Tranſgreſſion of Ingratitude and O miſſion; having my intire Dependance, Sir, upon the Su perfluity of your Goodneſs, which, like an Inundatio will, I hope, totally immerge the recollection of my Er ror, and leave me floating in your Sight, upon the fi blown Bladders of Repentance——by the help of whic I ſhall once more hope to ſwim into your Favour. [*Bo*

SHARPER.

So-h, O Sir I am eaſily pacify'd, the Acknowledgme of a Gentleman——

Sir *JOSEPH WITTOLL.*

Acknowledgment! Sir I am all over Acknowledgme and will not ſtick to ſhew it in the greateſt Extremit by Night, or by Day, in Sickneſs, or in Health, Winte or Summer, all Seaſons and Occaſions ſhall teſtifie th Reality and Gratitude of your ſuper-abundant humbl Servant Sir *Joſeph Wittoll* Knight. Hem! hem!

SHARPER.

Sir *Joſeph Wittoll?*

Sir *JOSEPH WITTOLL.*

The ſame Sir, of *Wittoll Hall* in *Comitatu Bucks.*

SHARPER.

Is it poſſible! Then, I am happy, to have oblig'd th Mirrour of Knighthood and Pink of Courteſie in th Age, let me embrace you.

Sir *JOSEPH WITTOLL.*

O Lord, Sir!

SHA

SHARPER.

My loſs, I eſteem as a Trifle repay'd with Intereſt, nce it has purchas'd me the Friendſhip and Acquaintance f the Perſon in the World, whoſe Character I admire.

Sir *JOSEPH WITTOLL.*

You are only pleas'd to ſay ſo, ——But pray if I ay be ſo bold, what is that Loſs you mention?

SHARPER.

O term it no longer ſo, Sir. In the Scuffle, laſt Night, only dropt a Bill of a hundred Pound, which I con-eſs, I came half deſpairing to recover; but thanks to y better Fortune——

Sir *JOSEPH WITTOLL.*

You have found it Sir then it ſeems; I profeſs I'm eartily glad——

SHARPER.

Sir your humble Servant—I don't queſtion but you e; that you have ſo cheap an Opportunity of expreſſing our Gratitude and Generoſity. Since the paying ſo tri-ial a Sum, will wholly acquit you and doubly engage e.

Sir *JOSEPH WITTOLL.*

What a dickens does he mean by a trivial Sum? [*Aſide*] ut han't you found it, Sir!

SHARPER.

No otherwiſe I vow to Gad but in my Hopes in ou, Sir.

Sir *JOSEPH WITTOLL.*

Humh.

SHARPER.

But that's ſufficient —'Twere Injuſtice to doubt the Honour of Sir *Joſeph Wittoll.*

Sir *JOSEPH WITTOLL.*

O Lord, Sir.

SHARPER.

You are above (I'm ſure) a Thought ſo low, to ſuffer me to loſe what was ventur'd in your Service; nay 'twas n a manner—paid down for your Deliverance; 'twas

ſo

ſo much lent you——And if you ſcorn, I'll ſay that you——

Sir *JOSEPH WITTOLL.*

Nay I'll ſay that for my ſelf (with your leave, Sir) I do ſcorn a dirty thing. But agad I'm a little out of Pocket at preſent.

SHARPER.

Pſhaw you can't want a hundred Pound. Your Worſhip is ſufficient any where: 'Tis but borrowing ſo much Dirt, you have large Acres and can ſoon repay it—Mony is but Dirt, Sir *Joſeph*——Meer Dirt.

Sir *JOSEPH WITTOLL.*

But I profeſs, 'tis a Dirt I have waſhed my Hands of at preſent; I have laid it all out upon my Back.

SHARPER.

Are you ſo extravagant in Cloaths, Sir *Joſeph?*

Sir *JOSEPH WITTOLL.*

Ha, ha, ha, a very good Jeſt I profeſs, ha, ha, ha, very good Jeſt, and I did not know that I had ſaid it, and that's a better Jeſt than t'other. 'Tis a ſign you and I ha'n't been long acquainted; you have loſt a good Jeſt for want of knowing me------I only mean a Friend of mine whom I call my Back; he ſticks as cloſe to me and follows me through all Dangers------he is indeed Back, Breaſt and Headpiece as it were to me----agad he's a brave Fellow------Pauh, I am quite another thing when I am with him: I don't fear the Devil (bleſs us) almoſt if he be by. Ah------had he been with me laſt Night------

SHARPER.

If he had, Sir, what then? he could have done no more, nor perhaps have ſuffer'd ſo much-----had he a hundred Pound to loſe? [*Angrily.*

Sir *JOSEPH WITTOLL.*

O Lord Sir by no means (but I might ſav'd a hundred Pound) I meant innocently, as I hope to be ſaved Sir (a damn'd hot Fellow) only as I was ſaying, I let him have all my ready Mony to redeem his great Sword from the Limbo

nbo——But Sir I have a Letter of Credit to Alderman *dlewife*, as far as two hundred Pound, and this After-n you ſhall ſee I am a Perſon, ſuch a one as you uld wiſh to have met with----

SHARPER.

That you are, I'll be ſworn. [*Aſide.*

y that's great, and like yourſelf.

SCENE II.

[*To them*] *Captain* BLUFFE.

Sir *JOSEPH WITTOLL.*

Here a'comes——Ay my *Hector* of *Troy*, welcome my Bully, my Back; agad my Heart has gone apit for thee.

BLUFFE.

How now, my young Knight? Not for Fear, I hope? that knows me muſt be a Stranger to Fear.

Sir *JOSEPH WITTOLL.*

Nay agad I hate Fear ever ſince I had like to have dy'd a Fright—But—

BLUFFE.

But? Look you here Boy, here's your Antidote, here's ur Jeſuit's Powder for a ſhaking Fit — But who haſt u got with thee, is he of Mettle!

[*Laying his Hand upon his Sword.*

Sir *JOSEPH WITTOLL.*

Ay, Bully, a Deviliſh ſmart Fellow: 'a will fight like a ck.

BLUFFE.

Say you ſo? then I honour him—But has he been abroad? every Cock will fight upon his own Dunghil.

Sir *JOSEPH WITTOLL.*

I don't know, but I'll preſent you——

BLUFFE.

BLUFFE.

I'll recommend my ſelf—— Sir, I honour you; I u
derſtand you love fighting, I reverence a Man that lo
fighting, Sir I kiſs your Hilts.

SHARPER.

Sir your Servant, but you are miſinformed, for un
it be to ſerve my particular Friend, as Sir *Joſeph* here,
Country, or my Religion, or in ſome very juſtifi
Cauſe, I'm not for it.

BLUFFE.

O Lord I beg your Pardon, Sir, I find you are not of
Pallat, you can't reliſh a Diſh of fighting without ſw
Sawce. Now I think——fighting, for fighting ſa
ſufficient Cauſe; fighting, to me's Religion and
Laws.

Sir *JOSEPH WITTOLL.*

Ah, well ſaid my *Hero*; was not that great, Sir?
the Lord *Harry* he ſays true; fighting, is Meat, Dr
and Cloth to him. But Back, this Gentleman is on
the beſt Friends I have in the World, and ſaved my L
laſt Night—— You know I told you.

BLUFFE.

Ay! Then I honour him again——Sir may I c
your Name?

SHARPER.

Ay, Sir, my Name's *Sharper.*

Sir *JOSEPH WITTOLL.*

Pray Mr. *Sharper* embrace my Back —— very we
by the Lord *Harry* Mr. *Sharper* he's as brave a Fellow
Cannibal, are not you Bully-Back?

SHARPER.

Hannibal I believe you mean, Sir *Joſeph.*

BLUFFE.

Undoubtedly he did Sir; faith *Hannibal* was a v
pretty Fellow—but Sir *Joſeph*, Compariſons are odiou
Hannibal was a very pretty Fellow in thoſe Days, it m
be granted-----but alas Sir! were he alive now, he wo
be nothing, nothing in the Earth.

SHARPE

SHARPER.

How Sir! I make a doubt, if there be at this Day a eater General breathing.

BLUFFE.

Oh Excuſe me, Sir; have you ſerv'd abroad, Sir?

SHARPER.

Not I really, Sir.

BLUFFE.

Oh I thought ſo----Why then you can know nothing, : I am afraid you ſcarce know the Hiſtory of the late ar in *Flanders*, with all its Particulars.

SHARPER.

Not I, Sir, no more than publick Letters, or *Gazette*, us.

BLUFFE.

Gazette! Why there again now----Why, Sir, there are t three Words of Truth, the Year round, put into *Gazette*--I'll tell you a ſtrange thing now as to that--u muſt know, Sir, I was reſident in *Flanders* the laſt mpaign, had a ſmall Poſt there; but no matter for at-----Perhaps, Sir, there was ſcarce any thing of mo-nt done but an humble Servant of yours, that ſhall be meleſs, was an Eye-Witneſs of----I won't ſay had the eateſt ſhare in't. Tho' I might ſay that too, ſince I name Body you know-----Well, Mr. *Sharper*, would you ink it? In all this time----as I hope for a Truncheon--- ſ raſcally *Gazette*-writer never ſo much as once men-n'd me-----Not once by the Wars-----Took no more tice, than as if *Nol. Bluffe* had not been in the Land of Living.

SHARPER.

Strange!

Sir *JOSEPH WITTOL*

Yet by the Lord *Harry* 'tis true Mr. *Sharper*, for I went ry Day to Coffee-Houſes to read the *Gazette* my f.

BLUFFE.

Ay, ay, no matter----You ſee Mr. *Sharper* after all I am

content to retire----Live a private Perſon---- *Scipio* and o
thers have done it.

SHARPER.

Impudent Rogue. [*Aſi*

Sir *JOSEPH WITTOLL.*

Ay, this damn'd Modeſty of yours----Agad if he wou
put in for't he might be made General himſelf yet.

BLUFFE.

Oh fie, no Sir *Joſeph*---You know I hate this.

Sir *JOSEPH WITTOLL.*

Let me but tell Mr. *Sharper* a little, how you eat Fi
once out of the Mouth of a Cannon----agad he did; tho
impenetrable Whiskers of his have confronted Flames--

BLUFFE.

Death, what do you mean, Sir *Joſeph?*

Sir *JOSEPH WITTOLL.*

Look you now, I tell you he's ſo modeſt he'll ow
nothing.

BLUFFE.

Piſh you have put me out, I have forgot what I w
about. Pray hold your Tongue, and give me leave.

[*Angri*

Sir *JOSEPH WITTOLL.*

I am dumb.

BLUFFE.

This Sword I think I was telling you of, Mr. *Sharper*
This Sword I'll maintain to be the beſt Divine, Anat
miſt, Lawyer or Caſuiſt in *Europe*; it ſhall decide a Co
troverſie or ſplit a Cauſe----

Sir *JOSEPH WITTOLL.*

Nay, now I muſt ſpeak; it will ſplit a Hair, by t
Lord *Harry*, I have ſeen it.

BLUFFE.

Zouns Sir, it's a Lie, you have not ſeen it, nor ſha
ſee it; Sir I ſay you can't ſee; what d'ye ſay to t
now?

Sir *JOSEPH WITTOLL.*

I am blind.

BLUFF

BLUFFE.

Death, had any other Man interrupted me----

Sir *JOSEPH WITTOL.*

Good Mr. *Sharper* ſpeak to him; I dare not look that ay.

SHARPER.

Captain, Sir *Joſeph*'s penitent.

BLUFFE.

O I am calm Sir, calm as a diſcharged Culverin——— t'twas indiſcreet, when you know what will provoke ——Nay come Sir *Joſeph*, you know my Heat's ſoon er.

Sir *JOSEPH WITTOLL.*

Well I am a Fool ſometimes----But I'm ſorry.

BLUFFE.

Enough.

Sir *JOSEPH WITTOLL.*

Come, we'll go take a Glaſs to drown Animoſities. r. *Sharper*, will you partake?

SHARPER.

I wait on you Sir; nay pray Captain----You are Sir *ſeph*'s Back.

SCENE III.

RAMINTA, BELINDA, BETTY *waiting, in* ARA-MINTA'S *Apartment.*

BELINDA.

H! Nay, Dear----prithee good, dear ſweet Couſin no more, oh Gad, I ſwear you'd make one ſick to hear u.

ARAMINTA.

Bleſs me! what have I ſaid to move you thus?

BELINDA.

Oh you have raved, talked idly, and all in Commenda- n of that filthy, awkard, two-leg'd Creature, Man-----

you don't know what you've ſaid, your Fever has tranſported you.

ARAMINTA.

If Love be the Fever which you mean, kind Heav'n avert the Cure: Let me have Oil to feed that Flame, and never let it be extinct, 'till I my ſelf am Aſhes.

BELINDA.

There was a Whine!----O Gad I hate your horrid Fancy----This Love is the Devil, and ſure to be in Love is to be poſſeſs'd----'Tis in the Head, the Heart, the Blood, the---- All over-----O Gad you are quite ſpoil'd-----I ſhall loath the ſight of Mankind for your ſake.

ARAMINTA.

Fie, this is groſs Affectation-----A little of *Bellmour's* Company would change the Scene.

BELINDA.

Filthy Fellow! I wonder, Couſin----

ARAMINTA.

I wonder, Couſin, you ſhould imagine, I don't perceive you love him.

BELINDA.

Oh I love your hideous Fancy! Ha, ha, ha, love a Man!

ARAMINTA.

Love a Man! yes, you would not love a Beaſt.

BELINDA.

Of all Beaſts not an Aſs——Which is ſo like your *Vain love*----Lard I have ſeen an Aſs look ſo Chagrin, Ha, ha, ha, (you muſt pardon me I can't help laughing) that an abſolute Lover would have concluded the poor Creature to have had Darts, and Flames, and Altars, and all that in his Breaſt. *Araminta*, come I'll talk ſeriouſly to you now: could you but ſee with my Eyes, the buffoonry of one Scene of Addreſs, a Lover, ſet out with all his Equipage and Appurtenances; O Gad! ſure you would----But you play the Game, and conſequently can't ſee the Miſcarriages obvious to every Stander-by.

ARAMINTA.

Yes, yes, I can ſee ſomething near it when you

nd *Bellmour* meet. You don't know that you dreamt of *ellmour* laſt Night, and call'd him aloud in your Sleep.

BELINDA.

Piſh, I can't help dreaming of the Devil ſometimes; ould you from thence infer I love him?

ARAMINTA.

But that's not all; you caught me in your Arms when ou named him, and preſs'd me to your Boſom-----Sure I had not pinch'd you 'till you wak'd you had ſtifled ne with Kiſſes.

BELINDA.

O barbarous Aſperſion!

ARAMINTA.

No Aſperſion, Couſin, we are alone----Nay I can tell ou more.

BELINDA.

I deny it all.

ARAMINTA.

What, before you hear it?

BELINDA.

My Denial is premeditated like your Malice-----Lard, Couſin, you talk odly ---What ever the Matter is, O my ol, I'm afraid you'll follow evil Courſes.

ARAMINTA.

Hà, ha, ha, this is pleaſant.

BELINDA.

You may laugh, but----

ARAMINTA

Ha, ha, ha.

BELINDA.

You may think the malicious Grinn becomes you---- he Devil take *Bellmour*---Why do you tell me of him?

ARAMINTA.

Oh is it come out----now you are angry, I am ſure ou love him. I tell no body elſe, Couſin----I have not tray'd you yet.

BELINDA.

Prithee tell it all the World, it's falſe.

ARAMINTA.

Come then, kiſs and Friends.

BELINDA.

Piſh.

ARAMINTA.

Prithee don't be ſo Peeviſh.

BELINDA.

Prithee don't be ſo impertinent. *Betty.*

ARAMINTA.

Ha, ha, ha.

BETTY.

Did your Ladyſhip call, Madam?

BELINDA.

Get my Hoods and Tippet, and bid the Footman call a Chair.

ARAMINTA.

I hope you are not going out in dudgeon, Couſin.

SCENE IV.

[*To them*] FOOTMAN.

FOOTMAN.

MAdam, there are———

BELINDA.

Is there a Chair?

FOOTMAN.

No, Madam, there are Mr. *Bellmour* and Mr. *Vainlove* to wait upon your Ladyſhip.

ARAMINTA.

Are they below?

FOOTMAN.

No, Madam, they ſent before, to know if you were at home.

BELINDA.

The Viſit's to you, Couſin, I ſuppoſe I am at my Liberty.

ARA

ARAMINTA.

Be ready to ſhew 'em up.

SCENE V.

[*To them*] BETTY *with Hoods and Looking Glaſs.*

Can't tell, Couſin, I believe we are equally concern'd: But if you continue your Humour, it won't be very tertaining — (I know ſhe'd fain be perſuaded to ſtay. [*Aſide.*

BELINDA

I ſhall oblige you, in leaving you to the full and free njoyment of that Converſation you admire——Let me e; hold, I look wretchedly to Day!

ARAMINTA

Betty, why don't you help my Couſin?

[*Putting on her Hoods.*

BELINDA.

Hold off your Fiſts, and ſee that he gets a Chair with a gh Roof, or a very low Seat——Stay, come back here ou Mrs. Fidget——you are ſo ready to go to the Foot- an——Here, take 'em all again, my Mind's chang'd, I on't go.

SCENE VI.

ARAMINTA, BELINDA.

ARAMINTA.

SO, this I expected——You won't oblige me then, Couſin, and let me have all the Company to my ſelf?

BELINDA.

No; upon Deliberation, I have too much Charity to

ARAMINTA.

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BELINDA.

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ARAMINTA, BELINDA.

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BELINDA.

No; upon Deliberation, I have too much Charity to

truſt you to your ſelf. The Devil watches all Oppor nities; and in this favourable Diſpoſition of your Mi Heav'n knows how far you may be tempted: I am te der of your Reputation.

ARAMINTA.

I am oblig'd to you———But who's malicious no *Belinda?*

BELINDA.

Not I; witneſs my Heart, I ſtay out of pure Affectio

ARAMINTA.

In my Conſcience I believe you.

SCENE VII.

[*To them*] VAINLOVE, BELLMOUR, FOOTMAN.

BELLMOUR.

SO, Fortune be prais'd! To find you both within, L dies, is——

ARAMINTA.

No Miracle, I hope.

BELLMOUR.

Not o'your ſide, Madam, I confeſs——But my T rant there and I, are two Buckets that can never co together.

BELINDA.

Nor are ever like——Yet we often meet and claſh.

BELLMOUR.

How, never like! marry *Hymen* forbid. But this i to run ſo extravagantly in Debt; I have laid out ſuch World of Love in your Service, that you think you c never be able to pay me all: So ſhun me for the ſam Reaſon that you would a Dun.

BELINDA.

Ay, on my Conſcience, and the moſt impertinent an troubleſome of Duns——a Dun for Mony will be quie whe

hen he ſees his Debtor has not wherewithal——But a
n for Love is an eternal Torment that never reſts——

BELLMOUR.

'Till he has created Love where there was none, and
en gets it for his Pains. For Importunity in Love, like
nportunity at Court; firſt creates its own Intereſt, and
en purſues it for the Favour.

ARAMINTA.

Favours that are got by Impudence and Importunity,
like Diſcoveries from the Rack, when the afflicted
rſon, for his eaſe, ſometimes confeſſes Secrets his
art knows nothing of.

VAINLOVE.

I ſhould rather think Favours, ſo gain'd, to be due Re-
ards to indefatigable Devotion———For as Love is a
ity, he muſt be ſerv'd by Prayer.

BELINDA.

O Gad, would you would all pray to Love then, and
us all alone.

VAINLOVE

You are the Temples of Love, and 'tis through you
r Devotion muſt be convey'd.

ARAMINTA.

Rather, poor ſilly Idols of your own making, which
on the leaſt Diſpleaſure you forſake, and ſet up new—
very Man, now, changes his Miſtreſs and his Religion,
his Humour varies, or his Intereſt.

VAINLOVE.

O Madam———

ARAMINTA.

Nay come, I find we are growing Serious, and then
e are in great Danger of being dull—— If my Muſick-
aſter be not gone, I'll entertain you with a new Song,
hich comes pretty near my own Opinion of Love and
ur Sex---- Who's there? Is Mr. *Gavot* gone? [*Calls.*

FOOTMAN.

Only to the next Door, Madam; I'll call him.

SCENE VIII.

ARAMINTA, BELINDA, VAINLOVE, and BELLMOUR.

BELLMOUR.

WHY, you won't hear me with Patience.

ARAMINTA.

What's the Matter, Couſin?

BELLMOUR.

Nothing, Madam, only---

BELINDA

Prithee hold thy Tongue----Lard, he has ſo peſter'd me with Flames and Stuff----I think I ſhan't endure the ſight of a Fire this Twelvemonth.

BELLMOUR.

Yet all can't melt that cruel frozen Heart.

BELINDA.

O Gad I hate your hideous Fancy----you ſaid that once before-----if you muſt talk impertinently, for Heaven's ſake let it be with Variety; don't come always, like the Devil, wrapt in Flames----I'll not hear a Sentence more that begins with an, *I burn*--- Or an, *I beſeech you Madam*.

BELLMOUR.

But tell me how you would be ador'd-----I am very tractable.

BELINDA.

Then know, I would be ador'd in Silence.

BELLMOUR.

Humph, I thought ſo, that you might have all the Talk to your ſelf----you had better let me ſpeak; for if my Thoughts fly to any Pitch, I ſhall make villainous Signs.

BELINDA.

What will you get by that? to make ſuch Signs as I won't underſtand.

BELL-

BELLMOUR.

y, but if I'm Tongue-ty'd, I muſt have all my Acti- free to —— Quicken your Apprehenſion----and I-gad me tell you, my moſt prevailing Argument is expreſs'd umb Shew.

SCENE IX.

[*To them*] MUSICK-MASTER.

ARAMINTA.

I am glad we ſhall have a Song to divert the Diſcourſe——Pray oblige us with the laſt new Song.

SONG.

I.

Thus to a ripe, conſenting Maid,
Poor, old, repenting Delia *ſaid,*
Would you long preſerve your Lover?
Would you ſtill his Goddeſs reign?
Never let him all diſcover,
Never let him much obtain.

II.

Men will admire, adore and die,
While wiſhing at your Feet they lye:
But admitting their Embraces,
Wakes 'em from the Golden Dream;
Nothing's new beſides our Faces,
Every Woman is the ſame.

ARAMINTA.

o, how d'ye like the Song, Gentlemen?

BELLMOUR.

very well perform'd----but I don't much admire the rds.

ARA-

ARAMINTA.

I expected it-----there's too much Truth in 'em: I Mr. *Gavot* will walk with us in the Garden, we'll hav it once again----you may like it better at ſecond hearing You'll bring my Couſin.

BELLMOUR.

Faith Madam, I dare not ſpeak to her, but I'll mak Signs. [*Addreſſes* Belinda *in dumb ſhew*

BELINDA.

O foh, your dumb Rhetorick is more ridiculous, tha your talking Impertinence; as an Ape is a much mor troubleſome Animal than a Parrot.

ARAMINTA.

Ay, Couſin, and 'tis a ſign the Creatures mimick Na ture well; for there are few Men, but do more ſil things than they ſay.

BELLMOUR.

Well, I find my Apiſhneſs has paid the Ranſome fo my Speech, and ſet it at Liberty---tho' I confeſs, I cou be well enough pleas'd to drive on a Love-Bargain, i that ſilent manner----'twould ſave a Man a world of Ly ing and Swearing at the Year's end. Beſides I have had little Experience, that brings to Mind----

When Wit and Reaſon both have fail'd to move;
Kind Looks and Actions (from Succeſs) do prove,
Ev'n Silence may be Eloquent in Love.

End of the Second Act.

ACT

ACT III. SCENE I.

SCENE, *The Street.*

SYLVIA *and* LUCY.

SYLVIA.

WILL he not come then?

LUCY.

Yes, yes, come, I warrant him, if you will go in and be ready to receive him.

SYLVIA.

Why did you not tell me?——Whom mean you?

LUCY.

Whom you ſhould mean, *Heartwell.*

SYLVIA.

Senſeleſs Creature, I meant my *Vainlove.*

LUCY.

You may as ſoon hope to recover your own Maidenhead, as his Love. Therefore e'en ſet your Heart at reſt, and in the Name of Opportunity mind your own Buſineſs. Strike *Heartwell* home, before the Bait's worn off the Hook. Age will come. He nibbled fairly yeſterday, and no doubt will be eager enough to-Day, to ſwallow the Temptation.

SYLVIA.

Well, ſince there's no Remedy----Yet tell me-----for I would know, though to the Anguiſh of my Soul; how did he refuſe? Tell me——how did he receive my Letter, in Anger or in Scorn?

LUCY.

LUCY.

Neither; but what was ten times worſe, with damn'd ſenſeleſs Indifference. By this Light I could have ſp in his Face —— Receive it! Why he receiv'd it, as would one of your Lovers that ſhould come empty-handed; as a Court Lord does his Mercer's Bill, or a beg-ging Dedication: —— he receiv'd it, as if't had been Letter from his Wife.

SYLVIA.

What, did he not read it?

LUCY.

Hum'd it over, gave you his Reſpects, and ſaid, he would take time to peruſe it——but then he was in haſte.

SYLVIA.

Reſpects, and peruſe it! He's gone, and *Araminta* ha bewitch'd him from me——Oh how the Name of Ri-val fires my Blood——I could curſe 'em both; eterna Jealouſie attend her Love, and Diſappointment meet hi Oh that I could revenge the Torment he has caus'd—— methinks I feel the Woman ſtrong within me, and Ven-geance kindles in the room of Love.

LUCY.

I have that in my Head may make Miſchief.

SYLVIA.

How, dear *Lucy?*

LUCY.

You know *Araminta*'s diſſembled Coyneſs has won, and keeps him hers——

SYLVIA.

Could we perſwade him, that ſhe loves another——

LUCY.

No, you're out; could we perſwade him, that ſhe doats on him, himſelf——Contrive a kind Letter as from her, 'twould diſguſt his Nicety, and take away his Stomach.

SYLVIA.

Impoſſible, 'twill never take.

LUCY.

LUCY.

Trouble not your Head. Let me alone------I will in-
m my ſelf of what paſt between 'em to-Day, and a-
t it ſtreight--- Hold. I'm miſtaken, or that's *Heart-*
, who ſtands talking at the Corner-----'tis he-----go
you in Madam, receive him pleaſantly, dreſs up your
e in Innocence and Smiles; and diſſemble the very
nt of Diſſimulation --- You know what will take him.

SYLVIA.

Tis as hard to counterfeit Love, as it is to conceal it:
I'll do my weak Endeavour, though I fear I have not

LUCY.

Hang Art, Madam, and truſt to Nature for diſſembling.
n, was by Nature Woman's Cully made:
never are but by our ſelves betray'd.

SCENE II.

ARTWELL, VAINLOVE *and* BELLMOUR *following.*

BELLMOUR.

HIST, hiſt, is not that *Heartwell* going to *Sylvia?*

VAINLOVE.

He's talking to himſelf, I think; prithee let's try if we
hear him.

HEARTWELL.

Why whither in the Devil's Name am I a going now?
m------let me think------Is not this *Sylvia*'s Houſe, the
e of that Enchantreſs, and which conſequently I
ht to ſhun as I would Infection? To enter here, is
ut on the envenom'd Shirt, to run into the Embra-
of a Fever, and in ſome raving Fit, be led to plunge
ſelf into that more conſuming Fire, a Woman's Arms.
well recollected, I will recover my Reaſon, and be
e.

BELL-

BELLMOUR.

Now *Venus* forbid!

VAINLOVE.

Huſh———

HEARTWELL.

Well, why do you not move? Feet do your Office- not one Inch; no, foregad I'm caught——There ſta my North, and thither my Needle points——Now co I curſe my ſelf, yet cannot repent. O thou delicio damn'd, dear, deſtructive Woman! 'Sdeath how young Fellows will hoot me! I ſhall be the Jeſt of Town: Nay in two Days, I expect to be Chronic in Ditty, and ſung in woeful Ballad, to the Tune of ſuperannuated Maiden's Comfort, or the Batchelor's Fa and upon the third, I ſhall be hang'd in Effigie, paſted for the exemplary Ornament of neceſſary Houſes, Coblars Stalls——Death, I can't think on't——I'll into the Danger to loſe the Apprehenſion.

SCENE III.

BELLMOUR, VAINLOVE.

BELLMOUR.

A Very certain Remedy, *probatum eſt*——Ha, ha, poor *George*, thou art i'th' right, thou haſt ſold ſelf to Laughter; the ill-natur'd Town will find the juſt where thou haſt loſt it. Ha, ha, how a'ſtrugled, an old Lawyer between two Fees.

VAINLOVE.

Or a young Wench, between Pleaſure and Reputati

BELLMOUR.

Or as you did to-Day, when half afraid you ſnatch Kiſs from *Araminta*.

VAINLOVE.

She has made a Quarrel on't.

BEL

BELLMOUR.

Pauh, Women are only angry at ſuch Offences, to have Pleaſure of forgiving 'em.

VAINLOVE.

And I love to have the Pleaſure of making my Peace---- ould not eſteem a Pardon if too eaſily won.

BELLMOUR.

Thou doſt not know what thou would'ſt be at; whe- r thou would'ſt have her angry or pleas'd. Could'ſt u be content to marry *Araminta?*

VAINLOVE.

Could you be content to go to Heav'n?

BELLMOUR.

Hum, not immediately, in my Conſcience not hearti- I'd do a little more good in my Generation firſt, in er to deſerve it.

VAINLOVE.

Nor I to marry *Araminta* 'till I merit her.

BELLMOUR.

But how the Devil doſt thou expect to get her if ſhe er yield?

VAINLOVE.

That's true; but I would------

BELLMOUR.

Marry her without her Conſent; thou'rt a Riddle be- d Woman------

SCENE IV.

[*To them*] SETTER.

TRUSTY *Setter*, what Tidings? How goes the Pro- ject?

SETTER.

As all lewd Projects do, Sir, where the Devil prevents Endeavours with Succeſs.

BELL-

BELLMOUR.

A good hearing, *Setter*.

VAINLOVE.

Well, I'll leave you with your Engineer.

BELLMOUR.

And haſt thou provided Neceſſaries?

SETTER.

All, all, Sir; the large ſanctified Hat, and the little p ciſe Band, with a ſwinging long ſpiritual Cloak, to ver carnal Knavery——not forgetting the black Pa which Tribulation *Spintext* wears, as I'm inform'd, u one Eye, as a penal Mourning for the ogling Offence his Youth; and ſome ſay, with that Eye, he firſt di ver'd the Frailty of his Wife.

BELLMOUR.

Well, in this fanatick Father's Habit, will I confeſs *titia*.

SETTER.

Rather prepare her for Confeſſion, Sir, by helping to Sin.

BELLMOUR.

Be at your Maſter's Lodging, in the Evening, I uſe the Robes.

SCENE V.

SETTER *alone*.

SETTER.

I Shall, Sir------I wonder to which of theſe two G tlemen I do moſt properly appertain------the one me as his Attendant; the other (being the better acqu ted with my Parts) employs me as a Pimp; why th much the more honourable Employment——— by means------I follow one as my Maſter, t'other fol me as his Conductor.

SCE

SCENE VI.

[*To him* LUCY.]

LUCY.

HERE's the Hang-Dog his Man------I had a Power over him in the Reign of my Miſtreſs; but too true a *Valet de Chambre* not to affect his Maſter's s; and conſequently is revolted from his Allegiance.

SETTER.

ndoubtedly 'tis impoſſible to be a Pimp and not a of Parts. That is without being politick, diligent, t, wary, and ſo forth------And to all this valiant as ules------That is, paſſively valiant and actively obedi- Ah! *Setter* what a Treaſure is here loſt for want of known.

LUCY.

re's ſome Villany a-foot, he's ſo thoughtful; may be y diſcover ſomething in my Mask-------Worthy Sir, ord with you. [*Puts on her Mask.*

SETTER.

hy, if I were known, I might come to be a great

LUCY.

ot to interrupt your Meditation———

SETTER.

nd I ſhould not be the firſt that has procur'd his tneſs by Pimping.

LUCY.

ow Poverty and the Pox light upon thee, for a Con- lative Pimp.

SETTER.

a! what art, who thus maliciouſly haſt awaken'd from my Dream of Glory? Speak thou vile Diſtur-

LUCY.

LUCY.

Of thy moſt vile Cogitations------thou poor, con
Wretch, how wert thou valuing thy ſelf, upon thy
ſter's Employment. For he's the Head Pimp to Mr.
mour.

SETTER.

Good Words, Damſel, or I ſhall------But how
thou know my Maſter or me?

LUCY.

Yes, I know both Maſter and Man to be——

SETTER.

To be Men perhaps; nay faith like enough; I
march in the Rear of my Maſter, and enter the Bre
which he has made.

LUCY.

Ay, the Breach of Faith, which he has begun:
Traitor to thy lawful Princeſs.

SETTER.

Why how now! prithee who art? Lay by that w
ly Face and produce your natural Vizor.

LUCY.

No Sirrah, I'll keep it on to abuſe thee, and leave
without Hopes of Revenge.

SETTER.

Oh! I begin to ſmoak ye: thou art ſome forſaken
gail, we have dallied with heretofore---and art
to tickle thy Imagination with Remembrance of Ini
paſt.

LUCY.

No thou pitiful Flatterer of thy Maſter's Imperf
ons; thou Maukin made up of the Shreds and Pairing
his ſuperfluous Fopperies.

SETTER

Thou art thy Miſtreſs's foul ſelf, compoſed of her
lied Iniquities and Cloathing.

LUCY.

Hang three-----Beggar's Curr-----Thy Maſter is
a Mumper in Love, lies canting at the Gate; but
dares preſume to enter the Houſe.

SETTER.

ou art the Wicket to thy Miſtreſs's Gate, to be o- for all Comers. In fine thou art the high Road y Miſtreſs.

LUCY.

ſt, filthy Toad, I can hold no longer, look and trem- [*Unmasks.*

SETTER.

w, Mrs. *Lucy!*

LUCY.

vonder thou haſt the Impudence to look me in the

SETTER.

sbud, who's in fault, Miſtreſs of mine? who flung irſt Stone? Who undervalued my Function? and the Devil could know you by Inſtinct?

LUCY.

ou could know my Office by Inſtinct, and be hang'd, h you have ſlander'd moſt abominably. It vexes me what you ſaid of my Perſon; but that my innocent ng ſhould be expos'd and ſcandaliz'd------I cannot it.

SETTER.

ay, faith *Lucy*, I'm ſorry, I'll own my ſelf to blame, gh we were both in fault as to our Offices.---Come ake you any Reparation.

LUCY.

vear.

SETTER.

do ſwear to the utmoſt of my Power.

LUCY.

o be brief then; what is the Reaſon your Maſter did ppear to-Day according to the Summons I brought ?

SETTER.

o anſwer you as briefly----He has a Cauſe to be in another Court.

LUCY.

LUCY.

Come tell me in plain Terms, how forward he is *Araminta*.

SETTER.

Too forward to be turn'd back------Though he's tle in Diſgrace at preſent about a Kiſs which he fu You and I can kiſs, *Lucy*, without all that.

LUCY.

Stand off ------He's a precious Jewel.

SETTER.

And therefore you'd have him to ſet in your L Locket.

LUCY.

Where is he now?

SETTER.

He'll be in the *Piazza* preſently.

LUCY.

Remember to-Day's Behaviour------Let me ſee with a penitent Face.

SETTER.

What, no Token of Amity, *Lucy*? you and I don't to part with dry Lips.

LUCY.

No, no, avaunt----- --I'll not be ſlabber'd and now------I'm not i'th' humour.

SETTER.

I'll not quit you ſo-----I'll follow and put you into Humour.

SCENE VII.

Sir JOSEPH WITTOL, BLUFFE.

BLUFFE.

AND ſo out of your unwonted Generoſity-----

Sir *JOSEPH WITTOLL.*

And good Nature, Back; I am good-natur'd, an can't help it.

BLUF

BLUFFE.

u have given him a Note upon *Fondlewife* for a ed Pound.

Sir *JOSEPH WITTOLL.*

, ay, poor Fellow, he ventur'd fair for't.

BLUFFE.

u have diſoblig'd me in it-------for I have occaſion e Mony, and if you would look me in the Face a- and live, go, and force him to redeliver you the ----go------and bring it me hither. I'll ſtay here ou.

Sir *JOSEPH WITTOLL.*

u may ſtay 'till the Day of Judgment then, by the *Harry.* I know better things than to be run through uts for a hundred Pound------Why I gave that hun- Pound for being ſaved, and d'ye think, an there no Danger, I'll be ſo ungrateful to take it from the eman again?

BLUFFE.

ll, go to him from me-----Tell him, I ſay, he refund-------or Bilbo's the Word, and Slaughter will -----if he refuſe, tell him------but whiſper that---- m------I'll pink his Soul-----but whiſper that ſoftly n.

Sir *JOSEPH WITTOLL.*

ſoftly, that he ſhall never hear on't I warrant you why, what a Devil's the matter, Bully, are you Or d'ye think I'm mad? Agad for my Part, I don't o be the Meſſenger of ill News; 'tis an ungrateful ------So tell him your ſelf.

BLUFFE.

theſe Hilts I believe he frightned you into this Com- on: I believe you gave it him out of Fear, pure y Fear------confeſs.

Sir *JOSEPH WITTOLL.*

, no, hang't I was not afraid neither------tho' I ſs he did in a manner ſnap me up-------yet I can't at it was altogether out of Fear, but partly to pre-

vent

vent Miſchief---for he was a deviliſh cholerick low: And if my Choler had been up too, agad would have been Miſchief done, that's flat. And believe, if you had been by, I would as ſoon have him a had a hundred of my Teeth. Adſheart if he ſh come juſt now when I'm angry, I'd tell him —— Mum.

SCENE VIII.

[*To them*] BELLMOUR, SHARPER.

BELLMOUR.

THOU'rt a lucky Rogue; there's your Benefa you ought to return him Thanks now you receiv'd the Favour.

SHARPER.

Sir *Joſeph*------Your Note was accepted, and the ny paid at Sight: I'm come to return my Thanks——

Sir *JOSEPH WITTOLL.*

They won't be accepted ſo readily as the Bill, Sir.

BELLMOUR.

I doubt the Knight repents, *Tom*-----He looks like Knight of the ſorrowful Face.

SHARPER.

This is a double Generoſity---- -Do me a Kind and refuſe my Thanks------But I hope you are not fended that I offer'd 'em.

Sir *JOSEPH WITTOLL.*

May be I am, Sir, may be I am not, Sir; may am both, Sir; what then? I hope I may be offe without any Offence to you, Sir.

SHARPER.

Hey Day! Captain, what's the Matter? you can te

BLUFFE.

Mr. *Sharper*, the Matter is plain------Sir *Joſeph*

d out your Trick, and does not care to be put up- being a Man of Honour.

SHARPER.

rick, Sir?

Sir *JOSEPH WITTOLL.*

y Trick, Sir, and won't be put upon, Sir, being a of Honour, Sir, and ſo, Sir————

SHARPER.

Iarkee, Sir *Joſeph*, a Word with ye——in Conſide- on of ſome Favours lately received; I would not have draw your ſelf into a Premunire, by truſting to Sign of a Man there——That Pot-Gun charged h Wind.

Sir *JOSEPH WITTOLL.*

O Lord, O Lord, Captain, come juſtifie your ſelf—— give him the Lie if you'll ſtand to it.

SHARPER.

Nay then I'll be beforehand with you, take that—— s. [*Cuffs him.*

Sir *JOSEPH WITTOLL.*

Captain, will you ſee this? Won't you pink his Soul?

BLUFFE.

Huſht, 'tis not ſo convenient now——I ſhall find a e.

SHARPER.

What do you mutter about a Time, Raſcal------ were the Incendiary——There's to put you in d of your Time——A Memorandum. [*Kicks him.*

BLUFFE.

Oh this is your Time, Sir, you had beſt make uſe .

SHARPER.

Gad and ſo I will: There's again for you. [*Kicks him.*

BLUFFE.

You are obliging, Sir, but this is too publick a Place hank you in: But in your Ear, you are to be ſeen a- .

SHARPER.

Ay thou inimitable Coward, and to be felt —— as Example. [*Kicks h*

BELLMOUR.

Ha, ha, ha, pr'ythee come away, 'tis ſcandalous kick this Puppy, unleſs a Man were cold, and had no ther way to get himſelf a heat.

SCENE IX.

Sir JOSEPH WITTOLL, BLUFFE.

BLUFFE.

VERY well —— very fine——But 'tis no matter— Is not this fine, Sir *Joſeph*?

Sir *JOSEPH WITTOLL.*

Indifferent, agad in my Opinion very indifferent— I'd rather go plain all my Life, than wear ſuch Finery

BLUFFE.

Death and Hell to be affronted thus! I'll die before ſuffer it. [*Dr*

Sir *JOSEPH WITTOLL.*

O Lord, his Anger was not raiſed before —— nay, Captain, don't be in Paſſion now he's gone —— Put put up, dear Back, 'tis your Sir *Joſeph* begs, come me kiſs thee; ſo, ſo, put up, put up.

BLUFFE.

By Heav'n 'tis not to be put up.

Sir *JOSEPH WITTOLL.*

What, Bully?

BLUFFE.

The Affront.

Sir *JOSEPH WITTOLL.*

No agad no more 'tis, for that's put up all already, Sword I mean.

BLUFFE.

Well, Sir *Joseph*, at your Entreaty——But were not u, my Friend, abus'd, and cufft, and kickt?

[*Putting up his Sword.*

Sir *JOSEPH WITTOLL.*

Ay, ay, ſo were you too; no matter, 'tis paſt.

BLUFFE.

By the immortal Thunder of great Guns, 'tis falſe——ſucks not vital Air, who dares affirm it to this Face.

[*Looks big.*

Sir *JOSEPH WITTOLL.*

To that Face I grant you Captain——No, no, I grant u------Not to that Face, by the Lord *Harry*——If u had put on your fighting Face before, you had done Buſineſs——he durſt as ſoon have kiſt you, as kickt u to your Face------But a Man can no more help hat's done behind his Back, than what's ſaid------Come 'll think no more of what's paſt.

BLUFFE.

I'll call a Council of War within to conſider of my venge to come.

SCENE X. Sylvia's *Apartment.*

HEARTWELL, SYLVIA.

SONG.

As Amoret *and* Thyrſis *lay*
Melting the Hours in gentle Play;
Joining Faces, mingling Kiſſes,
And exchanging harmleſs Bliſſes:
He trembling cry'd, with eager haſte,
O let me feed as well as taſte,
I die, if I'm not wholly bleſt.

After the Song, a Dance of Antick's.

SYLVIA.

Indeed it is very fine------I could look upon 'em Day.

HEARTWELL.

Well, has this prevail'd for me, and will you look u me?

SYLVIA.

If you could Sing and Dance ſo, I ſhould love to upon you too.

HEARTWELL.

Why 'twas I ſung and danc'd; I gave Muſick to Voice, and Life to their Meaſures------Look you *Sylvia*, [*Pulling out a Purſe and chinking it.*] here are So and Dances, Poetry and Muſick------hark! how ſwe one Guinea rhymes to another------and how they d to the Muſick of their own Chink. This buys all t'other----- and this thou ſhalt have; this, and all th am worth for the Purchaſe of thy Love------Say, mine then, ha? Speak Syren------Oons why do I on her! Yet I muſt------Speak dear Angel, Devil, S Witch; do not rack me with Suſpence.

SYLVIA.

Nay don't ſtare at me ſo-----You make me bluſh- I cannot look.

HEARTWELL.

Oh Manhood, where art thou! What am I come A Woman's Toy; at theſe Years! Death, a bearded by for a Girl to dandle. O Dotage, Dotage! That that noble Paſſion, *Luſt*, ſhould ebb to this degree- No reflux of vigorous Blood: But milky Love ſup the empty Channels; and prompts me to the Softn a Child———a meer Infant and would ſuck. Can love me, *Sylvia*? ſpeak.

SYLVIA.

I dare not ſpeak 'till I believe you, and indeed I' fraid to believe you yet.

HEARTWELL.

Death, how her Innocence torments and pleaſes

ng, Child, is indeed the Art of Love; and Men are erally Maſters in it: But I'm ſo newly entred, you not diſtruſt me of any Skill in the treacherous Myſte- —Now by my Soul I cannot lye, though it were erve a Friend or gain a Miſtreſs.

SYLVIA.

Muſt you lye then, if you ſay you love me?

HEARTWELL.

No, no, dear Ignorance, thou beauteous Changeling —I tell thee I do love thee, and tell it for a Truth, aked Truth, which I'm aſhamed to diſcover.

SYLVIA.

But Love, they ſay, is a tender thing, that will ſmooth wns, and make calm an angry Face; will ſoften a ged Temper, and make ill humoured People good: u look ready to fright one, and talk as if your Paſſion re not Love, but Anger.

HEARTWELL.

'Tis both; for I am angry with my ſelf when I am ſed with you —— And a Pox upon me for loving thee well —— yet I muſt on —— 'Tis a bearded Arrow, will more eaſily be thruſt forward than drawn back.

SYLVIA.

ndeed if I were well aſſur'd you lov'd; but how can well aſſur'd?

HEARTWELL.

Take the Symptoms------and ask all the Tyrants of Sex, if their Fools are not known by this Party-coloured ery-----I am Melancholick, when thou art abſent: look an Aſs, when thou art preſent; wake for thee, when I ld ſleep; and even dream of thee, when I am awake; much, drink little, eat leſs, court Solitude, am grown entertaining to my ſelf, and (as I am informed) ve- roubleſome to every body elſe. If this be not Love, Madneſs, and then it is pardonable———Nay yet a e certain ſign than all this; I give thee my Mony.

SYLVIA.

y, but that is no ſign; for they ſay, Gentlemen will

give Mony to any naughty Woman to come to Bed them——O *Gemini*, I hope you don't mean ſo—— for I won't be a Whore.

HEARTWELL.

The more is the pity. [*A*

SYLVIA.

Nay, if you would marry me, you ſhould not co to bed to me——you have ſuch a Beard, and wo ſo prickle one. But do you intend to marry me?

HEARTWELL.

That a Fool ſhould ask ſuch a malicious Queſtio Death, I ſhall be drawn in, before I know where I —— However, I find I am pretty ſure of her Conſe if I am put to it. [*Aſide.*] Marry you? no, no, I'll l you.

SYLVIA.

Nay, but if you love me, you muſt marry me; w don't I know my Father lov'd my Mother, and w married to her?

HEARTWELL.

Ay, ay, in old Days People married where they lov but that Faſhion is chang'd, Child.

SYLVIA.

Never tell me that, I know it is not chang'd by m ſelf; for I love you, and would marry you.

HEARTWELL.

I'll have my Beard ſhav'd, it ſhan't hurt thee, and w go to Bed——

SYLVIA.

No, no, I'm not ſuch a Fool neither, but I can k my ſelf honeſt;——Here, I won't keep any thing th yours, I hate you now, [*Throws the Purſe*] and I'll ne ſee you again, 'cauſe you'd have me be naught. [*Goi*

HEARTWELL.

Damn her let her go, and a good riddance——Yet much Tenderneſs and Beauty——and Honeſty togethe a Jewel——Stay *Sylvia*——But then to marry——W every Man plays the Fool once in his Life: But to ma is playing the Fool all one's Life long. *SYLVI*

SYLVIA.

What did you call me for?

HEARTWELL.

'll give thee all I have: And thou ſhalt live with me very thing ſo like my Wife, the World ſhall believe Nay, thou ſhalt think ſo thy ſelf-----Only let me think ſo.

SYLVIA.

No, I'll die before I'll be your Whore-----as well as I e you.

HEARTWELL, Aſide.

A Woman, and ignorant, may be honeſt, when 'tis of Obſtinacy and Contradiction------But 'Sdeath it is a may be, and upon ſcurvy Terms------Well, fare-l then------if I can get out of Sight I may get the bet- of my ſelf.

SYLVIA.

Well——good buy. [*Turns and Weeps.*

HEARTWELL.

Ha! Nay come, we'll kiſs at parting. [*Kiſſes her.*] By av'n her Kiſs is ſweeter than Liberty-----I will marry e------there thou haſt don't. All my Reſolves melted hat Kiſs------one more.

SYLVIA.

But when?

HEARTWELL.

I'm impatient 'till it be done; I will not give my ſelf berty to think, leſt I ſhould cool------I will about a Li- ce ſtraight------In the Evening expect me——One ſs more to confirm me mad; ſo.

SYLVIA.

Ha, ha, ha, an old Fox trapt——

SCENE XI.

[*To her*] LUCY.

BLESS me! you frighted me, I thought he had b come again, and had heard me.

LUCY.

Lord, Madam, I meet your Lover in as much h as if he had been going for a Midwife.

SYLVIA.

He's going for a Parſon, Girl, the fore-runner o Midwife, ſome nine Months hence — Well, I find ſembling to our Sex is as natural as ſwimming to a *gro*; we may depend upon our Skill to ſave us Plunge, tho' till then we never make the Experi ——But how haſt thou ſucceeded?

LUCY.

As you would wiſh——Since there is no reclaim *Vainlove*. I have found out a Pique ſhe has taken at h and have fram'd a Letter that makes her ſue for Rec ciliation firſt. I know that will do——walk in I'll ſhew it you. Come, Madam, you're like to hav happy Time on't, both your Love and Anger ſatisfied! All that can charm our Sex conſpire to pleaſe you.

That Woman ſure enjoys a bleſſed Night,
Whom Love and Vengeance both at once delight.

End of the Third Act.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

SCENE, *The Street.*

BELLMOUR *in Fanatick Habit*, SETTER.

BELLMOUR.

IS pretty near the Hour. [*Looking on his Watch*] Well and how *Setter*, hæ, does my Hypocriſie fit me, hæ? does it ſit eaſie on me?

SETTER.

O moſt religiouſly well, Sir.

BELLMOUR.

I wonder why all our young Fellows ſhould glory in Opinion of Atheiſm; when they may be ſo much re conveniently lewd under the Coverlet of Religion.

SETTER.

'Sbud, Sir, away quickly, there's *Fondlewife* juſt turn'd Corner, and's coming this way.

BELLMOUR.

Gads ſo, there he is, he muſt not ſee me.

SCENE II.

FONDLEWIFE, BARNABY.

FONDLEWIFE.

Say, I will tarry at Home.

BARNABY.

But, Sir.

FONDLEWIFE.

Good lack! I profeſs the Spirit of Contradiction h poſſeſt the Lad——I ſay will tarry at home —— *Varlet.*

BARNABY.

I have done, Sir, then farewell 500 Pound.

FONDLEWIFE.

Ha, how's that? Stay, ſtay; did you leave Word f you with his Wife? With *Comfort* her ſelf?

BARNABY.

I did; and *Comfort* will ſend *Tribulation* hither as ſoo as ever he comes home——I could have brought you Mr. *Prig*, to have kept my Miſtreſs Company in the me time: But you ſay ——

FONDLEWIFE.

How, how, ſay *Varlet!* I ſay let him not co near my Doors. I ſay, he is a wanton young *Le* and pampereth himſelf up with Dainties, that he m look lovely in the Eyes of Women — Sincerely I am fraid he hath already defiled the Tabernacle of our Siſ *Comfort*; while her good Husband is deluded by his god Appearance——I ſay, that even Luſt doth ſparkle in h Eyes, and glow upon his Cheeks, and that I would ſoon truſt my Wife with a Lord's high-fed Chaplain.

BARNABY.

Sir, the Hour draws nigh——and nothing will b done there 'till you come.

FONDLEWIFE.

And nothing can be done here 'till I go —— So th I'll tarry, d'ye ſee.

BARNABY.

And run the Hazard to loſe your Affair, Sir!

FONDLEWIFE.

Good lack, good lack—I profeſs it is a very ſufficien Vexation, for a Man to have a handſome Wife.

BARNABY.

Never, Sir, but when the Man is an inſufficient Hu band. 'Tis then indeed, like the Vanity of taking a fin Houſe, and yet be forced to let Lodgings, to help pay th Rent.

FON

FONDLEWIFE.

I profeſs a very apt Compariſon, *Varlet*. Go and bid Cocky come out to me. I will give her ſome Inſtructions, I will reaſon with her before I go.

SCENE III.

FONDLEWIFE *alone.*

AND in the mean time, I will reaſon with my ſelf—Tell me *Iſaac*, why art thee jealous? Why art thee diſtruſtful of the Wife of thy Boſom?——Becauſe ſhe is young and vigorous, and I am old and impotent——Then why didſt thee marry, *Iſaac*?——Becauſe ſhe was beautiful and tempting, and becauſe I was obſtinate and hating; ſo that my Inclination was (and is ſtill) greater than my Power —— And will not that which tempted thee, alſo tempt others, who will tempt her, *Iſaac*?——I fear it much——But does not thy Wife love thee, nay dote upon thee?——Yes——Why then!——Ay, but to ſpeak truth, ſhe's fonder of me, than ſhe has reaſon to be; and in the way of Trade, we ſtill ſuſpect the ſmootheſt Dealers of the deepeſt Deſigns —— And that ſhe has ſome Deſigns deeper than thou canſt reach, th'haſt experiment-ed, *Iſaac*——But Mum.

SCENE IV.

FONDLEWIFE, LÆTITIA.

LÆTITIA.

I Hope my deareſt Jewel is not going to leave me——Where are you, *Nykin*?

FON-

FONDLEWIFE.

Wife——Have you throughly conſider'd how detes
ble, how heinous, and how crying a Sin, the Sin of Ad
tery is? have you weigh'd it, I ſay? For it is a ve
weighty Sin; and although it may lie heavy upon th
yet thy Husband muſt alſo bear his Part: For thy Iniq
ty will fall upon his Head.

LÆTITIA.

Bleſs me, what means my Dear!

FONDLEWIFE. Aſide.

I profeſs ſhe has an alluring Eye; I am doubtful, wh
ther I ſhall truſt her, even with *Tribulation* himſelf—
Speak, I ſay, have you conſidered, what it is to cuckc
your Husband?

LÆTITIA. Aſide.

I'm amazed: Sure he has diſcovered nothing——Wh
has wrong'd me to my Deareſt? I hope my Jewel do
not think, that ever I had any ſuch thing in my Head,
ever will have.

FONDLEWIFE.

No, no, I tell you I ſhall have it in my Head ——

LÆTITIA. Aſide.

I know not what to think. But I'm reſolv'd to fi
the meaning of it——Unkind Dear! Was it for this y
ſent to call me? is it not Affliction enough that you
to leave me, but you muſt ſtudy to encreaſe it by unj
Suſpicions? [*Crying*] Well —— Well —— you know
Fondneſs, and you love to Tyrannize——Go on cr
Man, do, Triumph over my poor Heart, while it hol
which cannot be long, with this Uſage of yours——
But that's what you want —— Well, You will have y
Ends ſoon——You will—You will—Yes it will bre
to oblige you. [*Sig*

FONDLEWIFE.

Verily I fear I have carried the Jeſt too far—Nay, lo
you now if ſhe does not weep—'tis the fondeſt Fool
Nay, Cocky, Cocky, nay, dear Cocky, don't cry, I w
but in Jeſt, I was not ifeck.

LÆ

LÆTITIA, Aside.

h then all's ſafe. I was terribly frighted------My Af-
on is always your Jeſt, barbarous Man! Oh that I
ld love to this degree! yet—

FONDLEWIFE.

ay, Cocky.

LÆTITIA.

o, no, you are weary of me, that's it------that's all,
would get another Wife-----another fond Fool, to
k her Heart----well, be as cruel as you can to me, I'll
for you; and when I am dead with Grief; may you
one that will love you as well as I have done: I ſhall be-
ented to lye at Peace in my cold Grave-----ſince it
pleaſe you. [*Sighs.*

FONDL'EWIFE.

ood lack, good lack, ſhe would melt a Heart of Oak
-I profeſs I can hold no longer----Nay dear Cocky—
k you'll break my Heart— Ifeck you will——See
have made me weep— made poor *Nykin* weep----
come kiſs, buſs poor *Nykin* — and I won't leave
——I'll loſe all firſt.

LÆTITIA, Aside.

low! Heav'n forbid! that will be carrying the Jeſt
far indeed.

FONDLEWIFE.

Won't you kiſs *Nykin?*

LÆTITIA.

o naughty *Nykin*, you don't love me.

FONDLEWIFE.

iſs, kiſs, ifeck I do.

LÆTITIA.

lo you don't. [*She kiſſes him.*

FONDLEWIFE.

What not love Cocky!

LÆTITIA.

lo——h. [*Sighs.*

FONDLEWIFE.

profeſs, I do love thee better than 500 Pound——
and

and ſo thou ſhalt ſay, for I'll leave it to ſtay with the

LÆTITIA.

No you ſhan't neglect your Buſineſs for me—— indeed you ſant *Nykin*——If you don't go, I'll think been dealous of me ſtill.

FONDLEWIFE.

He, he, he, wilt thou poor Fool? Then I will won't be dealous—— Poor Cocky, kiſs *Nykin*, kiſs ee, ee, ee---Here will be the good Man anon, to ta Cocky and teach her how a Wife ought to behave ſelf.

LÆTITIA, Aſide.

I hope to have one that will ſhew me how a Hu ought to behave himſelf---I ſhall be glad to learn, to p my Jewel.

FONDLEWIFE.

That's my good Dear--- Come kiſs *Nykin* once m and then get you in----So----Get you in, get you in. by.

LÆTITIA.

By *Nykin.*

FONDLEWIFE.

By Cocky.

LÆTITIA.

By *Nykin.*

FONDLEWIFE.

By Cocky, by, by.

SCENE V.

VAINLOVE, SHARPER.

SHARPER.

HOW! *Araminta* loſt!

VAINLOVE.

To confirm what I have ſaid, read this---- [Gi *Letter.* SH

SHARPER, Reads.

m, hum----And what then appear'd a Fault, upon Re-
n seems only an effect of a too powerful Paſſion. I'm a-
I give too great a Proof of my own at this time- ---I am
order for what I have written. But ſomething, I know
hat, forced me. I only beg a favourable Cenſure of this
ur Araminta.

SHARPER.

ſt! Pray Heav'n thou haſt not loſt thy Wits. Here,
ſhe's thy own, Man, ſign'd and ſeal'd too ---To her,
---a delicious Mellon pure and conſenting ripe, and
waits thy cutting up---She has been breeding Love
e all this while, and juſt now ſhe's deliver'd of it.

VAINLOVE.

s an untimely Fruit, and ſhe has miſcarried of her

SHARPER.

ver leave this damn'd, ill-natur'd Whimſey, *Frank?*
haſt a ſickly peeviſh Appetite; only chew Love and
t digeſt it.

VAINLOVE.

s, when I feed my ſelf ——— But I hate to be
m'd---By Heav'n there's not a Woman, will give a
the Pleaſure of a Chaſe: My Sport is always balkt
ſhort---I ſtumble over the Game I would purſue
'Tis dull and unnatural to have a Hare run full in the
d's Mouth; and would diſtaſte the keeneſt Hunter---
ld have overtaken, not have met my Game.

SHARPER.

wever I hope you don't mean to forſake it; that
e but a kind of a Mungril Cur's Trick. Well, are you
e Mall?

VAINLOVE.

, ſhe will be there this Evening-----Yes, I will go
and ſhe ſhall ſee her Error in---

SHARPER.

her Choice I gad---But thou canſt not be ſo great a
as to ſlight her.

VAIN-

VAINLOVE.

I ſhould diſappoint her if I did not-----By her Manage-
ment I ſhould think ſhe expects it.

All Naturally fly what does purſue:
'Tis fit Men ſhould be coy' when Women woe.

SCENE VI.

A Room in Fondlewife's *Houſe.*

A SERVANT *introducing* BELLMOUR *in Fanatick-Habit with a Patch upon one Eye, and a Book in his Hand.*

SERVANT.

HERE's a Chair, Sir, if you pleaſe to repoſe your ſelf
My Miſtreſs is coming, Sir.

BELLMOUR.

Secure in my Diſguiſe, I have out-fac'd Suſpicion
and even dar'd Diſcovery———This Cloak my Sanc-
tity, and truſty *Scarron*'s Novels my Prayer-Book---
Methinks I am the very Picture of *Montufar* in the *Hypo-
crites*----Oh! ſhe comes.

SCENE VII.

BELLMOUR, LÆTITIA.

SO breaks Aurora *through the Veil of Night,*
Thus fly the Clouds, divided by her Light,
And ev'ry Eye receives a new-born Sight.

[*Throwing off his Cloak, Patch, &c.*

LÆTITIA

Thus ſtrew'd with Bluſhes, like---Ah! Heav'n defend me!
Who's this? [*Diſcovering him, ſtarts*

BELL.

BELLMOUR.

Your Lover.

LÆTITIA.

Vainlove's Friend! I know his Face, and he has betray'd e to him. [*Aside.*

BELLMOUR.

Your'e ſurprized. Did you not expect a Lover, Ma-m? thoſe Eyes ſhone kindly on my firſt Appearance, o' now they are o'er-caſt.

LÆTITIA.

I may well be ſurpriz'd at your Perſon and Impudence; ey are both new to me----You are not what your firſt ppearance promiſed: The Piety of your Habit was wel-me, but not the Hypocriſy.

BELLMOUR.

Rather the Hypocriſy was welcome, but not the Hy-crite.

LÆTITIA.

Who are you, Sir? You have miſtaken the Houſe re.

BELLMOUR.

I have Directions in my Pocket, which agree with ery thing but your Unkindneſs. [*Pulls out the Letter.*

LÆTITIA.

My Letter! Baſe *Vainlove*! Then 'tis too late to diſſem-e. [*Aside.*] 'Tis plain then you have miſtaken the Per-n. [*Going.*

BELLMOUR.

If we part ſo I'm miſtaken----Hold, hold, Madam----- confeſs I have run into an Errror----I beg your Pardon houſand times----What an eternal Blockhead am I! Can u forgive me the Diſorder I have put you into——— ut it is a Miſtake which any Body might have made.

LÆTITIA.

What can this mean! 'Tis impoſſible he ſhould be miſ-ken after all this —— A handſome Fellow if he had not priz'd me: Methinks, now I look on him again, I ould not have him miſtaken. [*Aside.*] We are all lia-

ble

ble to Miſtakes, Sir: If you own it to be ſo, there ne
no farther Apology.

BELLMOUR.

Nay 'Faith, Madam, 'tis a pleaſant one; and wo
your hearing. Expecting a Friend, laſt Night, at
Lodgings, 'till 'twas late; my Intimacy with him g
me the freedom of his Bed: He not coming home
Night, a Letter was deliver'd to me by a Servant, in
Morning: Upon the peruſal I found the Contents
charming, that I could think of nothing all Day, but p
ting 'em in Practice——'till juſt now, (the firſt tim
ever look'd upon the Superſcription) I am the moſt
priz'd in the World to find it directed to Mr. *Vain*
Gad, Madam, I ask you a Million of Pardons, and
make you any Satisfaction.

LÆTITIA.

I am diſcover'd——And either *Vainlove* is not gui
or he has handſomely excus'd him. [*A*

BELLMOUR.

You appear concern'd, Madam.

LÆTITIA.

I hope you are a Gentleman;——and ſince you
privy to a weak Woman's Failing, won't turn it to
Prejudice of her Reputation. You look as if you
more Honour——

BELLMOUR.

And more Love; or my Face is a falſe Witneſs,
deſerves to be pillory'd.—No, by Heav'n, I ſwear—

LÆTITIA.

Nay, don't ſwear if you'd have me believe you;
promiſe——

BELLMOUR.

Well, I promiſe——A Promiſe is ſo cold——G
me leave to ſwear----by thoſe Eyes; thoſe killing Ey
by thoſe healing Lips.----Oh! preſs the ſoft Charm
to mine,——and ſeal 'em up for ever.

LÆTITIA.

Upon that Condition. [*He kiſſ*
BEL

BELLMOUR.

ernity was in that Moment——One more, upon Condition.

LÆTITIA.

ay now——I never saw any thing ſo agreeably im- nt. [*Aſide.*] Won't you cenſure me for this, now? but 'tis to buy your Silence. [*Kiſs.*] Oh, but what I doing!

BELLMOUR.

oing! No Tongue can expreſs it——not thy own; ny thing, but thy Lips. I am faint with Exceſs of :——Oh, for Love-ſake, lead me any whither, re I may lye down;—quickly, for I'm afraid I ſhall a Fit.

LÆTITIA.

leſs me! What Fit?

BELLMOUR.

h, a Convulſion——I feel the Symptoms.

LÆTITIA.

oes it hold you long? I'm afraid to carry you into Chamber.

BELLMOUR.

h, no: Let me lye down upon the Bed;——the Fit be ſoon over.

SCENE VIII.

SCENE *St.* James's Park.

ARAMINTA *and* BELINDA *meeting.*

BELINDA.

ARD, my Dear: I am glad I have met you—I have been at the *Exchange* ſince, and am ſo tir'd——

ARAMINTA.

hy, what's the Matter?

BELIN-

BELINDA.

Oh the moſt inhumane, barbarous Hackney-Coach
am jolted to a Jelly——Am I not horridly touz'd?

[*Pulls out a Pocket-G*

ARAMINTA.

Your Head's a little out of order.

BELINDA.

A little! O frightful! What a furious Phyz I have
moſt rueful! Ha, ha, ha: O Gad, I hope no body
come this Way, 'till I have put my ſelf a little in re
——Ah! my Dear——I have ſeen ſuch unhewn C
tures ſince——Ha, ha, ha, I can't for my Soul
thinking that I look juſt like one of 'em—— Good D
pin this, and I'll tell you———Very well——So, th
you my Dear——But as I was telling you——Piſh,
is the untoward'ſt Lock——So, as I was telling yo
How d'ye like me now? Hideous, ha? Frightful ſtill?
how?

ARAMINTA.

No, no; you're very well as can be.

BELINDA.

And ſo—But where did I leave off, my Dear? I
telling you———

ARAMINTA.

You were about to tell me ſomething, Child—
you left off before you began.

BELINDA.

Oh; a moſt comical Sight: A Country Squire, w
the Equipage of a Wife and two Daughters, came
Mrs. *Snipwell*'s Shop while I was there——But, oh G
Two ſuch unlick'd Cubs!

ARAMINTA.

I warrant, plump, Cherry-cheek'd Country Girls.

BELINDA.

Ay, O my Conſcience, fat as Barn-Door Fowl:
ſo bedeck'd, you would have taken 'em for *Friezland* He
with their Feathers growing the wrong way——O
Out-landiſh Creatures! Such *Tramontane*, and Foreign

he Faſhion, or any thing in Practice! I had not Pati-
e to behold — I undertook the modelling of one of
r Fronts, the more modern Structure———

ARAMINTA.

leſs me, Couſin: why would you affront any Body
They might be Gentlewomen of a very good Family—

BELINDA.

of a very ancient one, I dare ſwear, by their Dreſs
Affront! Pſhaw, how you're miſtaken! The poor
ature, I warrant, was as full of Curtſies, as if I had
n her Godmother: The Truth on't is, I did endea-
r to make her look like a Chriſtian——and ſhe was
ible of it; for ſhe thank'd me, and gave me two Ap-
, piping hot, out of her Under-Petticoat Pocket——
ha, ha: And t'other did ſo ſtare and gape —— I fan-
her like the Front of her Father's Hall; her Eyes
re the two Jut-Windows, and her Mouth the great
or, moſt hoſpitably kept open, for the Entertainment
travelling Flies.

ARAMINTA.

So then; you have been diverted. What did they buy?

BELINDA.

Why, the Father bought a Powder-Horn, and an Al-
nack, and a Comb-Caſe; the Mother, a great Fruz-
wer, and a fat Amber-Necklace; the Daughters only
e two Pair of Kid-leather Gloves, with trying 'em
——Oh Gad, here comes the Fool that din'd at
Lady *Freelove*'s t'other Day.

SCENE IX.

[*To them*] *Sir* JOSEPH *and* BLUFFE.

ARAMINTA.

MAY be he may not know us again.

BE-

BELINDA.

We'll put on our Masks to ſecure his Ignorance.

[*They put on their M*

Sir *JOSEPH WITTOLL.*

Nay, Gad, I'll pick up; I'm reſolv'd to make a N on't——I'll go to Alderman *Fondlewife* by and by, get 50 Pieces more from him. Adſlidikins, *Bully*, wallow in Wine and Women. Why, this ſame *Ma* Wine has made me as light as a Graſhopper—— hiſt, Bully, doſt thou ſee thoſe Tearers? [*Sings*] *Lo what here is*——*Look you what here is*——*Toll*—— ——*dera*——*toll*——*loll*——A Gad, t'other Gl *Madera*, and I durſt have attack'd 'em in my own per Perſon, without your help.

BLUFFE.

Come on then, Knight——But d'ye know to ſay to 'em?

Sir *JOSEPH WITTOLL.*

Say: Pooh, Pox, I've enough to ſay——nev it——that is, if I can but think on't: Truth have but a treacherous Memory.

BELINDA.

O frightful! Couſin, What ſhall we do? Theſe come towards us.

ARAMINTA.

No matter——I ſee *Vainlove* coming this Way—— and, to confeſs my Failing, I am willing to give an Opportunity of making his Peace with me—— to rid me of theſe Coxcombs, when I ſeem o with 'em, will be a fair one.

BLUFFE.

Ladies, by theſe Hilts you are well met.

ARAMINTA.

We are afraid not.

BLUFFE.

What ſays my pretty little Knapſack Carrier. [*To*

BELINDA.

O monſtrous filthy Fellow! Good ſlovenly C

Bluffe, (what is your hideous Name?) be gone: ſtink of Brandy and Tobacco, moſt Soldier-like. [*Spits.*

Sir *JOSEPH WITTOLL.*

ow am I ſlap-daſh down in the Mouth, and have one Word to ſay! [*Aſide.*

ARAMINTA.

hope my Fool has not Confidence enough to be trou- me. [*Aſide.*

Sir *JOSEPH WITTOLL.*

em! Pray, Madam, which way's the Wind?

ARAMINTA.

pithy Queſtion——Have you ſent your Wits for nture, Sir, that you enquire?

Sir *JOSEPH WITTOLL.*

ay, now I'm in——I can prattle like a Mag- [*Aſide.*

SCENE X.

hem] SHARPER *and* VAINLOVE *at ſome diſtance.*

BELINDA.

EAR *Araminta*, I'm tir'd.

ARAMINTA.

is but pulling off our Masks, and obliging *Vainlove* to w us. I'll be rid of my Fool by fair Means——, Sir *Joſeph*, you ſhall ſee my Face——but, be gone ediately——I ſee one that will be jealous, to find in Diſcourſe with you——Be diſcreet——No Re- but away. [*Unmasks.*

Sir *JOSEPH WITTOLL.*

he great Fortune, that dined at my Lady *Freelove's*! *Joſeph*, thou art a made Man. Agad, I'm in Love up e Ears. But I'll be diſcreet, and huſht. [*Aſide.*

BLUFFE.

BLUFFE.

Nay, by the World, I'll ſee your Face.

BELINDA.

You ſhall. [*Unm*

SHARPER.

Ladies, your humble Servant——— We were a you would not have given us leave to know you.

ARAMINTA.

We thought to have been private——But we Fools have the ſame Advantage over a Face in a M that a Coward has, while the Sword is in the Scab ———So were forced to draw in our own Defe

BLUFFE.

My Blood riſes at that Fellow: I can't ſtay whe is; and I muſt not draw in the Park. [*To Sir* Jo

Sir *JOSEPH WITTOLL.*

I wiſh I durſt ſtay to let her know my Lodging.

SCENE XI.

ARAMINTA, BELINDA, VAINLOVE, SHARPE

SHARPER.

THERE is in true Beauty, as in Courage, ſo what, which narrow Souls cannot dare to admi And ſee, the Owls are fled, as at the break of Day.

BELINDA.

Very courtly——I believe, Mr. *Vainlove* has not r his Eyes, ſince break of Day neither, he looks as i durſt not approach——Nay, come Couſin, be Fr with him— I ſwear he looks ſo very ſimply, ha, ha,———Well, a Lover in the State of Separ from his Miſtreſs, is like a Body without a Soul. *Vainlove*, ſhall I be bound for your good Behaviour the future?

VA

VAINLOVE.

Now muſt I pretend Ignorance equal to hers, of what knows as well as I. [*Aſide*] Men are apt to offend true) where they find moſt Goodneſs to forgive----- Madam, I hope I ſhall prove of a Temper, not to e Mercy, by committing new Offences.

ARAMINTA.

o cold! [*Aſide.*

BELINDA.

have broke the Ice for you, Mr. *Vainlove*, and ſo I e you. Come, Mr. *Sharper*, you and I will take a n, and laugh at the Vulgar———Both the great gar and the ſmall —— Oh Gad! I have a great Paſſion *Cowley*———Don't you admire him?

SHARPER.

h Madam! He was our *Engliſh Horace.*

BELINDA.

h ſo fine! So extreamly fine! So every thing in the ld that I like —— Oh Lord, walk this Way —— I ſee uple, I'll give you their Hiſtory.

SCENE XII.

ARAMINTA, VAINLOVE.

VAINLOVE.

ind, Madam, the Formality of the Law muſt be obrv'd, tho' the Penalty of it be diſpens'd with; and Offender muſt plead to his Araignment, though he is Pardon in his Pocket.

ARAMINTA.

n amaz'd! This Inſolence exceeds t'other;——— ever has encourag'd you to this Aſſurance——preng upon the Eaſineſs of my Temper, has much de- you, and ſo you ſhall find.

VAINLOVE.

Hey day! Which way now? Here's fine doubling.

[*Aſi*

ARAMINTA.

Baſe Man! Was it not enough to affront me w your ſawcy Paſſion?

VAINLOVE.

You have given that Paſſion a much kinder Epi than ſawcy, in another Place.

ARAMINTA.

Another Place! Some villainous Deſign to blaſt Honour —— But, tho' thou hadſt all the Treachery Malice of thy Sex, thou canſt not lay a Blemiſh on Fame———No, I have not err'd in one favour Thought of Mankind——How Time might have ceiv'd me in you, I know not; my Opinion was young, and your early Baſeneſs has prevented its gr ing to a wrong Belief—— Unworthy, and ungrate Be gone, and never ſee me more.

VAINLOVE.

Did I dream? Or do I dream? Shall I believe Eyes, or Ears? The Viſion is here ſtill———Your ſion, Madam, will admit of no farther reaſoning—— But here's a ſilent Witneſs of your Acquaintance.

[*Takes out the Letter, and offers it: She ſnatches it, throws it away.*

ARAMINTA.

There's Poiſon in every thing you touch—— Bliſ will follow———

VAINLOVE.

That Tongue, which denies what the Hands h done.

ARAMINTA.

Still myſtically ſenſeleſs, and impudent——I fin muſt leave the Place.

VAINLOVE.

No, Madam, I'm gone——She knows her Name's it, which ſhe will be unwilling to expoſe to the Cen of the firſt Finder.

AR

ARAMINTA.

Woman's Obſtinacy made me blind, to what Woman's riosity now tempts me to ſee. [*Takes up the Letter.*

SCENE XIII.

BELINDA, SHARPER.

BELINDA.

NAY, we have ſpared no Body, I ſwear. Mr. *Sharper*, you're a pure Man; where did you get this excellent Talent of Railing?

SHARPER.

Faith, Madam, the Talent was born with me:—— onfeſs, I have taken care to improve it; to qualifie me the Society of Ladies.

BELINDA.

Nay, ſure Railing is the beſt Qualification in a Woan's Man.

SCENE XIV.

[*To them*] FOOTMAN.

SHARPER.

THE ſecond beſt——indeed I think.

BELINDA.

How now, *Pace*? Where's my Couſin?

FOOTMAN.

She's not very well, Madam, and has ſent to know, our Ladyſhip would have the Coach come again for ?

BELINDA.

O Lord, no, I'll go along with her. Come, Mr. *Shar-*

SCENE XV.

SCENE *A Chamber in* Fondlewife's *Hou*

LÆTITIA *and* BELLMOUR, *his Cloak, Hat,* &c. *l*
loose about the Chamber.

BELLMOUR.

HERE's no Body, nor no Noiſe——'twas noth
but your Fears.

LÆTITIA.

I durſt have ſworn, I had heard my Monſter's V
------I ſwear, I was heartily frightned------Feel how
Heart beats.

BELLMOUR.

'Tis an Alarm to Love——Come in again, and
us——

FONDLEWIFE without.

Cocky, Cocky, where are you Cocky? I'm c
home.

LÆTITIA.

Ah! There he is. Make haſte, gather up your thi

FONDLEWIFE.

Cocky, Cocky, open the Door.

BELLMOUR.

Pox choak him, would his Horns were in his Th
My Patch, my Patch. [*Looking about, and gathering up his T*

LÆTITIA.

My Jewel, art thou there? No matter for your P
------You s'an't tum in, *Nykin*------Run into my Ch
ber, quickly, quickly. You s'an't tum in.

FONDLEWIFE.

Nay, pr'ythee, Dear, i'feck I'm in haſte.

LÆTITIA.

Then I'll let you in. [*Opens the D*

SCE

SCENE XVI.

TITIA, FONDLEWIFE, *Sir* JOSEPH WITTOL.

FONDLEWIFE.

ISS, Dear——I met the Maſter of the Ship by the way—— And I muſt have my Papers of Accounts of your Cabinet.

LÆTITIA.

Oh, I'm undone! [*Aſide.*

Sir *JOSEPH WITTOLL.*

Pray, firſt let me have 50*l.* good Alderman, for I'm in e.

FONDLEWIFE.

A hundred has already been paid, by your Order. Fif- I have the Sum ready in Gold, in my Cloſet.

SCENE XVII.

LÆTITIA, *Sir* JOSEPH WITTOLL.

Sir *JOSEPH WITTOLL.*

GAD, it's a curious, fine, pretty Rogue; I'll ſpeak to her--------Pray, Madam, what News d'ye hear?

LÆTITIA.

Sir, I ſeldom ſtir abroad. [*Walks about in Diſorder.*

Sir *JOSEPH WITTOLL.*

I wonder at that, Madam, for 'tis moſt curious fine ather.

LÆTITIA.

Methinks 'thas been very ill Weather.

Sir *JOSEPH WITTOLL.*

As you ſay, Madam, 'tis pretty bad Weather, and has n ſo a great while.

SCENE XVIII.

[*To them*] FONDLEWIFE.

FONDLEWIFE.

HERE are fifty Pieces in this Purſe, Sir *Joſeph*---- If you will tarry a Moment, 'till I fetch my Pape I'll wait upon you down Stairs.

LÆTITIA.

Ruin'd, paſt Redemption! What ſhall I do-----Ha! t Fool may be of uſe. (*Aſide*) [*As* Fondlewife *is going i the Chamber, ſhe runs to Sir* Joſeph, *almoſt puſhes him do and cries out.*] Stand off, rude Ruffian. Help me, Dear--------O bleſs me! Why will you leave me alo with ſuch a Satyr?

FONDLEWIFE.

Bleſs us! What's the Matter? What's the Matter?

LÆTITIA.

Your Back was no ſooner turn'd; but like a Lion, came open Mouth'd upon me, and would have raviſh a Kiſs from me by main Force.

Sir *JOSEPH WITTOLL.*

O Lord! Oh terrible! Ha, ha, ha, is your Wife m Alderman?

LÆTITIA.

Oh! I'm ſick with the Fright; won't you take hi out of my Sight?

FONDLEWIFE.

Oh Traitor! I'm aſtoniſhed. Oh bloody-minded Tr tor!

Sir *JOSEPH WITTOLL.*

Hey-day! Traitor your ſelf-----By the Lord *Harry*, was in moſt Danger of being raviſh'd, if you go to tha

FONDLEWIFE.

Oh, how the blaſphemous Wretch ſwears! Out of m Houſe, thou Son of the Whore of *Babylon*; Off-ſpring

and the *Dragon*-------Bleſs us! Raviſh my Wife! my
ah! Oh *Shechemite!* Be gone I ſay.

Sir *JOSEPH WITTOLL.*

Why, the Devil's in the People, I think.

SCENE XIX.

LÆTITIA, FONDLEWIFE.

LÆTITIA.

H! won't you follow, and ſee him out of Doors, my Dear?

FONDLEWIFE.

I'll ſhut this Door, to ſecure him from coming back ----Give me the Key of your Cabinet, Cocky------Ra- ſh my Wife before my Face! I warrant he's a Papiſt his Heart, at leaſt, if not a *French*-Man.

LÆTITIA.

What can I do now! [*Aſide*] Oh! my Dear, I have en in ſuch a Fright, that I forgot to tell you, poor r. *Spintext* has a ſad Fit of the Cholick, and is forced lye down upon our Bed-------You'll diſturb him; I n tread ſoftlier.

FONDLEWIFE.

Alack poor Man-------no, no -----you don't know the pers-------I won't diſturb him; give me the Key.

[*She gives him the Key, goes to the Chamber Door, and ſpeaks aloud.*

LÆTITIA.

'Tis no Body but Mr. *Fondlewife*, Mr. *Spintext*, lye ſtill n your Stomach; lying on your Stomach, will eaſe you f the Cholick.

FONDLEWIFE.

Ay, ay, lye ſtill, lye ſtill; don't let me diſturb you.

SCENE XX.

LÆTITIA, *alone.*

LÆTITIA.

SURE, when he does not ſee his Face, he won't cover him. Dear Fortune, help me but this once, I'll never run in thy Debt again-------But this Opportunity is the Devil.

SCENE XXI.

FONDLEWIFE *returns with Papers.*

FONDLEWIFE.

GOOD lack! good lack!---------I profeſs, the poor Man is in great Torment, he lyes as flat-------Do you ſhould heat a Trencher, or a Napkin--------What *Deborah?* Let her clap ſome warm thing to his Stomach, or chafe it with a warm Hand, rather than ſ What Book's this? [*Sees the Book that* Bellmour *for*

LÆTITIA.

Mr. *Spintext's* Prayer-Book, dear-------Pray Heav'n be Prayer-Book. [*A*

FONDLEWIFE.

Good Man! I warrant he dropped it on purpoſe, that you might take it up, and read ſome of the pious Ejaculations [*Taking up the Book*] O bleſs me! O monſtrous! A Prayer-Book? Ay, this is the Devil's *Pater-Noſter*. Hold, let me ſee; *The Innocent Adultery.*

LÆTITIA.

Misfortune! now all's ruin'd again. [*A*

BELLMOUR Peeping.

Damn'd Chance! If I had gone a Whoring with the *Pra*

ctice of Piety in my Pocket, I had never been disco-'d.

FONDLEWIFE.

Adultery, and innocent! O Lord! Here's Doctrine! , here's Discipline!

LÆTITIA.

Dear Husband I'm amaz'd:--------Sure it is a good ok, and only tends to the Speculation of Sin.

FONDLEWIFE.

Speculation! No, no; something went farther than Spe-ation when I was not to be let in------Where is this ocryphal Elder! I'll ferret him.

LÆTITIA.

'm so distracted, I can't think of a Lie. [*Aside.*

SCENE XXII.

ETITIA, *and* FONDLEWIFE *haling out* BELLMOUR.

FONDLEWIFE.

COME out here, thou *Ananias* incarnate------Who, how now! Who have we here?

LÆTITIA.

Ha! [*Shrieks, as surpriz'd.*

FONDLEWIFE.

Oh, thou salacious Woman! Am I then brutified? Ay, el it here; I sprout, I bud, I blossom, I am ripe-n-mad. But who in the Devil's Name are you? rcy on me for swearing. But-------

LÆTITIA.

Oh, Goodness keep us! Who's this? Who are you? at are you?

BELLMOUR.

oh.

LÆTITIA.

n the Name of the------O! Good, my Dear, don't

come near it, I'm afraid 'tis the Devil; indeed it
Hoofs, Dear.

FONDLEWIFE.

Indeed, and I have Horns, Dear. The Devil, no, I
afraid, 'tis the Fleſh, thou Harlot. Dear, with the
Come *Syren*, ſpeak, confeſs, who is this reverend, br
ny Paſtor?

LÆTITIA.

Indeed, and indeed now my dear *Nykin*-------I n
ſaw this wicked Man before.

FONDLEWIFE.

Oh, it is a Man then, it ſeems.

LÆTITIA.

Rather, ſure it is a Wolf in the cloathing of a Shee

FONDLEWIFE.

Thou art a Devil in his proper Cloathing, Wom
Fleſh. What, you know nothing of him, but his Fl
here! — You don't love Mutton? — you *Magdalen*
converted.

BELLMOUR.

Well, now, I know my Cue — That is, very
nourably to excuſe her, and very impudently accuſe
ſelf. [

LÆTITIA.

Why then, I wiſh I may never enter into the He
of your Embraces again, my Dear, if ever I ſaw
Face before.

FONDLEWIFE.

O Lord! O ſtrange! I am in admiration of your
pudence. Look at him a little better; he is more
deſt, I warrant you, than to deny it. Come, were
two never Face to Face before? Speak.

BELLMOUR.

Since all Artifice is vain —— And I think my ſelf
liged to ſpeak the Truth in juſtice to your Wife —

FONDLEWIFE.

Humph.

LÆTITIA.

No, indeed Dear.

FONDLEWIFE.

Nay I find you are both in a Story; that I muſt con-
ſs. But, what——not to be cured of the Cholick?
on't you know your Patient, Mrs. *Quack?* Oh, lye
on your Stomach, lying upon your Stomach will cure
u of the Cholick. Ah! Anſwer me, *Jezabel?*

LÆTITIA.

Let the wicked Man anſwer for himſelf; does he
ink that I have nothing to do but excuſe him; 'tis e-
ugh, if I can clear my own Innocence to my own
ar.

BELLMOUR.

By my troth, and ſo 'tis——I have been a little too
ckward, that's the truth on't.

FONDLEWIFE.

Come, Sir, who are you, in the firſt Place? And what
e you?

BELLMOUR.

A Whore-maſter.

FONDLEWIFE.

Very Conciſe.

LÆTITIA.

O beaſtly, impudent Creature.

FONDLEWIFE.

Well Sir, and what came you hither for?

BELLMOUR.

To lye with your ife.

FONDLEWIFE.

Good again——A very civil Perſon this, and I be-
ve ſpeaks Truth.

LÆTITIA.

Oh, inſupportable Impudence!

FONDLEWIFE.

Well, Sir——Pray be cover'd——and you have——
h! You have finiſh'd the Matter, heh? And I am, as I
uld be, a ſort of a civil Perquiſite to a Whore-maſter,
'd a *Cuckold*, heh. Is it not ſo? Come, I'm inclining
believe every Word you ſay.

BELL-

BELLMOUR.

Why, Faith, I muſt confeſs, ſo I deſign'd you—— B you were a little unlucky in coming ſo ſoon, and h der'd the making of your own Fortune.

FONDLEWIFE.

Humph. Nay, if you mince the Matter once, a go back of your Word; you are not the Perſon I to you for. Come, come, go on boldly——What, do be aſham'd of your Profeſſion——Confeſs, confeſs, ſhall love thee the better for't——I ſhall, i'feck— What, doſt think I don't know how to behave my ſ in the Employment of a Cuckold, and have been th Years Apprentice to Matrimony? Come, come, Pl dealing is a Jewel.

BELLMOUR.

Well, ſince I ſee thou art a good honeſt Fellow, confeſs the whole Matter to thee.

FONDLEWIFE.

Oh, I am a very honeſt Fellow——You never with an honeſter Man's Wife in your Life.

LÆTITIA.

How my Heart akes! All my comfort lyes in his l pudence, and Heav'n be prais'd, he has a conſiderable F tion. [A

BELLMOUR.

In ſhort then, I was inform'd of the Opportunity your Abſence, by my Spy, (for faith, honeſt *Iſaac*, I a long time deſign'd thee this Favour) I knew *Spi* was to come by your Direction —— But I laid a Trap him, and procured his Habit; in which, I paſs'd u your Servants, and was conducted hither. I pretende Fit of the Cholick, to excuſe my lying down upon y Bed; hoping that when ſhe heard of it, her good Na would bring her to adminiſter Remedies for my Diſt per —— You know what might have follow'd—— like an uncivil Perſon, you knock'd at the Door, be your Wife was come to me.

FO

FONDLEWIFE.

Ha! This is Apocryphal; I may chuſe whether I will ieve it or no.

BELLMOUR.

That you may, faith, and I hope you won't believe a ord on't-----But I can't help telling the Truth, for my fe.

FONDLEWIFE.

How! wou'd not you have me believe you, ſay you?

BELLMOUR.

No; for then you muſt of Conſequence part with your ife, and there will be ſome Hopes of having her upon e Publick; then the Encouragement of a ſeparate Main- nance———

FONDLEWIFE.

No, no; for that Matter,-----when ſhe and I part, ſhe'll ry her ſeparate Maintenance about her.

LÆTITIA.

Ah, cruel Dear, how can you be ſo barbarous? You'll eak my Heart, if you talk of parting. [*Cries.*

FONDLEWIEF.

Ah, diſſembling Vermin!

BELLMOUR.

How can'ſt thou be ſo cruel, *Iſaac?* Thou haſt the eart of a Mountain-Tyger. By the Faith of a ſincere nner, ſhe's Innocent for me. Go to him, Madam, ing your ſnowy Arms about his ſtubborn Neck; bath s relentleſs Face in your ſalt trickling Tears.———

[*She goes and hangs upon his Neck, and kiſſes him.* Bellmour *kiſſes her Hand behind* Fondlewife's *Back.*

o, a few ſoft Words, and a Kiſs, and the good Man elts. See how kind Nature works, and boils-over in m.

LÆTITIA.

Indeed, my Dear, I was but juſt come down Stairs, hen you knock'd at the Door; and the Maid told me Mr. *Spintext* was ill of the Cholick, upon our Bed. And on't you ſpeak to me, cruel *Nykin?* Indeed, I'll die, if ou don't.

FON-

FONDLEWIFE.

Ah! No, no, I cannot ſpeak, my Heart's ſo full— I have been a tender Husband, a tender Yoke-Fello you know I have-----But thou haſt been a faithleſs D *lah*, and the *Philiſtines*-----Heh! Art thou not vile and clean, Heh? Speak. [*Wee*

LÆTITIA.

No-h. [*Sigh*

FONDLEWIFE.

Oh, that I could believe thee!

LÆTITIA.

Oh, my Heart will break. [*Seeming to f*

FONDLEWIFE.

Heh, how! No, ſtay, ſtay, I will believe thee, I ----Pray bend her forward, Sir.

LÆTITIA.

Oh! Oh! Where is my Dear?

FONDLEWIFE.

Here, here; I do believe thee.-----I won't believe own Eyes.

BELLMOUR.

For my Part, I am ſo charm'd with the Love of y Turtle to you, that I'll go and ſollicit Matrimony w all my Might and Main.

FONDLEWIFE.

Well, well, Sir; as long as I believe it, 'tis enough. No Thanks to you, Sir, for her Virtue.— But, I'll ſhow you the Way out of my Houſe, if you pl Come, my Dear. Nay, I will believe thee, I do, i'fe

BELLMOUR.

See the great Bleſſing of an eaſie Faith; Opinion not err.

No Husband, by his Wife, can be deceiv'd;
She ſtill is virtuous, if ſhe's ſo believ'd.

End of the Fourth Act.

AC

ACT V. SCENE. I.

SCENE, *The Street.*

BELLMOUR *in Fanatick Habit*, SETTER, HEARTWELL, LUCY.

BELLMOUR.

Etter! Well encounter'd.

SETTER.

Joy of your Return, Sir. Have you made a good Voyage? or have you brought your own Lading back?

BELLMOUR.

No, I have brought nothing but Ballaſt back——made delicious Voyage, *Setter*; and might have rode at Anchor the Port 'till this Time, but the Enemy ſurpriz'd us—would unrig.

SETTER.

I attend you, Sir.

BELLMOUR.

Ha! Is not that *Heartwell* at *Sylvia*'s Door? Be gone quickly, I'll follow you: —— I would not be known. Pox o'em, they ſtand juſt in my way.

SCENE II.

BELLMOUR, HEARTWELL, LUCY.

HEARTWELL.

M Impatient 'till it be done.

LUCY.

That may be, without troubling your ſelf to go again for

for your Brother's Chaplain. Don't you ſee that ſtalk
Form of Goldlineſs?

HEARTWELL.

O ay; he's a Fanatick.

LUCY.

An Executioner qualified to do your Buſineſs. He
been lawfully ordain'd.

HEARTWELL.

I'll pay him well, if you'll break the Matter to him

LUCY.

I warrant you——Do you go and prepare your Br

SCENE III.

BELLMOUR, LUCY.

BELLMOUR.

HUmph, ſits the Wind there?——What a luc
Rogue am I! Oh, what Sport will be here, if I c
perſuade this Wench to Secreſie?

LUCY.

Sir: Reverend Sir.

BELLMOUR.

Madam. [*Diſcovers him*

LUCY.

Now, Goodneſs have Mercy upon me! Mr. *Bellm*
is it you?

BELLMOUR.

Even I. What doſt think?

LUCY.

Think! That I ſhou'd not believe my Eyes, and t
you are not what you ſeem to be.

BELLMOUR.

True. But to convince thee who I am, thou know
my old Token. [*Kiſſes h*
LUC

LUCY.

Nay, Mr. *Bellmour:* O Lard! I believe you are a Parſon good earneſt, you kiſs ſo devoutly.

BELLMOUR.

Well, your Buſineſs with me, *Lucy?*

LUCY.

I had none, but through Miſtake.

BELLMOUR.

Which Miſtake you muſt go thorough with, *Lucy*—— me, I know the Intrigue between *Heartwell* and your treſs; and you miſtook me for *Tribulation Spintext*, to ry 'em——Ha? Are not Matters in this Poſture?—— feſs:——Come, I'll be faithful; I will i'faith.——— at, Diffide in me, *Lucy?*

LUCY.

Alas-a-day! You and Mr. *Vainlove*, between you, have d my poor Miſtreſs: You have made a Gap in her utation; and can you blame her if ſhe make it up h a Husband?

BELLMOUR.

Well, is it as I ſay?

LUCY.

Well, it is then: But you'll be ſecret?

BELLMOUR.

Whuh, Secret, ay:——And to be out of thy Debt, I'll thee with another Secret. Your Miſtreſs muſt not ry *Heartwell*, *Lucy*.

LUCY.

ow! O Lord!——

BELLMOUR.

ay, don't be in Paſſion, *Lucy:* —— I'll provide a fitter and for her.——Come, here's Earneſt of my good In- ons for thee too; let this mollifie.——[*Gives her* y.] Look you, *Heartwell* is my Friend; and tho' he ind, I muſt not ſee him fall into the Snare, and un- ingly marry a Whore.

LUCY.

Whore! I'd have you to know my Miſtreſs ſcorns——

BELL-

BELLMOUR.

Nay, nay: Look you, *Lucy*; there are Whores of good Quality.——But to the Purpoſe, if you will g me leave to acquaint you with it.—— Do you carry the Miſtake of me: I'll marry 'em.——Nay, don't pa ——If you do, I'll ſpoil all.——I have ſome private R ſons for what I do, which I'll tell you within.—— the mean time, I promiſe,—— and rely upon me,— help your Miſtreſs to a Husband: Nay, and thee *Lucy*.———Here's my Hand, I will; with a freſh A rance. [*Gives her more*

LUCY.

Ah, the Devil is not ſo cunning.——You know eaſie Nature.——Well, for once I'll venture to ſerve but if you do deceive me, the Curſe of all kind, te hearted Women light upon you.

BELLMOUR.

That's as much as to ſay, *The Pox take me.*—— lead on.

SCENE IV.

VAINLOVE, SHARPER, *and* SETTER.

SHARPER.

JUST now, ſay you, gone in with *Lucy?*

SETTER.

I ſaw him Sir, and ſtood at the Corner where found me, and over-heard all they ſaid: Mr. *Bellm* to marry 'em.

SHARPER.

Ha, ha; 'twill be a pleaſant Cheat,—I'll plague *well* when I ſee him. Prithee *Frank*, let's teaze make him fret 'till he foam at the Mouth, and di his Matrimonial Oath with Intereſt—— Come, t muſty———

SETTER.

o Sharper.] Sir, a Word with you. [*Whiſpers him.*

VAINLOVE.

arper ſwears ſhe has forſworn the Letter——I'm he tells me Truth;——but I am not ſure ſhe told Truth: —— Yet ſhe was unaffectedly concern'd, he and often bluſh'd with Anger and Surprize:—— ſo I remember in the Park.——She had Reaſon, if ong her——I begin to doubt.

SHARPER.

y'ſt thou ſo!

SETTER.

his Afternoon, Sir, about an Hour before my Maſter w'd the Letter.

SHARPER.

my Conſcience, like enough.

SETTER.

, I know her, Sir; at leaſt, I'm ſure I can fiſh it f her: She's the very Sluce to her Lady's Secrets:— but ſetting her Mill a going, and I can drein her of ll.

SHARPER.

ere, *Frank*, your Blood-Hound has made out the : This Letter, that ſo ſticks in thy Maw, is counter- only a Trick of *Sylvia* in Revenge, contriv'd by

VAINLOVE.

! It has a Colour——But how do you know it, h?

SETTER.

o ſuſpect as much;——becauſe why, Sir,—She was ing me about how your Worſhip's Affairs ſtood to- s Madam *Araminta*; as, when you had ſeen her laſt? you were to ſee her next? and, where you were found at that time? and ſuch like.

VAINLOVE.

d where did you tell her?

SETTER.

the *Piazza*. *VAIN-*

VAINLOVE.

There I receiv'd the Letter———It muſt be ſo—And why did you not find me out, to tell me this be Sot?

SETTER.

Sir, I was Pimping for Mr. *Bellmour*.

SHARPER.

You were well employ'd:——I think there is no jection to the Excuſe.

VAINLOVE.

Pox o' my ſawcy Credulity----If I have loſt her, ſerve it. But if Confeſſion and Repentance be of F I'll win her, or weary her into a Forgiveneſs.

SHARPER.

Methinks I long to ſee *Bellmour* come forth.

SCENE V.

SHARPER, BELLMOUR, SETTER.

SETTER.

TALK of the Devil----See where he comes.

SHARPER.

Hugging himſelf in his proſperous Miſchief----N Fanatick can look better pleas'd after a ſucceſsful Se of Sedition.

BELLMOUR.

Sharper! Fortifie thy Spleen: Such a Jeſt! Speak thou art ready.

SHARPER.

Now, were I ill-natur'd, would I utterly diſappoi Mirth: Hear thee tell thy mighty Jeſt, with as Gravity as a Biſhop hears Venereal Cauſes in the Sp Court: Not ſo much as wrinkle my Face with Smile; but let thee look ſimply, and laugh by thy

BELLMOUR.

ſhaw, no; I have a better Opinion of thy Wit----- I defie thee.———

SHARPER.

Were it not loſs of Time, you ſhould make the Exment. But honeſt *Setter*, here, over-heard you with , and has told me all.

BELLMOUR.

ay then, I thank thee for not putting me out of ntenance. But, to tell you ſomething you don't w-----I got an Opportunity (after I had marry'd 'em) iſcovering the Cheat to *Sylvia*. She took it at firſt, nother Woman would the like Diſappointment; but Promiſe to make her amends quickly with another band, ſomewhat pacify'd her.

SHARPER.

t how the Devil do you think to acquit your ſelf of Promiſe? Will you marry her your ſelf?

BELLMOUR.

have no ſuch Intentions at preſent-----Pr'ythee, wilt think a little for me? I am ſure the ingenious Mr. will aſſiſt.

SETTER.

Lord, Sir!

BELLMOUR.

l leave him with you, and go ſhift my Habit.

SCENE VI.

ARPER, SETTER, *Sir* JOSEPH WITTOL, *and* BLUFFE.

SHARPER.

EH! Sure, Fortune has ſent this Fool hither on purpoſe. *Setter*, ſtand cloſe; ſeem not to obſerve 'em; hark-ye—— [*Whiſpers.*

BLUFFE.

BLUFFE.

Fear him not —— I am prepar'd for him now; a
ſhall find he might have ſafer rouz'd a ſleeping Lion

Sir *JOSEPH WITTOLL.*

Huſh, huſh: Don't you ſee him?

BLUFFE.

Shew him to me. —— Where is he?

Sir *JOSEPH WITTOLL.*

Nay, don't ſpeak ſo loud—I don't jeſt, as I did a
while ago——Look yonder——A-gad, if he ſhould
the Lion roar, he'd cudgel him into an Aſs, and hi
mitive Braying. Don't you remember the Story in Æ
Fables, Bully? A-gad, there are good Morals to be p
out of *Æſop*'s *Fables*, let me tell you that; and *Re*
the Fox too.

BLUFFE.

Damn your Morals.

Sir *JOSEPH WITTOLL.*

Pr'ythee, don't ſpeak ſo loud.

BLUFFE.

Damn your Morals; I muſt revenge th' Affront
to my Honour. [*In a low*

Sir *JOSEPH WITTOLL.*

Ay; do, do, Captain, if you think fitting——
may diſpoſe of your own Fleſh as you think fitting,
ſee: —— But by the Lord *Harry*, I'll leave you.

[*Stealing away upon his Ty*

BLUFFE.

Prodigious! What, will you forſake your Friend in E
mity! You can't in Honour refuſe to carry him a Chall

[*Almoſt whiſpering, and treading ſoftly after*

Sir *JOSEPH WITTOLL.*

Pr'ythee, what do you ſee in my Face, that looks
I would carry a Challenge? Honour is your Prov
Captain; take it——All the World know me to
Knight, and a Man of Worſhip.

SETTER.

I warrant you, Sir, I'm inſtructed.

SH

SHARPER.

poſſible! *Araminta* take a Liking to a Fool! [*Aloud.*

SETTER.

r Head runs on nothing elſe, nor ſhe can talk of ng elſe.

SHARPER.

know ſhe commended him all the while we were in ark; but I thought it had been only to make *Vain-* ealous.———

Sir *JOSEPH WITTOLL.*

w's this! Good Bully, hold your Breath, and let's en. A-gad, this muſt be I.———

SHARPER.

th, it can't be.——An Oaf, an Ideot, a Wittal.

Sir *JOSEPH WITTOLL.*

, now it's out; 'tis I, my own individual Perſon.

SHARPER.

Wretch, that has flown for Shelter to the loweſt of Mankind, and ſeeks Protection from a blaſted rd.

Sir *JOSEPH WITTOLL.*

at's you, *Bully* Back. [Bluffe *frowns upon Sir* Joſeph.

SHARPER.

has given *Vainlove* her Promiſe, to marry him be- o Morrow Morning.——Has ſhe not? [*To* Setter.

SETTER.

has, Sir;—— And I have it in Charge to attend this Evening in order to conduct her to the Place nted.

SHARPER.

ll, I'll go and inform your Maſter; and do you her to make all the Haſte imaginable.

SCENE

SCENE VII.

SETTER, *Sir* JOSEPH WITTOLL, BLUFF

SETTER.

WERE I a Rogue now, what a noble Prize I diſpoſe of! A goodly Pinnace, richly lade to launch forth under my auſpicious Convoy. T thouſand Pounds, and all her Rigging; beſides wh conceal'd under Hatches.——Ha! All this committ my Care!—— Avaunt Temptation.——*Setter*, ſhe ſelf a Perſon of Worth; be true to thy Truſt, and puted honeſt. Reputed honeſt! Hum: Is that all? For to be honeſt is nothing; the Reputation of it Reputation! what have ſuch poor Rogues as I to do Reputation? 'tis above us; and for Men of Quality, are above it; ſo that Reputation is e'en as fooliſh a as Honeſty. And for my part, if I meet Sir *Joſeph* a Purſe of Gold in his Hand, I'll diſpoſe of mine t beſt Advantage.

Sir *JOSEPH WITTOLL.*

Heh, heh, heh: Here 'tis for you, i'faith, Mr. Nay, I'll take you at your Word. [*Chinking a*

SETTER.

Sir *Joſeph* and the Captain too! undone, undone! undone, my Maſter's undone, my Lady's undone, a the Buſineſs is undone.

Sir *JOSEPH WITTOLL.*

No, no, never fear, Man, the Lady's Buſineſs ſh done. What----Come, Mr. *Setter*, I have over-hea and to ſpeak, is but loſs of Time; but if there be O ſion, let theſe worthy Gentlemen intercede for me.

[*Gives him*

SETTER.

O Lord, Sir, what d'ye mean? Corrupt my Hon ——They have indeed very perſwading Faces. But—

Sir *JOSEPH WITTOLL.*

is too little, there's more, Man. There, take all——

SETTER.

ell, Sir *Joseph*, you have ſuch a winning way with

Sir *JOSEPH WITTOLL.*

d how, and how, good *Setter*, did the little Rogue when ſhe talk'd of Sir *Joſeph?* Did not her Eyes kle, and her Mouth water? Did not ſhe pull up her lit-bbies? And——A-gad, I'm ſo overjoy'd——And e down her Belly? and then ſtep aſide to tie her r, when ſhe was thinking of her Love? Hey, *Setter!*

SETTER.

, Yes, Sir.

Sir *JOSEPH WITTOLL.*

w now, *Bully?* What, melancholly, becauſe I'm in ady's Favour?----No Matter, I'll make your Peace —I know they were a little ſmart upon you---- warrant, I'll bring you into the Lady's good s.

BLUFFE.

haw, I have Petitions to ſhow, from other-gueſs than ſhe. Look here; Theſe were ſent me this ing——There, read, [*Shows Letters.*] That---- s a Scrawl of Quality. Here, here's from a Coun-bo. Hum----No, hold---that's from a Knight's ſhe ſent it me by her Husband --But here, both theſe m Perſons of great Quality.

Sir *JOSEPH WITTOLL.*

y are either from Perſons of great Quality, or no y at all, 'tis ſuch a damn'd ugly Hand.

[*While Sir* Joſeph *reads*, Bluffe *whiſpers* Setter.

SETTER.

tain, I would do any thing to ſerve you; but this is icult——

BLUFFE.

at all. Don't I know him?

SETTER.

You'll remember the Conditions?———

BLUFFE.

I'll give't you under my Hand---In the mean time, he Earneſt. [*Gives him Mony.*] Come, Knight,-----I'm c tulating with Mr. *Setter* for you.

Sir *JOSEPH WITTOLL.*

Ah, honeſt *Setter*;----Sirrah, I'll give thee any thing h a Night's Lodging.

SCENE VIII.

SHARPER *tugging in* HEARTWELL.

SHARPER.

NAY, pr'ythee leave Railing, and come along w me: May be ſhe mayn't be within. 'Tis but yond' Corner-Houſe?

HEARTWELL.

Whither! Whither? Which Corner-Houſe?

SHARPER.

Why, there: The two white Poſts.

HEARTWELL.

And who would you viſit there, ſay you? (O'ons, h my Heart akes.)

SHARPER

P'ſhaw, thou'rt ſo troubleſome and inquiſitive---- W I'll tell you; 'Tis a Young Creature that *Vainlove* bauch'd, and has forſaken. Did you never hear *Bell* chide him about *Sylvia?*

HEARTWELL.

Death, and Hell, and Marriage! My Wife! [*A*

SHARPER.

Why thou art as muſty as a new marry'd Man, had found his Wife Knowing the firſt Night.

HEA

HEARTWELL.

Hell, and the Devil! Does he know it? But, hold—— he ſhould not, I were a Fool to diſcover it — I'll diſ- mble, and try him. [*Aſide.*] Ha, ha, ha. Why, *Tom*, Is at ſuch an Occaſion of Melancholy? Is it ſuch an un- mmon Miſchief?

SHARPER.

No, Faith; I believe not.——Few Women, but have eir Year of Probation, before they are cloiſter'd in the rrow Joys of Wedlock. But, pr'ythee come along with e, or I'll go and have the Lady to my ſelf. B'w'y *orge.* [*Going.*

HEARTWELL.

O Torture! How he racks and tears me!——Death! all I own my Shame, or wittingly let him go and hore my Wife? No, that's inſupportable——Oh, *arper!*

SHARPER.

How now?

HEARTWELL.

Oh, I am — marry'd.

SHARPER.

(Now hold Spleen.) Marry'd!

HEARTWELL.

Certainly, irrecoverably marry'd.

SHARPER.

Heav'n forbid, Man! How long?

HEARTWELL.

Oh, an Age, an Age! I have been marry'd theſe two urs.

SHARPER.

My old Batchelor marry'd! That were a Jeſt, Ha, ha.

HEARTWELL.

Death! D'ye mock me? Hark ye, if either you eſteem Friendſhip, or your own Safety——Come not near t Houſe——that Corner-Houſe——that hot Brothel. no Queſtions.

SHARPER.

Mad, by this Light.
Thus Grief ſtill treads upon the Heels of Pleaſure.
Marry'd in haſte, we may repent at Leiſure.

SCENE IX.

SHARPER, SETTER.

SETTER.

SOME by Experience find thoſe Words miſplac'd:
At Leiſure marry'd, they Repent in haſte.
As I ſuppoſe, my Maſter *Heartwell.*

SHARPER.

Here again, my *Mercury*!

SETTER.

Sublimate, if you pleaſe, Sir: I think my Atchie
ments do deſerve the Epithet——*Mercury* was a Pi
too, but, though I bluſh to own it, at this time, I m
confeſs I am ſomewhat fall'n from the Dignity of
Function, and do condeſcend to be ſcandalouſly implo
in the Promotion of vulgar Matrimony.

SHARPER.

As how, dear dexterous Pimp?

SETTER.

Why, to be brief, for I have weighty Affairs de
ding——Our Stratagem ſucceeded as you intended—
Bluffe turns errant Traitor; bribes me, to make a pri
Conveyance of the Lady to him, and put a Sham Se
ment upon Sir *Joſeph.*

SHARPER.

O Rogue! Well, but I hope——

SETTER.

No, no; never fear me, Sir——I privately infor
the Knight of the Treachery; who has agreed, ſeemi
to be cheated, that the Captain may be ſo in reality.

SH

SHARPER.

Where's the Bride?

SETTER.

Shifting Cloaths for the Purpoſe, at a Friend's Houſe mine. Here's Company coming; if you'll walk this y, Sir, I'll tell you.

SCENE X.

BELLMOUR, BELINDA, ARAMINTA *and* VAINLOVE.

VAINLOVE.

H, 'twas Frenzy all: Cannot you forgive it?——— Men in Madneſs have a Title to your Pity.

[*To* Araminta.

ARAMINTA.

——Which they forfeit, when they are reſtored to r Senſes.

VAINLOVE.

am not preſuming beyond a Pardon.

ARAMINTA.

You who cou'd reproach me with one Counterfeit, how olent would a real Pardon make you! But there's no need forgive what is not worth my Anger.

BELINDA.

my Conſcience, I cou'd find in my Heart to marhee, purely to be rid of thee —— At leaſt, thou art ſo bleſome a Lover, there's Hopes thou'lt make a more ordinary quiet Husband. [*To* Bellmour.

BELLMOUR.

ay you ſo?———Is that a Maxim among ye?

BELINDA.

es: You fluttering Men of the Mode have made Mare a meer *French* Diſh.

BELLMOUR.

I hope there's no *French* Sawce. [*Aſ*

BELINDA.

You are ſo curious in the Preparation, that is, yo Courtſhip, one wou'd think you meant a noble Entert ment—But when we come to feed, 'tis all Froth, and Po but in Show. Nay, often, only Remains, which h been I know not how many times warm'd for ot Company, and at laſt ſerv'd up cold to the Wife.

BELLMOUR.

That were a miſerable Wretch indeed, who could afford one warm Diſh for the Wife of his Boſom— But you timorous Virgins form a dreadful Chimæra o Husband, as of a Creature contrary to that ſoft, humb pliant, eaſie thing, a Lover; ſo gueſs at Plagues in Ma mony, in Oppoſition to the Pleaſures of Courtſhip. Al Courtſhip to Marriage, is but as the Muſick in the Pl Houſe, 'till the Curtain's drawn; but that once up, th opens the Scene of Pleaſure.

BELINDA.

Oh, foh——no: Rather, Courtſhip to Marriage, is very witty Prologue to a very dull Play.

SCENE XI.

[*To them*] SHARPER.

SHARPER.

HIST,——*Bellmour*: If you'll bring the Ladies, mi haſte to *Sylvia*'s Lodgings, before *Heartwell* has fr ted himſelf out of Breath.——

BELLMOUR.

You have an Opportunity now, Madam, to reve your ſelf upon *Heartwell*, for affronting your Squirrel.

[*To* Belin

BELI

BELINDA.

O the filthy rude Beaſt.

ARAMINTA.

'Tis a laſting Quarrell: I think he has never been at r Houſe ſince.

BELLMOUR.

But give your ſelves the Trouble to walk to that Corn- Houſe, and I'll tell you by the way what may divert d ſurprize you.

SCENE XII. Sylvia's *Lodgings.*

HEARTWELL *and* BOY.

HEARTWELL.

ONE forth, ſay you, with her Maid!

BOY.

There was a Man too that fetch'd 'em out——*Setter*, think they call'd him.

HEARTWELL.

So-h——That precious Pimp too——Damn'd, damn'd umpet! Cou'd ſhe not contain her ſelf on her Wed- g-Day? Not hold out till Night? O curſed State! How de we err, when apprehenſive of the Load of Life,

——We hope to find
That Help which Nature meant in Woman-kind,
To Man that Supplemental Self deſign'd;
But proves a burning Cauſtick when apply'd:
And Adam, *ſure, cou'd with more Eaſe abide*
The Bone when broken, than when made a Bride.

SCENE XIII.

[*To him*] BELLMOUR, BELINDA, VAINLOVE, ARAMINTA.

BELLMOUR.

NOW *George*, what, Rhyming! I thought the Chi of Verſe were paſt, when once the doleful M riage Knell was rung.

HEARTWELL.

Shame and Confuſion. I am expoſed.

[Vainlove *and* Araminta *talk a*

BELINDA.

Joy, Joy, Mr. *Bridegroom*; I give you Joy, Sir.

HEARTWELL.

'Tis not in thy Nature to give me Joy——A man can as ſoon give Immortality.

BELINDA.

Ha, ha, ha, O Gad, Men grow ſuch Clowns they are marry'd ——

BELLMOUR.

That they are fit for no Company but their Wives.

BELINDA.

Nor for them neither, in a little Time——I ſw at the Month's end, you ſhall hardly find a marry'd M that will do a civil Thing to his Wife, or ſay a civil th to any Body elſe. How he looks already. Ha, ha,

BELLMOUR.

Ha, ha, ha.

HEARTWELL.

Death, am I made your Laughing-Stock? For Sir, I ſhall find a Time; but take off your Waſp here, the Clown may grow boiſtrous, I have a Fly-Flap.

BELINDA.

You have Occaſion for't, your Wife has been bl upon.

BE

BELLMOUR.

That's home.

HEARTWELL.

Not Fiends or Furies could have added to my Vexa-
n, or any thing, but another Woman——You've
k'd my Patience; be gone, or by——

BELLMOUR.

Hold, hold. What the Devil, thou wilt not draw up-
a Woman!

VAINLOVE.

What's the Matter?

ARAMINTA.

Bleſs me! What have you done to him?

BELINDA.

Only touch'd a gall'd Beaſt 'till he winch'd.

VAINLOVE.

Bellmour, give it over; you vex him too much; 'tis all
ous to him.

BELINDA.

Nay, I ſwear, I begin to pity him, my ſelf.

HEARTWELL.

Damn your Pity——But let me be calm a little——
w have I deſerv'd this of you? Any of ye? Sir, have
mpair'd the Honour of your Houſe, promis'd your
r Marriage, and whor'd her? Wherein have I injur'd
? Did I bring a Phyſician to your Father when he
expiring, and endeavour to prolong his Life, and you
and twenty? Madam, have I had an Opportunity
n you and bauk'd it? Did you ever offer me the Fa-
that I refus'd it? Or——

BELINDA.

h foh! What does the filthy Fellow mean? Lard, let
e gone.

ARAMINTA.

Hang me, if I pity you; you are right enough ſerv'd.

BELLMOUR.

This is a little ſcurrilous tho'.

VAINLOVE.

Nay, 'tis a Sore of your own Scratching——Well,
e——

HEARTWELL.

You are the principal Cauſe of all my preſent Ill. *Sylvia* had not been your Miſtreſs, my Wife might h been honeſt.

VAINLOVE.

And if *Sylvia* had not been your Wife, my Miſtr might have been juſt-------There, we are even------h have a good Heart, I heard of your Misfortune, c come to your Relief.

HEARTWELL.

When Execution's over, you offer a Reprieve.

VAINLOVE.

What would you give?

HEARTWELL.

Oh! Any thing, every thing, a Leg or two, or Arm; nay, I would be divorced from my Virility, to divorced from my Wife.

SCENE XIV.

[*To them*] SHARPER.

VAINLOVE.

FAITH, that's a ſure way——But here's one can you Freedom better cheap.

SHARPER.

Vainlove, I have been a kind of a God-father to yonder. I have promiſed and vow'd ſome Things your Name, which I think you are bound to perform.

VAINLOVE.

No ſigning to a Blank, Friend.

SHARPER.

No, I'll deal fairly with you-------'Tis a full and Diſcharge to Sir *Joſeph Wittoll* and Captain *Bluffe*; fo Injuries whatſoever, done unto you by them, until preſent Date hereof-------How ſay you?

VAINLOVE.

Agreed. SH

SHARPER.

Then, let me beg theſe Ladies to wear their Masks, a ment. Come in, Gentlemen and Ladies.

HEARTWELL.

What the Devil's all this to me?

VAINLOVE.

Patience.

SCENE *The Laſt.*

them] *Sir* JOSEPH WITTOLL, BLUFFE, SYLVIA, LUCY, SETTER.

BLUFFE.

LL Injuries whatſoever, Mr. *Sharper.*

Sir *JOSEPH WITTOLL.*

Ay, ay, whatſoever, Captain, ſtick to that whatſoever.

SHARPER.

Tis done, theſe Gentlemen are Witneſſes to the gene- Releaſe.

VAINLOVE.

Ay, ay, to this inſtant Moment —— I have paſs'd an of Oblivion.

BLUFFE.

Tis very generous, Sir, ſince I needs muſt own——

Sir *JOSEPH WITTOLL.*

No, no, Captain, you need not own; heh, heh, heh. s I muſt own--------

BLUFFE.

——That you are over-reach'd too, ha, ha, ha, only ttle Art military uſed —— only undermined, or ſo, as l appear by the fair *Araminta*, my Wife's Permiſſion. the Devil, cheated at laſt! [Lucy *unmasks.*

Sir *JOSEPH WITTOLL.*

Only a little Art-military Trick, Captain, only counnin'd, or ſo —— Mr. *Vainlove*, I ſuppoſe you know om I have got —— now, but all's forgiven.

VAIN-

VAINLOVE.

I know whom you have not got; pray Ladies c
vince him. [Aram. *and* Belin. *retire*

Sir *JOSEPH WITTOLL.*

Ah! O Lord, my Heart akes——Ah! *Setter*, a Ro
of all ſides.

SHARPER.

Sir *Joſeph*, you had better have pre-engag'd this G
tleman's Pardon: For though *Vainlove* be ſo generou
forgive the Loſs of his Miſtreſs — I know not h
Heartwell may take the Loſs of his Wife. [Sylvia *retire*

HEARTWELL

My Wife! By this Light 'tis ſhe, the very Cockat
—— Oh *Sharper!* Let me embrace thee——But art t
ſure ſhe is really marry'd to him?

SETTER.

Really and lawfully marry'd, I am Witneſs.

SHARPER.

Bellmour will unriddle to you.

[Heartwell *goes to* Bellmo

Sir *JOSEPH WITTOLL.*

Pray, Madam, who are you? For I find, you a
are like to be better acquainted.

SYLVIA.

The worſt of me, is, that I am your Wife——

SHARPER.

Come, Sir *Joſeph*, your Fortune is not ſo bad as
fear——A fine Lady, and a Lady of very good Quali

Sir *JOSEPH WITTOLL.*

Thanks to my Knight-hood, ſhe's a Lady ——

VAINLOVE.

——That deſerves a Fool with a better Title——
Pray uſe her as my Relation, or you ſhall hear on't.

BLUFFE.

What, are you a Woman of Quality too, Spouſe?

SETTER.

And my Relation; pray let her be reſpected ac
ingly——Well, honeſt *Lucy*, fare thee well——I t

and I have been Play-fellows off and on, any time ſeven Years.

LUCY.

Hold your prating——I'm thinking what Vocation I ll follow while my Spouſe is planting Lawrels in the rs.

BLUFFE.

No more Wars, Spouſe, no more Wars——While I nt Lawrels for my Head abroad, I may find the nches ſprout at home.

HEARTWELL.

Bellmour, I approve thy Mirth, and thank thee——— d I cannot in Gratitude (for I ſee which way thou art ng) ſee thee fall into the ſame Snare, out of which u haſt deliver'd me.

BELLMOUR.

I thank thee, *George*, for thy good Intention——— t there is a Fatality in Marriage——For I find I'm re- ute.

HEARTWELL.

Then good Counſel will be thrown away upon you —For my Part, I have once eſcap'd——And when I d again, may ſhe be——Ugly, as an old Bawd.

VAINLOVE.

——Ill-natur'd, as an old Maid———

BELLMOUR.

Wanton as a young Widow———

SHARPER.

And jealous as a barren Wife.

HEARTWELL.

Agreed.

BELLMOUR.

Well; 'Midſt of theſe dreadful Denunciations, and withſtanding the Warning and Example before me, ommit my ſelf to laſting Durance.

BELINDA.

Priſoner, make much of your Fetters.

[*Giving her Hand.*

BELL-

BELLMOUR.

Frank, Will you keep us in Countenance?

VAINLOVE.

May I preſume to hope ſo great a Bleſſing?

ARAMINTA.

We had better take the Advantage of a little of
Friends Experience firſt.

BELLMOUR.

O my Conſcience ſhe dares not conſent, for fear
ſhou'd recant. [*Aſide*] Well, we ſhall have your Com
ny to Church in the Morning———May be it may
you an Appetite to ſee us fall to before ye. *Setter*,
not you tell me?———

SETTER.

They're at the Door: I'll call 'em in.

A DANCE.

BELLMOUR.

Now ſet we forward on a Journey for Life——Co
take your Fellow-Travellers. Old *George*, I'm ſorry
ſee thee ſtill plod on alone.

HEARTWELL.

With gaudy Plumes and gingling Bells made proud,
The youthful Beaſt ſets forth, and neighs aloud.
A Morning-Sun his Tinſell'd Harneſs gilds,
And the firſt Stage a Down-Hill Green-Sword yield
But, Oh———
What rugged Ways attend the Noon of Life!
(Our Sun declines,) and with what anxious Strife,
What Pain we tug that galling Load, a Wife.
All Courſers the firſt Heat with Vigour run;
But 'tis with Whip and Spur the Race is won.

[*Exeunt Om*

EP

PILOGUE.

Spoken by Mrs. BARRY.

S a raſh Girl, who will all Hazards run,
And be enjoy'd, tho' ſure to be undone;
as her Curioſity is over,
ld give the World ſhe could her Toy recover:
ares it with our Poet; and I'm ſent
ell you, he already does repent:
ld you were all as forward, to keep Lent.
the Deed's done, the Giddy-thing has Leiſure
ink o'th' Sting, that's in the Tail of Pleaſure.
inks I hear him in Conſideration!
t will the World ſay? Where's my Reputation?
that's at ſtake —— No Fool, 'tis out o'Faſhion.
ſs of that ſhould follow want of Wit,
many Undone Men were in the Pit!
that's ſome Comfort, to an Author's Fears,
e's an Aſs, he will be Try'd by's Peers.
hold —— I am exceeding my Commiſſion;
Buſineſs here, was humbly to Petition:
we're ſo us'd to rail on theſe Occaſions,
uld not help one Tryal of your Patience:
'tis our way (you know) for fear o'th' worſt,
e before-hand ſtill, and cry Fool firſt.

How

EPILOGUE.

How ſay you, Sparks? How do you ſtand affected?
I ſwear, young Bays *within, is ſo dejected,*
'Twou'd grieve your Hearts to ſee him; ſhall I call him?
But then you cruel Criticks would ſo maul him!
Yet, may be, you'll encourage a Beginner;
But how?——Juſt as the Devil does a Sinner.
Women and Wits are us'd e'en much at one,
You gain your Ends, and damn'em when you've done.



THE

Double-Dealer.

A

COMEDY.

Interdum tamen, & vocem Comædia tollit.
Hor. Ar. Po.

ic equidem Conſilio palmam do: hic me magni-
ce effero, qui vim tantam in me & poteſtatem
abeam tantæ aſtutiæ, vera dicendo ut eos am-
os fallam. Syr. in Terent. Heaut.

Printed in the YEAR MDCCXX.



To the Right Honourable

harles Montague,

One of the

Lords of the Treaſury.

I R,

I Heartily wiſh this Play were as perfect as I intended it, that it might be more worthy your Acceptance; and that my Dedication of it to you, might be more becoming that Honour and Eſteem which I, with every who is ſo fortunate as to know you, have ou. It had your Countenance when yet unwn; and now it is made Publick, wants your ction.

would not have any Body imagine, that I think Play without its Faults, for I am Conſcious of

ſeveral.

ſeveral. I confeſs I deſign'd (whatever Vanity Ambition occaſion'd that Deſign) to have wr a true and regular Comedy: but I found it an dertaking which put me in Mind of-----*Sudet tum, fruſtraque laboret auſus idem.* And now make Amends for the Vanity of ſuch a Deſig do confeſs both the Attempt, and the imper Performance. Yet I muſt take the Boldneſs ſay, I have not miſcarry'd in the whole; the Mechanical part of it is regular. That I ſay with as little Vanity, as a Builder may ſay has built a Houſe according to the Model down before him; or a Gardner that he has his Flowers in a Knot of ſuch or ſuch a Fig I deſign'd the Moral firſt, and to that Mor invented the Fable, and do not know that I borrow'd one Hint of it any where. I made Plot as ſtrong as I could, becauſe it was ſi and I made it ſingle, becauſe I would avoid C fuſion, and was reſolved to preſerve the U Unities of the Drama. Sir, this Diſcourſe is impertinent to you, whoſe Judgment much be can diſcern the Faults, than I can excuſe the and whoſe good Nature, like that of a Lo will find out thoſe hidden Beauties (if there any ſuch) which it wou'd be great Immodeſty me to diſcover. I think I don't ſpeak impro when I call you a *Lover* of Poetry; for it is well known ſhe has been a very kind Miſtreſ you; ſhe has not deny'd you the laſt Favour; ſhe has been fruitful to you in a moſt beau Iſſue-----If I break off abruptly here, I hope e Body will underſtand that it is to avoid a C mendation, which, as it is your Due, would moſt eaſie for me to pay, and too troubleſome you to receive.

ave, ſince the Acting of this Play, hearken'd the Objections which have been made to it; for I Conſcious where a true Critick might have put upon my Defence. I was prepared for the ck; and am pretty confident I could have vin-ed ſome Parts, and excuſed others; and where were any plain Miſcarriages, I would moſt nuouſly have confeſs'd 'em. But I have not d any thing ſaid ſufficient to provoke an An-. That which looks moſt like an Objection, not relate in particular to this Play, but to all noſt that ever have been written; and that is loquy. Therefore I will anſwer it, not only my own ſake, but to ſave others the Trouble, hom it may hereafter be Objected.

grant, that for a Man to Talk to himſelf, ars abſurd and unnatural; and indeed it is ſo noſt Caſes; but the Circumſtances which may d the Occaſion, make great Alteration. It ntimes happens to a Man, to have Deſigns ch require him to himſelf, and in their Nature ot admit of a Confident. Such, for certain, Villany; and other leſs miſchievous Inten-s may be very improper to be Communicated ſecond Perſon. In ſuch a Caſe therefore the ience muſt obſerve, whether the Perſon upon Stage takes any Notice of them at all, or no. if he ſuppoſes any one to be by, when he talks imſelf, it is monſtrous and ridiculous to the degree. Nay, not only in this Caſe, but in a-art of a Play, if there is expreſſed any Know-e of an Audience, it is inſufferable. But o-wiſe, when a Man in Soliloquy reaſons with elf, and *Pro*'s and *Con*'s, and weighs all his gns: We ought not to imagine that this Man

either

either talks to us, or to himſelf; he is only t
ing, and thinking ſuch Matter as were inexc
Folly in him to ſpeak. But becauſe we are
ceal'd Spectators of the Plot in Agitation, a
Poet finds it neceſſary to let us know the w
Myſtery of his Contrivance, he is willing t
form us of this Perſon's Thoughts; and to
end is forc'd to make uſe of the Expedie
Speech, no other better way being yet inv
for the Communication of Thought.

Another very wrong Objection has been m
by ſome who have not taken Leiſure to diſtin
the Characters. The Hero of the Play, as
are pleas'd to call him, (meaning *Mellefont*)
Gull, and made a Fool, and cheated. Is e
Man a Gull and a Fool that is deceiv'd? At
rate I'm afraid the two Claſſes of Men will b
duc'd to one, and the Knaves themſelves be
loſs to juſtifie their Title: But if an Open-he
honeſt Man, who has an entire Confidence in
whom he takes to be his Friend, and who
has oblig'd to be ſo; and who (to confirm him
Opinion) in all Appearance, and upon ſe
Tryals has been ſo: If this Man be deceiv'd b
Treachery of the other; muſt he of Neceſſity c
mence Fool immediately, only becauſe the
has prov'd a Villain? Ay, but there was Ca
given to *Mellefont* in the firſt Act by his F
Careleſs. Of what Nature was that Cau
Only to give the Audience ſome Light into
Character of *Maskwell*, before his Appear
and not to convince *Mellefont* of his Treach
for that was more than *Careleſs* was then ab
do: He never knew *Maskwell* guilty of any
lany; he was only a ſort of Man which he

like. As for his ſuſpecting his Familiarity my Lady *Touchwood:* Let 'em examine the ver that *Mellefont* makes him, and compare it the Conduct of *Maskwell*'s Character through lay.

would beg 'em again to look into the Cha- of *Maskwell*, before they accuſe *Mellefont* Weakneſs for being deceiv'd by him. For up- mming up the Enquiry into this Objection, it be found they have miſtaken Cunning in one acter, for Folly in another.

t there is one thing, at which I am more con- d than all the falſe Criticiſms that are made me; and that is, ſome of the Ladies are of- d. I am heartily ſorry for it, for I declare uld rather diſoblige all the Criticks in the ld, than one of the fair Sex. They are con- d that I have repreſented ſome Women Vi- and Affected: How can I help it? It is the eſs of a Comick Poet to paint the Vices and es of Human-kind; and there are but two s, Male, and Female, *Men* and *Women*, h have a Title to Humanity: And if I leave alf of them out, the Work will be imperfect. uld be very glad of an Opportunity to make Compliment to thoſe Ladies who are offen- But they can no more expect it in a Comedy, to be tickled by a Surgeon, when he's letting Blood. They who are Virtuous or Diſcreet, d not be offended, for ſuch Characters as diſtinguiſh *them*, and make their Beauties ſhining and obſerv'd: And they who are of ther Kind, may nevertheleſs paſs for ſuch, by ing not to be diſpleas'd, or touch'd with the e of this *Comedy*. Thus have they alſo wrong-

fully

fully accus'd me of doing them a Prejudice, w
I have in reality done them a Service.

You will pardon me, Sir, for the Freedo
take of making Anſwers to other People, in
Epiſtle which ought wholly to be ſacred to y
But ſince I intend the Play to be ſo too, I hop
may take the more Liberty of Juſtifying it, w
it is in the Right.

I muſt now, Sir, declare to the World, h
kind you have been to my Endeavours; for in
gard of what was well meant, you have exc
what was ill perform'd. I beg you would c
tinúe the ſame Method in your Acceptance of
Dedication. I know no other way of maki
Return to that Humanity you ſhew'd, in pr
&ing an Infant, but by enrolling it in your
vice, now that it is of Age and come into
World. Therefore be pleas'd to accept of thi
an Acknowledgement of the Favour you h
ſhewn me, and an Earneſt of the real Service
Gratitude of,

SIR,

Your Moſt Obliged,

Humble Servant,

William Congre

To my Dear Friend

Mr. CONGREVE,

On his COMEDY, call'd,

The Double-Dealer.

WELL then; the promis'd Hour is come at last:
The present Age of Wit obscures the Past:
Strong were our Syres; and as they Fought they Writ,
Conquering with Force of Arms, and Dint of Wit:
Theirs was the Giant Race, before the Flood,
And thus, when Charles *Return'd, our Empire stood.*
Like Janus *he the stubborn Soil manur'd,*
With Rules of Husbandry the Rankness cur'd:
Tam'd us to Manners, when the Stage was rude;
And boistrous English *Wit, with Art indu'd.*
Our Age was cultivated thus at length;
But what we gain'd in Skill, we lost in Strength.
Our Builders were, with Want of Genius curst;
The second Temple was not like the First:
Till you, the best Vitruvius, *come at length;*
Our Beauties equal; but excel our Strength.
First Dorique *Pillars found Your solid Base:*
Then Corinthian *crowns the higher Space;*
The Inside below is Strength, and all above is Grace.
To outdo Dialogue *is* Fletcher's *Praise:*
He made the Mind, but had not Pow'r to raise.
Great Johnson *did by Strength of Judgment please:*
Yet doubling Fletcher's *Force, he wants his Ease.*

In diff'ring Talents both adorn'd their Age;
One for the Study, t'other for the Stage.
But both to Congreve *juſtly ſhall ſubmit,*
One match'd in Judgment, both o'er-match'd in Wit.
In him all Beauties of this Age we ſee;
Etherege *his Courtſhip,* Southern's *Purity;*
The Satire, Wit, and Strength of Manly Wicherly.
All this in blooming Youth you have Atchiev'd;
Nor are your foil'd Contemporaries griev'd;
So much the Sweetneſs of your Manners move,
We cannot Envy you, becauſe we Love.
Fabius *might joy in* Scipio, *when he ſaw*
A Beardleſs Conſul made againſt the Law,
And join his Suffrage to the Votes of Rome;
Though he with Hannibal *was overcome.*
Thus old Romano *bow'd to* Raphael's *Fame;*
And Scholar to the Youth he taught, became.
Oh that your Brows my Lawrel had ſuſtain'd;
Well had I been depos'd, if you had Reign'd!
The Father had deſcended for the Son;
For only You are lineal to the Throne.
Thus when the State one Edward *did depoſe;*
A greater Edward *in his Room aroſe.*
But now, not I, but Poetry is curs'd;
For Tom *the Second reigns like* Tom *the Firſt.*
But let 'em not miſtake my Patron's Part;
Nor call his Charity their own Deſert.
Yet this I Propheſie; Thou ſhalt be ſeen,
(Tho' with ſome ſhort Parentheſis between:)
High on the Throne of Wit; and ſeated there,
Not mine (that's little) but thy Lawrel wear.
Thy firſt Attempt an early Promiſe made;
That early Promiſe this has more than paid.
So bold, yet ſo judiciouſly you dare,
That your leaſt Praiſe, is to be Regular.
Time, Place, and Action, may with Pains be wrought,
But Genius muſt be born; and never can be taught.

To Mr. CONGREVE.

This is your Portion; this your Native Store;
Heav'n, that but once was Prodigal before,
To Shakeſpear *gave as much; ſhe cou'd not give him more.*
Maintain your Poſt: That's all the Fame you need;
For 'tis impoſſible you ſhou'd proceed.
Already I am worn with Cares and Age;
And juſt abandoning th' Ungrateful Stage:
Unprofitably kept at Heav'n's Expence,
I live a Rent-charge on his Providence:
But You, whom ev'ry Muſe and Grace adorn,
Whom I foreſee to better Fortune born,
Be kind to my Remains; and oh defend,
Againſt your Judgment, your departed Friend!
Let not th' inſulting Foe my Fame purſue;
But ſhade thoſe Laurels which deſcend to You:
And take for Tribute what theſe Lines expreſs:
You merit more; nor cou'd my Love do leſs.

John Dryden.

PROLOGUE

Spoken by Mrs. *Bracegirdle.*

MOORS *have this Way (as Story tells) to know*
Whether their Brats are truly got, or no;
Into the Sea the New-born Babe is thrown,
There, as Inſtinct directs, to ſwim, or drown.
A barbarous Device, to try if Spouſe
Has kept religiouſly her Nuptial Vows.

Such are the Tryals, Poets make of Plays:
Only they truſt to more inconſtant Seas;
So does our Author, this his Child commit
To the tempeſtuous Mercy of the Pit,
To know if it be truly born of Wit.

Criticks avaunt; for you are Fiſh of Prey,
And feed, like Sharks, upon an Infant Play.
Be ev'ry Monſter of the Deep away;
Let's a fair Tryal have, and a clear Sea.

Let Nature work, and do not Damn too ſoon,
For Life will ſtruggle long, e'er it ſink down:
And will at leaſt riſe thrice, before it drown.
Let us conſider, had it been our Fate,
Thus hardly to be prov'd Legitimate!
I will not ſay, we'd all in Danger been,
Were each to ſuffer for his Mother's Sin:
But by my Troth I cannot avoid thinking,
How nearly ſome good Men might have 'ſcap'd ſinking.
But, Heav'n be prais'd, this Cuſtom is confin'd
Alone to th' Offspring of the Muſes kind:

PROLOGUE.

Christian Cuckolds are more bent to Pity;
ow not one Moor-*Husband in the City.*
good Man's Arms the Chopping Bastard thrives,
he thinks all his own, that is his Wife's.

Whatever Fate is for this Play design'd,
Poet's sure he shall some Comfort find:
if his Muse has play'd him false, the worst
can befal him, is, to be divorc'd;
Husbands Judge, if that be to be Curs'd.



Dramatis Perſonæ.

M E N.

Maskwell, A Villain; pretended Friend to *Melleſont*, Gallant to Lady *Touchwood*, and in Love with *Cynthia*.	Mr. *Betterton*.
Lord *Touchwood*, Uncle to *Melleſont*.	Mr. *Kynaſton*.
Melleſont, promiſed to, and in Love with *Cynthia*.	Mr. *Williams*.
Careleſs, his Friend.	Mr. *Verbruggen*.
Lord *Froth*, A Solemn Coxcomb.	Mr. *Bowman*.
Briſk, A pert Coxcomb.	Mr. *Powell*.
Sir *Paul Plyant*, An Uxorious, Fooliſh, old Knight; Brother to Lady *Touchwood*, and Father to *Cynthia*.	Mr. *Dogget*.

W O M E N.

Lady *Touchwood*, in Love with *Melleſont*.	Mrs. *Barry*.
Cynthia, Daughter to Sir *Paul* by a former Wife, promiſed to *Melleſont*.	Mrs. *Bracegirdle*.
Lady *Froth*, a great Cocquet; Pretender to Poetry, Wit, and Learning.	Mrs. *Mountfort*.
Lady *Plyant*, Inſolent to her Husband, and eaſie to any Pretender.	Mrs. *Leigh*.

Chaplain, *Boy*, *Footmen*, and *Attendants*.

The SCENE, A Gallery in the Lord *Touchwood*'s Houſe, with Chambers adjoining.

THE



THE Double-Dealer.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Gallery in the Lord Touchwood's *Houſe, with Chambers adjoining.*

Enter Careleſs, *Croſſing the Stage, with his Hat, Gloves, and Sword in his Hands; as juſt riſen from Table:* Melleſont *following him.*

MELLEFONT.

NED, *Ned*, whither ſo faſt? What, turn'd Flincher! Why, you wo' not leave us?

CARELESS.

Where are the Women? I'm weary of guzling, and begin to think them the better Company.

MELLEFONT.

Then thy Reaſon ſtaggers, and thou'rt almoſt Drunk.

CARELESS.

No Faith, but your Fools grow noiſie---and if a M muſt endure the Noiſe of Words without Senſe, I th the Women have more Muſical Voices, and become No ſenſe better.

MELLEFONT.

Why, they are at the end of the Gallery; retir'd t their Tea, and Scandal; according to their Ancient C ſtom, after Dinner.---But I made a Pretence to follo you, becauſe I had ſomething to ſay to you in priva and I am not like to have many Opportunities this Eve ing.

CARELESS.

And here's this Coxcomb moſt critically come to inte rupt you.

SCENE II.

[*To them*] BRISK.

BRISK.

BOYS, Boys, Lads, where are you? What, do yo give ground? Mortgage for a Bottle, ha? *Careles* this is your Trick; you're always ſpoiling Company b leaving it.

CARELESS.

And thou art always ſpoiling Company by comi into't.

BRISK.

Pooh, ha, ha, ha, I know you envy me. Spite, pro Spite, by the Gods! and burning Envy. I'll be judg by *Melleſont* here, who gives and takes Raillery bett you or I. ſhaw. Man, when I ſay you ſpoil Compa by leaving it, I mean you leave no Body for the Com pa

y to laugh at. I think there I was with you, ha? *leſont.*

MELLEFONT.

' my Word, *Briſk*, that was a home Thruſt; you have c'd him.

BRISK.

Oh, my Dear *Melleſont*, let me periſh, if thou art not Soul of Converſation, the very Eſſence of Wit, and it of Wine — The Deuce take me if there were e good Things ſaid, or one underſtood, ſince thy putation from the Body of our Society.——He! I k that's pretty and Metaphorical enough: I'Gad I ld not have ſaid it out of thy Company—— *Careleſs*,

CARELESS.

Hum, ay, what is't?

BRISK.

O, *Mon Cœur!* What is't! Nay gad I'll puniſh you for nt of Apprehenſion: The Deuce take me if I tell you.

MELLEFONT.

No, no, hang him, he has no Taſte,——But, dear *k*, excuſe me, I have a little Buſineſs.

CARELESS.

Pr'ythee get thee gone; thou ſee'ſt we are ſerious.

MELLEFONT.

We'll come immediately, if you'll but go in, and keep good Humour and Senſe in the Company: Pr'ythee they'll fall aſleep elſe.

BRISK.

'gad ſo they will—— Well I will, I will, gad you ll command me from the *Zenith* to the *Nadir*. — But Deuce take me if I ſay a good thing 'till you come. But pr'ythee, dear Rogue, make haſte, pr'ythee make e, I ſhall burſt elſe——And yonder's your Uncle, my rd *Touchwood*, ſwears he'll diſinherit you, and Sir *Paul ant* threatens to diſclaim you for a Son-in-Law, and Lord *Froth* won't dance at your Wedding to-Mor-w; nor the Deuce take me, I won't write your Epi-

thalamium——and ſee what a Condition you're like to be brought to.

MELLEFONT.

Well, I'll ſpeak but three Words, and follow you.

BRISK.

Enough, enough; *Careleſs*, bring your Apprehenſion along with you.

SCENE III.

MELLEFONT, CARELESS.

CARELESS.

PERT Coxcomb!

MELLEFONT.

Faith 'tis a good-natur'd Coxcomb, and has very entertaining Follies——You muſt be more humane to him at this Juncture, it will do me Service.——I'll tell you I would have Mirth continued this Day at any rate; tho' Patience purchaſe Folly, and Attention be paid with Noiſe: There are Times when Senſe may be unreaſonable, as well as Truth. Pr'ythee do thou wear none to Day; but allow *Brisk* to have Wit, that thou may'ſt ſeem a Fool.

CARELESS.

Why, how now, why this extravagant Propoſition?

MELLEFONT.

O, I would have no room for ſerious Deſign; for I am jealous of a Plot. I would have Noiſe and Impertinence keep my Lady *Touchwood*'s Head from working: For Hell is not more buſie than her Brain, nor contains more Devils, than that Imaginations.

CARELESS.

I thought your Fear of her had been over——Is not to-Morrow appointed for your Marriage with *Cynthia*?

; and her Father, Sir *Paul Plyant*, come to ſettle the itings this Day, on purpoſe?

MELLEFONT.

True; but you ſhall judge whether I have not Rea- to be allarm'd. None beſides you, and *Maskwell*, are uainted with the Secret of my Aunt *Touchwood*'s vio- Paſſion for me. Since my firſt Refuſal of her Ad- ſſes, ſhe has endeavour'd to do me all ill Offices with Uncle; yet has managed 'em with that Subtilty, that him they have born the Face of Kindneſs; while her lice, like a dark Lanthorn, only ſhone upon me, where was directed. Still it gave me leſs Perplexity to pre- t the Succeſs of her Diſpleaſure, than to avoid the portunities of her Love; and of two Evils, I thought ſelf favour'd in her Averſion: But whether urg'd by Deſpair, and the ſhort Proſpect of Time ſhe ſaw, to mpliſh her Deſigns; whether the Hopes of Revenge, of her Love, terminated in the View of this my Mar- e with *Cynthia*, I know not; but this Morning ſhe riz'd me in my Bed.——

CARELESS.

Was there ever ſuch a Fury! 'tis well Nature has not it into her Sex's Power to raviſh.——Well, bleſs us! ceed. What follow'd?

MELLEFONT.

What at firſt amaz'd me; for I look'd to have ſeen her ll the Tranſports of a ſlighted and revengeful Wo- n: But when I expected Thunder from her Voice, Lightning in her Eyes; I ſaw her melted into Tears, huſh'd into a Sigh. It was long before either of us ke; Paſſion had ty'd her Tongue, and Amazement e.——In ſhort, the Conſequence was thus, ſhe omit- nothing that the moſt violent Love could urge, or er Words expreſs; which when ſhe ſaw had no ef- , but ſtill I pleaded Honour and Nearneſs of Blood to Uncle; then came the Storm I fear'd at firſt: For ing from my Bed-ſide like a Fury, ſhe flew to my ord, and with much ado I prevented her doing me or

her

her ſelf a Miſchief: Having diſarm'd her, in a Guſt of Paſſion ſhe left me, and in a Reſolution, confirm'd by a thouſand Curſes, not to cloſe her Eyes, 'till they had ſeen my Ruin.

CARELESS.

Exquiſite Woman! But what the Devil, does ſhe think thou haſt no more Senſe, than to get an Heir upon her Body to diſinherit thy ſelf: For, as I take it, this Settlement upon you, is, with a Proviſo, that your Uncle have no Children.

MELLEFONT.

It is ſo. Well, the Service you are to do me, will be a Pleaſure to your ſelf; I muſt get you to engage my Lady *Plyant* all this Evening, that my pious Aunt may not work her to her Intereſt. And if you chance to ſecure her to your ſelf, you may incline her to mine. She's handſome, and knows it; is very ſilly, and thinks ſhe has Senſe, and has an old fond Husband.

CARELESS.

I confeſs a very fair Foundation, for a Lover to build upon.

MELLEFONT.

For my Lord *Froth*, he and his Wife will be ſufficiently taken up, with admiring one another, and *Brisk*'s Gallantry, as they call it. I'll obſerve my Uncle my ſelf; and *Jack Maskwell* has promiſed me, to watch my Aunt narrowly, and give me notice upon any Suſpicion. As for Sir *Paul*, my wife Father in-Law that is to be, my dear *Cynthia* has ſuch a ſhare in his Fatherly Fondneſs, he would ſcarce make her a Moment uneaſie, to make her happy hereafter.

CARELESS.

So, you have mann'd your Works: But I wiſh you may not have the weakeſt Guard, where the Enemy is ſtrongeſt.

MELLEFONT.

Maskwell, you mean; pr'ythee why ſhould you ſuſpect him?

CAR

CARELESS.

Faith I cannot help it, you know I never lik'd him; m a little ſuperſtitious in Phyſiognomy.

MELLEFONT

He has Obligations of Gratitude, to bind him to me; Dependance upon my Uncle is through my Means.

CARELESS.

Upon your Aunt, you mean.

MELLEFONT.

My Aunt!

CARELESS.

I'm miſtaken if there be not a Familiarity between em, you do not ſuſpect: Notwithſtanding her Paſſion you.

MELLEFONT.

Pooh, pooh, nothing in the World but his Deſign to me Service; and he endeavours to be well in her E- em, that he may be able to effect it.

CARELESS.

Well, I ſhall be glad to be miſtaken; but your Aunt's verſion in her Revenge, cannot be any way ſo effectu- y ſhown, as in bringing forth a Child to diſinherit you. e is handſome and cunning, and naturally wanton. *skwell* is Fleſh and Blood at beſt, and Opportunities tween them are frequent. His Affection to you, you ve confeſſed, is grounded upon his Intereſt; that u have tranſplanted; and ſhould it take Root in my dy, I don't ſee what you can expect from the uit.

MELLEFONT.

I confeſs the Conſequence is viſible, were your Suſpi- ons juſt.——But ſee, the Company is broke up, let's eet 'em.

SCENE

SCENE IV.

[*To them.*] *Lord* TOUCHWOOD, *Lord* FROTH, *Sir* PAUL PLYANT, *and* BRISK.

Lord *TOUCHWOOD.*

OUT upon't, Nephew——Leave your Father-in-Law, and me, to maintain our Ground against young People.

MELLEFONT.

I beg your Lordſhip's Pardon——We were juſt returning.——

Sir *PAUL PLYANT.*

Were you, Son? Gadsbud much better as it is——Good, ſtrange! I ſwear I'm almoſt tipſie——t'other Bottle would have been too powerful for me,——as ſure as can be it would.—— We wanted your Company: But Mr. *Brisk*—— Where is he? I ſwear and vow, he's a moſt facetious Perſon—— and the beſt Company.—— And, my Lord *Froth*, your Lordſhip is ſo merry a Man, he, he, he.

Lord *FROTH.*

O fey, Sir *Paul*, what do you mean? Merry! O barbarous! I'd as lieve you call'd me Fool.

Sir *PAUL PLYANT.*

Nay, I proteſt and vow now, 'tis true; when Mr. *Brisk* Jokes, your Lordſhip's Laugh does ſo become you, he, he, he.

Lord *FROTH.*

Ridiculous! Sir *Paul*, you're ſtrangely miſtaken, I find Champagne is powerful. I aſſure you, Sir *Paul*, I laugh at no Bodies Jeſt but my own, or a Lady's; I aſſure you Sir *Paul*.

BRISK

BRISK.

low? how, my Lord? what, affront my Wit! Let periſh, do I never ſay any thing worthy to be laugh'd

Lord *FROTH.*

foy, don't miſapprehend me, I don't ſay ſo, for I n ſmile at your Conceptions. But there is nothing e unbecoming a Man of Quality, than to Laugh; ſuch a vulgar Expreſſion of the Paſſion! every Body laugh. Then eſpecially to laugh at the Jeſt of an in- r Perſon, or when any body elſe of the ſame Quali- oes not laugh with one; ridiculous! To be pleaſed h what pleaſes the Croud! Now when I laugh, I al- s laugh alone.

BRISK.

ſuppoſe that's becauſe you laugh at your own Jeſts, d, ha, ha, ha.

Lord *FROTH.*

e, he, I ſwear tho', your Raillery provokes me to a e.

BRISK.

y, my Lord, it's a ſign I hit you in the Teeth, if ſhow 'em.

Lord *FROTH.*

e, he, he, I ſwear that's ſo very pretty, I can't for-

CARELESS.

find a Quibble bears more ſway in your Lordſhip's than a Jeſt.

Lord *TOUCHWOOD.*

r *Paul*, if you pleaſe we'll retire to the Ladies, and k a Diſh of Tea, to ſettle our Heads.

Sir *PAUL PLYANT.*

ith all my Heart. —— Mr. *Brisk*, you'll come to us, or call me when you joke, I'll be ready to laugh in- nently.

SCENE

SCENE V.

MELLEFONT, CARELESS, *Lord* FROTH, BRISK.

MELLEFONT.

BUT does your Lordſhip never ſee Comedies?

Lord *FROTH.*

O yes, ſometimes, —— But I never laugh.

MELLEFONT.

No?

Lord *FROTH.*

Oh, no, —— Never laugh indeed, Sir.

CARELESS.

No! why what d'ye go there for?

Lord *FROTH.*

To diſtinguiſh my ſelf from the Commonalty, a mortifie the Poets; the Fellows grow ſo conceited, wh any of their fooliſh Wit prevails upon the Side-Boxes.— I ſwear, —— he, he, he, I have often conſtrain'd my l clinations to laugh, —— he, he, he, to avoid giving th Encouragement.

MELLEFONT.

You are cruel to your ſelf, my Lord, as well as m licious to them.

Lord *FROTH.*

I confeſs I did my ſelf ſome Violence at firſt, but n I think I have conquer'd it.

BRISK.

Let me periſh, my Lord, but there is ſomething v particular in the Humour; 'tis true, it makes againſt W and I'm ſorry for ſome Friends of mine that write, b ——I'gad, I love to be malicious.——Nay, deuce t me there's Wit in't too——And Wit muſt be foil'd Wit; cut a Diamond with a Diamond; no other w I'gad.

Lord *FROTH.*

h, I thought you would not be long, before you d out the Wit.

CARELESS.

it! In what? Where the Devil's the Wit, in not hing when a Man has a Mind to't?

BRISK.

Lord, why, can't you find it out?——Why there in the not laughing——Don't you apprehend ——My Lord, *Careleſs* is a very honeſt Fellow, but ee, —— you underſtand me, ſomewhat heavy, a lit- hallow, or ſo.——Why I'll tell you now: Sup- now you come up to me——Nay, pr'ythee *Careleſs* ſtructed. Suppoſe, as I was ſaying, you come up e holding your Sides, and laughing, as if you would Well------I look grave, and ask the Cauſe of this oderate Mirth.——You laugh on ſtill, and are ble to tell me——Still I look grave, not ſo h as ſmile.

CARELESS.

ile, no, what the Devil ſhould you ſmile at, when ſuppoſe I can't tell you!

BRISK.

haw, pſhaw, pr'ythee don't interrupt me.——But I ou, you ſhall tell me-----at laſt------But it ſhall be a while firſt.

CARELESS.

ell, but pr'ythee don't let it be a great while, becauſe g to have it over.

BRISK.

ell then, you tell me ſome good Jeſt, or very witty g, laughing all the while as if you were ready to ----and I hear it, and look thus.------Would not be diſappointed?

CARELESS.

o; for if it were a witty Thing, I ſhould not expect to underſtand it.

Lord

Lord *FROTH.*

O foy, Mr. *Careleſs*, all the World allows Mr. *Brisk* have Wit; my Wife ſays, he has a great deal. I hope you think her a Judge.

BRISK.

Pooh, my Lord, his Voice goes for nothing.... can't tell how to make him apprehend.-------Take t'other Way. Suppoſe I ſay a witty Thing to you.

CARELESS.

Then I ſhall be diſappointed indeed.

MELLEFONT.

Let him alone, *Brisk*, he is obſtinately bent not to be inſtructed.

BRISK.

I'm ſorry for him, the Deuce take me.

MELLEFONT.

Shall we go to the Ladies, my Lord?

Lord *FROTH.*

With all my Heart, methinks we are a Solitude without 'em.

MELLEFONT.

Or, what ſay you, to another Bottle of Champagne?

Lord *FROTH.*

O, for the Univerſe, not a Drop more I beſeech you. Oh Intemperate! I have a flushing in my Face already.

[*Takes out a Pocket-Glaſs, and looks in it.*

BRISK.

Let me ſee, let me ſee, my Lord, I broke my Glaſs that was in the Lid of my Snuff-Box. Hum! Deuce take me, I have encourag'd a Pimple here too.

[*Takes the Glaſs and looks.*

Lord *FROTH.*

Then you muſt mortifie him with a Patch; my Wife ſhall ſupply you. Come, Gentlemen, *allons*, here is Company coming.

SCENE

SCENE VI.

Lady TOUCHWOOD, *and* MASKWELL.

Lady *TOUCHWOOD.*

L hear no more.——Y'are falſe and ungrateful;
ome, I know you falſe.

MASKWELL.

ave been frail, I confeſs, Madam, for your Ladyſhip's
ice.

Lady *TOUCHWOOD.*

hat I ſhould truſt a Man, whom I had known betray
riend!

MASKWELL.

t Friend have I betray'd? Or to whom?

Lady *TOUCHWOOD.*

our fond Friend *Melleſont*, and to me; can you deny

MASKWELL.

lo not.

Lady *TOUCHWOOD.*

ve you not wrong'd my Lord who has been a Fa-
o you in your Wants, and given you Being? Have
not wrong'd him in the higheſt Manner, in his

MASKWELL.

ith your Ladyſhip's help, and for your Service, as I
ou before. I can't deny that neither.——Any thing
, Madam?

Lady *TOUCHWOOD.*

ore! Audacious Villain. O, what's more, is moſt
hame, ——Have you not diſhonour'd me?

MASKWELL.

o, that I deny; for I never told in all my Life: So
Accuſation's anſwer'd; on to the next.

Lady

Lady *TOUCHWOOD.*

Death, do you dally with my Paſſion? Infol
Devil! But have a care,——Provoke me not; for, by
Eternal Fire, you ſhall not 'ſcape my Vengeance.—
Calm Villain! How unconcern'd he ſtands, confe
Treachery, and Ingratitude! Is there a Vice more bl
—— O I have Excuſes, thouſands for my Faults; Fir
my Temper, Paſſions in my Soul, apt to ev'ry Prov
tion; oppreſſed at once with Love, and with Def
But a ſedate, a thinking Villain, whoſe black Blood
temperately bad, what Excuſe can clear!

MASKWELL.

Will you be in Temper, Madam? I would not talk no
be heard. I have been [*She walks about diſorder'd*] a
great Rogue for your ſake, and you reproach me
it; I am ready to be a Rogue ſtill, to do you Ser
and you are flinging Conſcience and Honour in my
to rebate my Inclinations. How am I to behave my
You know I am your Creature, my Life and For
in your Power; to diſoblige you, brings me certain
Allow it, I would betray you; I would not be a Tr
to my ſelf: I don't pretend to Honeſty, becauſe you k
I am a Raſcal: But I would convince you, from the
ceſſity of my being firm to you.

Lady *TOUCHWOOD.*

Neceſſity, Impudence! Can no Gratitude incline
no Obligations touch you? Have not my Fortune,
my Perſon, been ſubjected to your Pleaſure? Were
not in the nature of a Servant, and have not I in
made you Lord of all, of me, and of my Lord? W
is that humble Love, the Languiſhing, that Adora
which once was paid me, and everlaſtingly engaged?

MASKWELL.

Fixt, rooted in my Heart, whence nothing can
move 'em, yet you——

Lady *TOUCHWOOD.*

Yet, what yet?

MA

MASKWELL.

ay, miſconceive me not, Madam, when I ſay I have Gen'rous and a Faithful Paſſion, which you had ne-favour'd, but through Revenge and Policy.

Lady *TOUCHWOOD.*

a!

MASKWELL.

ook you, Madam, we are alone,——Pray contain ſelf, and hear me. You know you lov'd your Ne-w, when I firſt ſigh'd for you; I quickly found it; rgument that I Lov'd; for with that Art you veil'd your on, 'twas imperceptible to all but Jealous Eyes. This overy made me bold; I confeſs it; for by it, I thought in my Power. Your Nephew's Scorn of you, ad-to my Hopes; I watch'd the Occaſion, and took you, Repulſed by him, warm at once with Love and In-ation; your Diſpoſition, my Arguments, and happy ortunity, accompliſh'd my Deſign; I preſt the yield-Minute, and was bleſt. How I have lov'd you ſince, ds have not ſhown, then how ſhould Words ex-s?

Lady *TOUCHWOOD.*

Vell, mollifying Devil!——And have I not met your e with forward Fire?

MASKWELL.

our Zeal I grant was ardent, but miſplac'd; there Revenge in view; that Woman's Idol had defil'd the nple of the God, and Love was made a Mock-Wor-——A Son and Heir would have edg'd young *Mel-* upon the Brink of Ruin, and left him none but you tch at for Prevention.

Lady *TOUCHWOOD.*

gain, provoke me! Do you wind me like a Larum, to rouſe my own ſtill'd Soul for your Diverſion? fuſion!

MASKWELL.

ay, Madam, I'm gone, if you Relapſe,—What needs I ſay nothing but what you your ſelf, in open Hours of Love,

Love, have told me. Why ſhould you deny it? how can you deny it? Is not all this preſent Heat to the ſame Fire? Do you not love him ſtill? How I this Day offended you, but in not breaking off Match with *Cynthia?* Which e'er to-Morrow done, —— had you but Patience.

Lady *TOUCHWOOD.*

How, what ſaid you, *Maskwell,* —— Another Cap unwind my Temper?

MASKWELL.

By Heav'n, no; I am your Slave, the Slave of al Pleaſures; and will not reſt 'till I have given you would you ſuffer me.

Lady *TOUCHWOOD.*

O, *Maskwell,* in vain I do diſguiſe me from thee, know'ſt me, know'ſt the very inmoſt Windings an ceſſes of my Soul. —— Oh *Melleſont!* I burn; marri Morrow! Deſpair ſtrikes me. Yet my Soul knows him too: Let him but once be mine, and next i diate Ruin ſeize him.

MASKWELL.

Compoſe your ſelf, you ſhall poſſeſs and ruin him —— Will that pleaſe you?

Lady *TOUCHWOOD.*

How, how? Thou dear, thou precious V how?

MASKWELL.

You have already been tampering with my *Plyant.*

Lady *TOUCHWOOD.*

I have: She is ready for any Impreſſion I think

MASKWELL.

She muſt be thoroughly perſuaded, that *Melleſont* her.

Lady *TOUCHWOOD.*

She is ſo credulous that way naturally, and like ſo well, that ſhe will believe it faſter than I can per her. But I don't ſee what you can propoſe from

ing Deſign; for her firſt converſing with *Melleſont*, convince her of the contrary.

MASKWELL.

know it.—— I don't depend upon it.——But it will are ſomething elſe; and gain us Leiſure to lay a ſtron- Plot: If I gain a little Time, I ſhall not want Con- nce.

One Minute, gives Invention to deſtroy,
What, to rebuild, will a whole Age employ.

End of the Firſt Act.

ACT

ACT II. SCENE. I

Lady FROTH *and* CYNTHIA.

CYNTHIA.

INDEED, Madam! Is it poſſible Ladyſhip could have been ſo muc Love?

Lady *FROTH.*

I could not ſleep one Wink for Weeks together.

CYNTHIA.

Prodigious! I wonder, want of Sleep, and ſo Love, and ſo much Wit as your Ladyſhip has, d turn your Brain.

Lady *FROTH.*

O my dear *Cynthia*, you muſt not rally your Frie But really, as you ſay, I wonder too, But then a way ——For between you and I, I had Whimſi Vapours, but I gave them Vent.

CYNTHIA.

How pray, Madam?

Lady *FROTH.*

O I writ, writ abundantly,—Do you never wri

CYNTHIA.

Write, what?

Lady *FROTH.*

Songs, Elegies, Satires, Encomiums, Panegy Lampoons, Plays, or Heroick Poems.

CYNTHIA.

O Lord, not I, Madam; I'm content to be a cour Reader.

Lady *FROTH.*

O Inconſiſtent! In Love, and not write! If my Lord I had been both of your Temper, we had never come ether.——O bleſs me! What a ſad thing would that e been, if my Lord and I ſhould never have met!

CYNTHIA.

Then neither my Lord nor you would ever have met h your Match, on my Conſcience.

Lady *FROTH.*

O' my Conſcience no more we ſhould; thou ſay'ſt right —for ſure my Lord *Froth* is as fine a Gentleman, and much a Man of Quality! Ah! Nothing at all of the mon Air,——I think I may ſay he wants nothing, a blue Ribbon and a Star, to make him ſhine the Phoſphorus of our Hemiſphere. Do you underſtand e two hard Words? If you don't, I'll explain 'em to

CYNTHIA.

Yes, yes, Madam, I'm not ſo Ignorant.——At leaſt I n't own it, to be troubled with your Inſtructions.

[*Aſide.*

Lady *FROTH.*

Nay, I beg your Pardon; but being deriv'd from the k, I thought you might have eſcap'd the Etymology. But I'm the more amaz'd, to find you a Woman of ers, and not write! Bleſs me! how can *Mellefont* be- you love him?

CYNTHIA.

Why 'Faith, Madam, he that won't take my Word, never have it under my Hand.

Lady *FROTH.*

Now *Mellefont*'s a pretty Gentleman, but methinks he s a Manner.

CYNTHIA.

Manner! What's that, Madam?

Lady *FROTH.*

me diſtinguiſhing Quality, as for Example, the *bel r Brillant* of Mr. *Briſk*; the Solemnity, yet Com-

plaiſance of my Lord, or ſomething of his own
ſhould look a little *Je-ne-ſcay-quoyſh*; he is too much
Mediocrity, in my Mind.

CYNTHIA.

He does not indeed affect either Pertneſs or Formal
for which I like him: Here he comes.

Lady *FROTH.*

And my Lord with him: Pray obſerve the Differenc

SCENE II.

[*To them*] *Lord* FROTH, MELLEFONT, *and* BRISK.

CYNTHIA.

IMpertinent Creature! I could almoſt be angry with
now. [*A*

Lady *FROTH.*

My Lord, I have been telling *Cynthia*, how muc
have been in Love with you; I ſwear I have; I'm
aſham'd to own it now; Ah! it makes my Heart
I vow I ſigh when I think on't: My dear Lord! Ha,
ha, do you remember, my Lord?

[*Squeezes him by the Hand, looks kindly on him, ſigh
then laughs out.*

Lord *FROTH.*

Pleaſant Creature! perfectly well: ah! that Look,
there it is; who could reſiſt! 'twas ſo my Heart
made a Captive firſt, and ever ſince 't has been in
with happy Slavery.

Lady *FROTH.*

O that Tongue, that dear deceitful Tongue! that
ming Softneſs in your Mien and your Expreſſion,
then your Bow! Good my ord, bow as you did w
I gave you my Picture; here, ſuppoſe this my Pictu

[*Gives him a Pocket-*

y mind my Lord; ah! he bows charmingly; nay, my
d, you ſhan't kiſs it ſo much; I ſhall grow jealous,
w now.

[*He bows profoundly low, then kiſſes the Glaſs.*

Lord *FROTH.*

ſaw my ſelf there, and kiſs'd it for your ſake.

Lady *FROTH.*

h! Gallantry to the laſt Degree — Mr. *Briſk*, you're
dge; was ever any thing ſo well bred as my Lord?

BRISK.

ever any thing; but your Ladyſhip, let me periſh.

Lady *FROTH.*

prettily turn'd again; let me die but you have a
t deal of Wit. Mr. *Mellefont*, don't you think Mr.
has a World of Wit?

MELLEFONT.

, yes, Madam.

BRISK.

dear, Madam———

Lady *FROTH.*

n infinite deal!

BRISK.

Heav'ns! Madam———

Lady *FROTH.*

ore Wit than any Body.

BRISK.

n everlaſtingly your humble Servant, deuce take me,
m.

Lord *FROTH.*

on't you think us a happy Couple?

CYNTHIA.

ow, my Lord, I think you the happieſt Couple in
World; for you're not only happy in one another,
when you are together, but happy in your ſelves,
y your ſelves.

Lord *FROTH.*

ope *Mellefont* will make a good Husband too.

CYNTHIA.

'Tis my Intereſt to believe he will, my Lord.

Lord FROTH.

D'ye think he'll Love you as well as I do my W
I'm afraid not.

CYNTHIA.

I believe he'll love me better.

Lord FROTH.

Heaven's! that can never be; but why do you
ſo?

CYNTHIA.

Becauſe he has not ſo much reaſon to be fond of
ſelf.

Lord FROTH.

O your humble Servant for that, Dear Madam;
Melleſont, you'll be a happy Creature.

MELLEFONT.

Ay, my Lord, I ſhall have the ſame Reaſon for
Happineſs that your Lordſhip has, I ſhall think m
happy.

Lord FROTH.

Ah, that's all.

BRISK. [*to Lady* Froth.]

Your Ladyſhip is in the right; but I'gad I'm w
turn'd into Satire. I confeſs I write but ſeldom, but
I do——keen *Iambicks*, I'gad. But my Lord was
me, your Ladyſhip has made an Eſſay toward an H
Poem.

Lady FROTH.

Did my Lord tell you? Yes I vow, and the Sub
my Lord's Love to me. And what do you think I
I dare ſwear you won't gueſs——*The Sillabub*
ha, ha.

BRISK.

Becauſe my Lord's Title's *Froth*, I'gad, ha, ha, ha,
take me very *a Propos* and ſurprizing, ha, ha, ha,

Lady *FROTH.*

Ile, ay, is not it?——And then I call my Lord moſo; and my ſelf, what d'ye think I call my ſelf?

BRISK.

Lactilla, may be,——'gad I cannot tell.

Lady *FROTH.*

Biddy, that's all; juſt my own Name.

BRISK.

Biddy! I gad very pretty—— Deuce take me if your yſhip has not the Art of ſurpriſing the moſt naturally the World,——I hope you'll make me happy in communicating the Poem.

Lady *FROTH.*

O, you muſt be my Confident, I muſt ask your Ad-e.

BRISK.

m your humble Servant, let me periſh,——I preſume r Ladyſhip has read *Boſſu?*

Lady *FROTH.*

O yes, and *Rapine*, and *Dacier* upon *Ariſtotle* and *Horace*.—My Lord, you muſt not be jealous, I'm communing all to Mr. *Brisk*.

Lord *FROTH.*

No, no, I'll allow Mr. *Brisk*; have you nothing about to ſhew him, my Dear?

Lady *FROTH.*

Yes, I believe I have.——Mr. *Brisk*, come, will you into the next Room? and there I'll ſhew you what I e.

Lord *FROTH.*

'll walk a Turn in the Garden, and come to you.

SCENE III.

MELLEFONT, CYNTHIA.

MELLEFONT.

YOU'RE thoughtful, *Cynthia?*

CYNTHIA.

I'm thinking, tho' Marriage makes Man and Wife o Fleſh, it leaves 'em ſtill two Fools; and they beco more Conſpicuous by ſetting off one another.

MELLEFONT.

That's only when two Fools meet, and their Fol are oppos'd.

CYNTHIA.

Nay, I have known two Wits meet, and by the O poſition of their Wit, render themſelves as ridiculou Fools. 'Tis an odd Game we're going to Play at: W think you of drawing Stakes, and giving over in time?

MELLEFONT.

No, hang't, that's not endeavouring to win, bec it's poſſible we may loſe; ſince we have ſhuffled and c let's e'en turn up Trump now.

CYNTHIA.

Then I find it's like Cards, if either of us have a g Hand it is an Accident of Fortune.

MELLEFONT.

No, Marriage is rather like a Game at Bowls, Fort indeed makes the Match, and the two neareſt, and ſom times the two fartheſt are together, but the Game d pends intirely upon Judgment.

CYNTHIA.

Still it is a Game, and conſequently one of us muſt a Loſer.

MELLEFONT.

Not at all; only a friendly Tryal of Skill, and the W

ngs to be laid out in an Entertainment. — What's here, e Muſick? — Oh, my Lord has promiſed the Com- ny a new Song, we'll get 'em to give it us by the ay. [*Muſicians croſſing the Stage.*] Pray let us have e Favour of you, to practiſe the Song, before the Com- ny hear it.

SONG.

I.

CYnthia *frowns when-e'er I woe her,*
Yet ſhe's vext if I give over;
Much ſhe fears I ſhould undo her,
But much more to loſe her Lover:
Thus, in doubting, ſhe refuſes;
And not winning, thus ſhe loſes.

II.

Pr'ythee Cynthia *look behind you,*
Age and Wrinkles will o'ertake you;
Then too late Deſire will find you,
When the Power muſt forſake you:
Think, O think o'th' ſad Condition,
To be paſt, yet wiſh Fruition.

MELLEFONT.

You ſhall have my Thanks below.

[*To the Muſick, they go out.*

SCENE IV.

[*To them*] *Sir* PAUL PLYANT *and Lady* PLYANT.

Sir *PAUL PLYANT.*

'ADS bud! I am provok'd into a Fermentation, as my Lady *Froth* ſays; was ever the like read of in ry?

Lady *PLYANT.*

Sir *Paul* have Patience, let me alone to rattle him u

Sir *PAUL PLYANT.*

Pray your Ladyſhip give me leave to be angry—I rattle him up I warrant you, I'll ſirk him with a C*orari.*

Lady *PLYANT.*

You ſirk him! I'll ſirk him my ſelf; pray Sir *Paul* h you contented.

CYNTHIA.

Bleſs me, what makes my Father in ſuch a Paſſi —— I never ſaw him thus before.

Sir *PAUL PLYANT.*

Hold your ſelf contented, my Lady *Plyant*,——I f Paſſion coming upon me by Inflation, and I cannot ſu mit as formerly, therefore give way.

Lady *PLYANT.*

How now! will you be pleaſed to retire, and——

Sir *PAUL PLYANT.*

No marry will I not be pleaſed, I am pleaſed to angry, that's my Pleaſure at this time.

MELLEFONT.

What can this mean!

Lady *PLYANT.*

Gads my Life, the Man's diſtracted; why how n who are you? What am I? Slidikins, can't I govern y What did I marry you for? Am I not to be abſolute uncontrolable? Is it fit a Woman of my Spirit, Conduct, ſhould be contradicted in a Matter of this C cern?

Sir *PAUL PLYANT.*

It concerns me, and only me;—Beſides, I'm not to govern'd at all Times. When I am in Tranquility, Lady *Plyant* ſhall command Sir *Paul*; but when I am p vok'd to Fury, I cannot incorporate with Patience Reaſon, —— as ſoon may Tygers match with Ty Lambs with Lambs, and, every Creature Couple wit Foe, as the Poet ſays.——————

Lady *PLYANT.*

He's hot-headed ſtill! 'Tis in vain to talk to you; but member I have a Curtain-Lecture for you, you diſobedient, headſtrong Brute.

Sir *PAUL PLYANT.*

No, 'tis becauſe I won't be a Brute, and have my ead fortify'd, that I am thus exaſperated,———But I ll protect my Honour, and yonder is the Violater of y Fame.

Lady *PLYANT.*

'Tis my Honour that is concern'd, and the Violation s intended to me. Your Honour! You have none but at is in my keeping, and I can diſpoſe of it when I aſe———therefore don't provoke me.

Sir *PAUL PLYANT.*

Hum, gads-bud ſhe ſays true——Well, my Lady, rch on, I will fight under you then: I am convinced, ar as Paſſion will permit.

[*L.* Plyant *and Sir* Paul *come up to* Mellefont.

Lady *PLYANT.*

Inhuman and Treacherous———

Sir *PAUL PLYANT.*

Thou Serpent and firſt Tempter of Womankind.——

CYNTHIA.

Bleſs me! Sir; Madam; what mean you?

Sir *PAUL PLYANT.*

Thy, Thy, come away *Thy*, touch him not, come hi- r Girl, go not near him, there's nothing but Deceit ut him; Snakes are in his Peruke, and the Crocodile *Nilus* is in his Belly. he will eat thee up alive.

Lady *PLYANT.*

Diſhonourable, impudent Creature!

MELLEFONT.

For Heav'n's ſake, Madam, to whom do you direct Language!

Lady *PLYANT.*

Have I behav'd my ſelf with all the Decorum and ety, befitting the Perſon of Sir *Paul*'s Wife? Have I

preſerv'd my Honour as it were in a Snow-houſe fo theſe three Years paſt? Have I been white and unſully even by Sir *Paul* himſelf?

Sir *PAUL PLYANT.*

Nay, ſhe has been an invincible Wife, even to m that's the Truth on't.

Lady *PLYANT.*

Have I, I ſay, preſerv'd my ſelf, like a fair Sheet Paper, for you to make a Blot upon?———

Sir *PAUL PLYANT.*

And ſhe ſhall make a Simile with any Woman in E *land.*

MELLEFONT.

I am ſo amaz'd, I know not what to ſay.

Sir *PAUL PLYANT.*

Do you think my Daughter, this pretty Creatur gads-bud ſhe's a Wife for a Cherubin! Do you think h fit for nothing but to be a ſtalking Horſe, to ſtand befo you, while you take aim at my Wife? gads-bud I w never angry before in my Life, and I'll never be appea again.

MELLEFONT.

Hell and Damnation! This is my Aunt; ſuch Mal can be engendred no where elſe. [*Aſi*

Lady *PLYANT.*

Sir *Paul*, take *Cynthia* from his Sight; leave me t ſtrike him with the Remorſe of his intended Crime.

CYNTHIA.

Pray, Sir, ſtay, hear him, I dare affirm he's Innoce

Sir *PAUL PLYANT.*

Innocent! Why hark'ye, come hither *Thy*, hark'ye, had it from his Aunt, my Siſter *Touchwood*,——gads-bu he does not care a Farthing for any thing of thee, b thy Portion, why he's in love with my Wife; he wou have tantaliz'd thee, and made a Cuckold of thy po Father,——and that would certainly have broke m Heart——I'm ſure if ever I ſhould have Horns, th would kill me; they would never come kindly, I ſhou

of 'em, like a Child that was cutting his Teeth—— hould indeed, *Thy*——therefore come away; but ovidence has prevented all, therefore come away, when id you.

CYNTHIA.

I muſt obey.

SCENE V.

Lady PLYANT, MELLEFONT.

Lady *PLYANT.*

Such a thing! the Impiety of it ſtartles me—— , to wrong ſo good, ſo fair a Creature, and one t loves you tenderly——'tis a Barbarity of Barbarities, nothing could be guilty of it——

MELLEFONT.

But the greateſt Villain Imagination can form, I grant and next to the Villany of ſuch a Fact, is the Villany aſperſing me with the Guilt. How? which way was o wrong her? For yet I underſtand you not.

Lady *PLYANT.*

Why, gads my Life, Couſin *Melleſont*, you cannot be peremptory as to deny it; when I tax you with it your Face; for now Sir *Paul*'s gone, you are *Corum bus.*

MELLEFONT.

By Heav'n, I love her more than Life, or——

Lady *PLYANT.*

Fiddle, faddle, don't tell me of this and that, and ev'ry ing in the World, but give me Mathemacular Demonation, anſwer me directly——But I have not Patie——Oh! The Impiety of it, as I was ſaying, and unparallell'd Wickedneſs! Merciful Father! How could think to reverſe Nature ſo, to make the Daughter Means of procuring the Mother?

MELLE-

MELLEFONT.

The Daughter to procure the Mother!

Lady *PLYANT.*

Ay, for tho' I am not *Cynthia*'s own Mother, I her Father's Wife; and that's near enough to make it ceſt.

MELLEFONT.

Inceſt! O my precious Aunt, and the Devil in Co ction.

Lady *PLYANT.*

O reflect upon the Horror of that, and then the G of deceiving every Body; marrying the Daughter, to make a Cuckold of the Father; and then ſeducing debauching my Purity, and perverting me from Road of Virtue, in which I have trod thus long, an ver made one Trip, not one *faux pas*; O conſid what would you have to anſwer for, if you ſhould voke me to Frailty? Alas! Humanity is feeble, H knows! very feeble, and unable to ſupport it ſelf.

MELLEFONT.

Where am I? Is it Day? and am I awake! dam———

Lady *PLYANT.*

And no Body knows how Circumſtances may h together,———To my thinking, now I could refi ſtrongeſt Temptation, — But yet I know, 'tis i ſible for me to know whether I could or not, there certainty in the Things of this Life.

MELLEFONT.

Madam, pray give me leave to ask you one Q on.———

Lady *PLYANT.*

O Lord, ask me the Queſtion! I'll ſwear I'll refu I ſwear I'll deny it———therefore don't ask me, you ſhan't ask me, I ſwear I'll deny it. O Gemini, have brought all the Blood into my Face; I war am as red as a Turky-Cock; O fie, Couſin *font!*

MEL

MELLEFONT.

Nay, Madam, hear me; I mean——

Lady *PLYANT.*

Hear you? no, no; I'll deny you firſt, and hear you terward. For one does not know how ones Mind may hange upon hearing——Hearing is one of the Senſes, d all the Senſes are fallible; I won't truſt my Honour, aſſure you; my Honour is infallible and uncomati-e.

MELLEFONT.

For Heav'n's ſake, Madam,——

Lady *PLYANT.*

O name it no more—— Bleſs me, how can you talk Heav'n! and have ſo much Wickedneſs in your Heart? ay be you don't think it a Sin——They ſay ſome of u Gentlemen don't think it a Sin——May be it is no to them that don't think it ſo; indeed, if I did not ink it a Sin——But ſtill my Honour, if it were no n,——But then, to marry my Daughter, for the Con-niency of frequent Opportunities,——I'll never conſent that, as ſure as can be, I'll break the Match.

MELLEFONT.

Death and Amazement,---Madam, upon my Knees---

Lady *PLYANT.*

Nay, nay, riſe up, come you ſhall ſee my good Na-re. I know Love is powerful, and no Body can help s Paſſion: 'Tis not your Fault; nor I ſwear it is not ine.——How can I help it, if I have Charms? And w can you help it, if you are made a Captive? I ſwear is pity it ſhould be a Fault,——But my Honour,—— ell, but your Honour too——but the Sin!——well t the Neceſſity——O Lord, here's ſome Body coming. dare not ſtay. Well, you muſt conſider of your Crime; d ſtrive as much as can be againſt it,——ſtrive be re——But don't be melancholick, don't deſpair,—— t never think that I'll grant you any thing; O Lord, ;——But be ſure you lay aſide all Thoughts of the arriage, for tho' I know you don't love *Cynthia*, only

only as a Blind for your Paſſion to me; yet it will m
me Jealous.——O Lord, what did I ſay? Jealous!
no, I can't be jealous, for I muſt not love you, —th
fore don't hope,—— But don't deſpair neither,—
they're coming, I muſt fly.

SCENE VI.

MELLEFONT *alone.*

MELLEFONT (after a Pauſe.)

SO then,——ſpight of my Care and Foreſight, I
caught, caught in my Security,———Yet this
but a ſhallow Artifice, unworthy of my Matchiav
Aunt: There muſt be more behind, this is but the
Flaſh, the priming of her Engine; Deſtruction follo
hard, if not moſt preſently prevented.

SCENE VII.

[*To him*] MASKWELL.

MELLEFONT.

M*Askwell*, welcome, thy Preſence is a view of L
appearing to my ſhipwrack'd Hopes: The Wit
has rais'd the Storm, and her Miniſters have done th
Work; you ſee the Veſſels are parted.

MASKWELL.

I know it; I met Sir *Paul* towing away *Cynth*
Come, trouble not your Head, I'll join you together
to-Morrow Morning, or drown between you in the
tempt.

MELL

MELLEFONT.

There's Comfort in a Hand ſtretch'd out, to one that's ſinking; tho' ne'er ſo far off.

MASKWELL.

No ſinking, nor no Danger,——Come, cheer up; for you don't know, that while I plead for you, your Miſtreſs has given me a retaining Fee;——Nay, I am your greateſt Enemy, and ſhe does but Journey-Work after me.

MELLEFONT.

Ha! How's this?

MASKWELL.

What d'ye think of my being employ'd in the Execution of all her Plots? Ha, ha, ha, by Heav'n it's true; I have undertaken to break the Match, I have undertaken to make your Uncle diſinherit you, to get you turn'd out of Doors; and to——and to——Ha, ha, ha, I can't forbear you for Laughing,——Oh ſhe has open'd her Heart to me——I am to turn you a grazing, and to——Ha, ha, ha, marry *Cynthia* my ſelf; there's a Plot for you.

MELLEFONT.

Ha! O ſee, I ſee my riſing Sun! Light breaks thro' Clouds upon me, and I ſhall live in Day——O my *Maskwell!* How ſhall I thank or praiſe thee; thou haſt a ſubtle witted Woman.——But tell me, how could'ſt thou thus get into her Confidence?——Ha! How? Or was it her Contrivance to perſwade my Lady *Plyant* into this extravagant Belief?

MASKWELL.

It was, and to tell you the Truth, I encourag'd it for your Diverſion: Tho' it made you a little uneaſie for the preſent, yet the Reflection of it muſt needs be entertaining——I warrant ſhe was very violent at firſt.

MELLEFONT.

Ha, ha, ha, ay, ay, a very Fury; but I was moſt afraid of her Violence at laſt,——If you had not come

as

as you did; I don't know what she might have tempted.

MASKWELL.

Ha, ha, ha, I know her Temper.——Well, you know then, that all my Contrivances were but Bu 'till at last I pretended to have been long secretly love with *Cynthia*; that did my Business; that con your Aunt, I might be trusted; since it was as much Interest as hers to break the Match: Then, she thoug Jealousie might qualifie me to assist her in her Rev And, in short, in that Belief, told me the Secrets o Heart. At length we made this Agreement, if I compliſh her Designs (as I told you before) she ha gag'd to put *Cynthia* with all her Fortune into Power.

MELLEFONT.

She is most gracious in her Favour,——— and dear *Jack*, how hast thou contrived?

MASKWELL

I would not have you stay to hear it now; f don't know, but she may come this Way; I am meet her anon; after that, I'll tell you the whole ter; be here in this Gallery an Hour hence, by that I imagine our Consultation may be over.

MELLEFONT.

I will; 'till then Success attend thee.

SCENE VIII.

MASKWELL alone.

TILL then, Success will attend me; for wh meet you, I meet the only Obstacle to my tune. *Cynthia*, let thy Beauty gild my Crimes; whatsoever I commit of Treachery or Deceit, sh be imputed to me as a Merit———Treachery!

chery? Love cancels all the Bonds of Friendſhip, and Men right upon their firſt Foundations.

uty to Kings, Piety to Parents, Gratitude to Bene-rs, and Fidelity to Friends, are different and particu-ties: But the Name of Rival cuts 'em all aſunder, and eneral Acquittance——Rival is equal, and Love Death an univerſal Leveller of Mankind. Ha! But ere not ſuch a Thing as Honeſty? Yes, and whoſo-has it about him, bears an Enemy in his Breaſt: your honeſt Man, as I take it, is that nice, ſcrupu-conſcientious Perſon, who will cheat no Body but elf; ſuch another Coxcomb, as your wiſe Man, is too hard for all the World, and will be made a of by no Body, but himſelf: Ha, ha, ha. Well for om and Honeſty, give me Cunning and Hypocriſie; 'tis ſuch a Pleaſure, to angle for fair fac'd Fools! that hungry Gudgeon Credulity, will bite at thing——Why, let me ſee, I have the ſame, the ſame Words and Accents, when I ſpeak what think; and when I ſpeak what I do not think——ery ſame——and dear Diſſimulation is the on-rt, not to be known from Nature.

y will Mankind be Fools, and be deceiv'd?
d why are Friends and Lovers Oaths believ'd?
en, each, who ſearches ſtrictly his own Mind,
y ſo much Fraud and Power of Baſeneſs find.

End of the Second Act.

ACT

ACT III. SCENE I.

Lord TOUCHWOOD, *and Lady* TOUCHWOOD.

Lady *TOUCHWOOD.*

MY Lord, can you blame my Brother P... if he refuſe his Daughter upon this P... cation? The Contract's void by this heard-of Impiety.

Lord *TOUCHWOOD.*

I don't believe it true; he has b... Principles——Pho, 'tis Nonſenſe. Come, co... know my Lady *Plyant* has a large Eye, and would tre every Thing in her own Circle; 'tis not the firſt ſhe has miſtaken Reſpect for Love, and made Sir... jealous of the Civility of an undeſigning Perſon, the... ter to beſpeak his Security in her unfeigned Pleaſur...

Lady *TOUCHWOOD.*

You cenſure hardly, my Lord; my Siſter's Honour i... well known.

Lord *TOUCHWOOD.*

Yes, I believe I know ſome that have been fami... acquainted with it. This is a little Trick wrough... ſome pitiful Contriver, envious of my Nephew's M...

Lady *TOUCHWOOD.*

Nay, my Lord, it may be ſo, and I hope it w... found ſo: But that will require ſome time; for in ſ... Caſe as this, Demonſtration is neceſſary.

Lord *TOUCHWOOD.*

There ſhould have been Demonſtration of the co... too, before it had been believ'd——

Lady *TOUCHWOOD*.

I ſuppoſe there was.

Lord *TOUCHWOOD*.

w? Where? When?

Lady *TOUCHWOOD*.

it I can't tell; nay I don't ſay there was—I am g to believe as favourably of my Nephew as I can.

Lord *TOUCHWOOD*.

on't know that. [*Half Aſide*,

Lady *TOUCHWOOD*.

w? Don't you believe that, ſay you, my Lord?

Lord *TOUCHWOOD*.

, I don't ſay ſo —I confeſs I am troubled to find o cold in his Defence

Lady *TOUCHWOOD*.

Defence! Bleſs me, wou'd you have me defend an ing?

Lord *TOUCHWOOD*.

u believe it then?

Lady *TOUCHWOOD*.

Don't know; I am very unwilling to ſpeak my ghts in any thing that may be to my Couſin's Diſ- rage; beſides, I find, my Lord, you are prepared ceive an ill Impreſſion from any Opinion of mine is not conſenting with your own: But ſince I am o be ſuſpected in the End, and 'tis a Pain any lon- diſſemble, I own it to you; in ſhort I do believe y, and can believe any thing worſe, if it were laid Charge——Don't ask me my Reaſons, my Lord, ey are not fit to be told you.

Lord *TOUCHWOOD*.

amaz'd, here muſt be ſomething more than ordi- n this. [*Aſide.*] Not fit to be told me, Madam? You ve no Intereſts, wherein I am not concern'd, and quently the ſame Reaſons ought to be convincing to which create your Satisfaction or Diſquiet.

Lady *TOUCHWOOD*.

thoſe which cauſe my Diſquiet, I am willing to have

have remote from your hearing. Good my Lord, preſs me.

Lord TOUCHWOOD.

Don't oblige me to preſs you.

Lady TOUCHWOOD.

Whatever it was, 'tis paſt: And that is better to be known which cannot be prevented; therefore let me you to reſt ſatisfy'd———

Lord TOUCHWOOD.

When you have told me, I will———

Lady TOUCHWOOD.

You won't.

Lord TOUCHWOOD.

By my Life, my Dear, I will.

Lady TOUCHWOOD.

What if you can't.

Lord TOUCHWOOD.

How? Then I muſt know, nay I will: No more fling—I charge you tell me——By all our mutual to come; upon your Duty———

Lady TOUCHWOOD.

Nay, my Lord, you need ſay no more, to make lay my Heart before you, but don't be thus tranſp compoſe your ſelf: It is not of Concern, to make loſe one Minute's Temper. 'Tis not indeed, my Nay, by this Kiſs you ſhan't be angry. O Lord, I had not told you any thing———Indeed, my Lord have frighted me. Nay, look pleas'd, I'll tell you.

Lord TOUCHWOOD.

Well, well.

Lady TOUCHWOOD.

Nay, but will you be calm———indeed it's no but———

Lord TOUCHWOOD.

But what?

Lady TOUCHWOOD.

But will you promiſe me not to be angry——Nay muſt——Not to be angry with *Melleſont*——

r he's ſorry——and were it to do again, would

Lord *TOUCHWOOD.*

rry, for what? 'Death, you rack me with Delay.

Lady *TOUCHWOOD.*

y, no great Matter; only——Well I have your Pro-
——Pho, why nothing, only your Nephew had a
to amuſe himſelf ſometimes with a little Gallantry
rds me. Nay, I can't think he meant any thing ſe-
y, but methought it look'd odly.

Lord *TOUCHWOOD.*

onfuſion and Hell, what do I hear!

Lady *TOUCHWOOD.*

, may be, he thought he was not enough a-kin to
upon your Account, and had a mind to create a near-
elation on his own; a Lover you know, my Lord
-Ha, ha, ha. Well but that's all——Now you have
well, remember your Promiſe, my Lord, and don't
any Notice of it to him.

Lord *TOUCHWOOD.*

o, no, no——Damnation!

Lady *TOUCHWOOD.*

ay, I ſwear you muſt not——A little harmleſs Mirth
-Only miſplac'd, that's all——But if it were more,
ver now, and all's well. For my Part I have forgot
nd ſo has he, I hope——for I have not heard any
g from him theſe two Days.

Lord *TOUCHWOOD.*

heſe two Days! Is it ſo freſh? Unnatural Villain!
th, I'll have him ſtripp'd and turn'd naked out of my
rs this Moment, and let him rot and periſh, inceſtu-
Brute!

Lady *TOUCHWOOD.*

for Heaven's ſake, my Lord, you'll ruin me if you
ſuch publick Notice of it, it will be a Town-talk:
ſider your own and my Honour——nay, I told you
would not be ſatisfied when you knew it.

Lord

Lord *TOUCHWOOD.*

Before I've done, I will be ſatisfy'd. Ungrateful ſter! how long?——

Lady *TOUCHWOOD.*

Lord, I don't know: I wiſh my Lips had grow gether when I told you——Almoſt a Twelvemonth Nay, I won't tell you any more, 'till you are you Pray, my Lord, don't let the Company ſee you i Diſorder——Yet I confeſs, I can't blame you think I was never ſo ſurpriz'd in my Life—— would have thought my Nephew could have ſo mi ſtrued my Kindneſs——But will you go into you ſet, and recover your Temper? I'll make an Exc ſudden Buſineſs to the Company, and come to you. good dear my Lord, let me beg you do now: I'll immediately, and tell you all; will you, my Lord?

Lord *TOUCHWOOD.*

I will——I am mute with Wonder.

Lady *TOUCHWOOD.*

Well but go now, here's ſome body coming.

Lord *TOUCHWOOD.*

Well, I go——You won't ſtay, for I would hea of this.

Lady *TOUCHWOOD.*

I follow inſtantly——So.

SCENE II.

Lady TOUCHWOOD, MASKWELL.

MASKWELL.

THIS was a Maſter-Piece, and did not need Help——tho' I ſtood ready for a Cue to co and confirm all, had there been Occaſion.

Lady *TOUCHWOOD.*

Have you ſeen *Melleſont?*

M

MASKWELL.

ave; and am to meet him here about this time.

Lady *TOUCHWOOD.*

w does he bear his Diſappointment?

MASKWELL.

ure in my Aſſiſtance. he ſeem'd not much afflicted, ther laugh'd at the ſhallow Artifice, which ſo little muſt of neceſſity diſcover. Yet he is apprehenſive ne farther Deſign of yours, and has engaged me to you. I believe he will hardly be able to prevent Plot, yet I would have you uſe Caution and Expe-

Lady *TOUCHWOOD.*

pedition indeed; for all we do, muſt be perform'd remaining Part of this Ev'ning, and before the Com- break up; leſt my Lord ſhould cool, and have an rtunity to talk with him privately——My Lord not ſee him again.

MASKWELL.

no Means; therefore you muſt aggravate my Lord's eaſure to a Degree that will admit of no Conference him.——What think you of mentioning me?

Lady *TOUCHWOOD.*

w?

MASKWELL.

my Lord, as having been privy to *Mellefont*'s De- pon you, but ſtill uſing my utmoſt Endeavours to diſ- him: Tho' my Friendſhip and Love to him has me conceal it; yet you may ſay, I threatned the ime he attempted any thing of that kind, to diſco- to my Lord.

Lady *TOUCHWOOD.*

what end is this?

MASKWELL.

will confirm my Lord's Opinion of my Honour and ſty, and create in him a new Confidence in me, (ſhould this Deſign miſcarry) will be neceſſary to the

the forming another Plot that I have in my Head——. you, as well as the reſt,

Lady *TOUCHWOOD.*

I'll do it———I'll tell him you hindred him o from forcing me.

MASKWELL.

Excellent! Your Ladyſhip has a moſt improving cy. You had beſt go to my Lord, keep him as long you can in his Cloſet, and I doubt not but you mould him to what you pleaſe; your Gueſts are ſo gaged in their own Follies and Intrigues, they'll miſs ther of you.

Lady *TOUCHWOOD.*

When ſhall we meet?———At eight this Even in my Chamber; there rejoice at our Succeſs, and away an Hour in Mirth.

MASKWELL.

I will not fail.

SCENE III.

MASKWELL alone.

I Know what ſhe means by toying away an Hour enough. Pox I have loſt all Appetite to her; yet ſh a fine Woman, and I lov'd her once. But I don't kno ſince I have been in a great Meaſure kept by her, t Caſe is alter'd; what was my Pleaſure is become Duty: And I have as little Stomach to her now as if were her Husband. Should ſhe ſmoak my Deſign up *Cynthia*, I were in a fine pickle. She has a damn'd pe trating Head, and knows how to interpret a Cold the right Way; therefore I muſt diſſemble Ardour Ecſtaſie, that's reſolv'd: How eaſily and pleaſantly is t diſſembled before Fruition! Pox on't, that a Man c dri

ink without quenching his Thirſt. Ha! yonder comes *elleſont* thoughtful. Let me think: Meet her at eight — hum — ha! By Heav'n I have it — If I can ſpeak my Lord before —— Was it my Brain or Providence? o matter which — I will deceive 'em all, and yet ſe- re my ſelf: 'twas a lucky Thought! Well, this Double- ealing is a Jewel.

ere he comes: now for me ——

[Maskwell *pretending not to ſee him, walks by him, and ſpeaks as it were to himſelf:*

SCENE IV.

[*To him*] MELLEFONT *muſing.*

MASKWELL.

MERCY on us! what will the Wickedneſs of this World come to?

MELLEFONT.

How now, *Jack*? What, ſo full of Contemplation that u run over!

MASKWELL.

'm glad you're come, for I could not contain my ſelf longer: And was juſt going to give vent to a Secret, ich no Body but you ought to drink down. — Your nt's juſt gone from hence.

MELLEFONT.

And having truſted thee with the Secrets of her Soul, u art villainouſly bent to diſcover 'em all to me, ha?

MASKWELL.

'm afraid my Frailty leans that way—But I don't know ether I can in Honour diſcover them all.

MELLEFONT.

ll, all, Man: What, you may in Honour betray her as s ſhe betrays her ſelf. No tragical Deſign upon my on, I hope?

MASKWELL.

No, but it's a comical Deſign upon mine.

MELLEFONT.

What doſt thou mean?

MASKWELL.

Liſten and be dumb; we have been bargaining abo the Rate of your Ruin——

MELLEFONT.

Like any two Guardians to an Orphan Heireſs—W

MASKWELL.

And whereas Pleaſure is generally paid with Miſchi what Miſchief I do is to be paid with Pleaſure.

MELLEFONT.

So when you've ſwallow'd the Potion, you ſweet your Mouth with a Plumb.

MASKWELL.

You are merry, Sir, but I ſhall probe your Conſtitu on. In ſhort, the Price of your Baniſhment is to be p with the Perſon of——

MELLEFONT.

Of *Cynthia*, and her Fortune——Why, you forget; told me this before.

MASKWELL.

No, no——So far you are right; and I am, as an ea eſt of that Bargain, to have full and free Poſſeſſion of Perſon of——your Aunt.

MELLEFONT.

Ha!——Pho, you trifle.

MASKWELL.

By this Light, I'm ſerious; all Raillery apart— knew 'twould ſtun you: This Evening at eight ſhe w receive me in her Bed-Chamber.

MELLEFONT.

Hell and the Devil! is ſhe abandon'd of all Grace— Why the Woman is poſſeſs'd——

MASKWELL.

Well, will you go in my ſtead?

MI

MELLEFONT.

By Heav'n into a hot Furnace ſooner.

MASKWELL.

No, you would not —— It would not be ſo convenient, as I can order Matters.

MELLEFONT.

What d'ye mean!

MASKWELL.

Mean? Not to diſappoint the Lady, I aſſure you —— Ha, ha, ha, how gravely he looks —— Come come, I won't perplex you. 'Tis the only Thing that Providence could have contriv'd to make me capable of ſerving you, either to my Inclination or your own Neceſſity.

MELLEFONT.

How, how, for Heav'ns ſake, dear *Maskwell*?

MASKWELL.

Why thus——I'll go according to Appointment; you ſhall have Notice at the critical Minute to come and ſurpriſe your Aunt and me together: Counterfeit a Rage againſt me, and I'll make my Eſcape through the private Paſſage from her Chamber, which I'll take care to leave open: 'Twill be hard, if then you can't bring her to any Conditions. For this Diſcovery will diſarm her of all Defence, and leave her entirely at your Mercy: Nay, ſhe muſt ever after be in awe of you.

MELLEFONT.

Let me adore thee, my better *Genius*! By Heav'n I think it is not in the Power of Fate to diſappoint my Hopes——My Hopes! my Certainty.

MASKWELL.

Well, I'll meet you here, within a Quarter of eight, and give you Notice.

MELLEFONT.

Good Fortune ever go along with thee.

SCENE V.

MELLEFONT, CARELESS.

CARELESS.

Mellefont, get out o'th' Way; my Lady *Plyant*'s coming and I shall never succeed while thou art in Sight ——— Tho' she begins to tack about; but I made Love a great while to no Purpose.

MELLEFONT.

Why, what's the Matter? She's convinc'd that I don't care for her.

CARELESS.

I can't get an Answer from her, that does not begin with her Honour, or her Virtue, her Religion, or some such Cant. Then she has told me the whole History of Sir *Paul*'s nine Years Courtship; how he has lain for whole Nights together upon the Stairs, before her Chamber-Door; and that the first Favour she received from him was a Piece of an old Scarlet Petticoat for a Stomacher, which since the Day of his Marriage, he has, out of Piece of Gallantry, converted into a Night-Cap, and wears it still with much Solemnity on his Anniversary Wedding-Night.

MELLEFONT.

That I have seen, with the Ceremony thereunto belonging ——— For on that Night he creeps in at the Bed's Feet like a gull'd Bassa that has marry'd a Relation of the *Grand Signior*, and that Night he has his Arms at Liberty. Did not she tell you at what a Distance she keeps him? He has confess'd to me that but at some certain Times, that is I suppose when she apprehends being with Child, he never has the Privilege of using the Familiarity of a Husband with a Wife. He was once giv-

ſcrambling with his Hands and ſprawling in his Sleep; d ever ſince ſhe has him ſwadled up in Blankets, and is Hands and Feet ſwath'd down, and ſo put to Bed; and here he lies with a great Beard, like a *Ruſſian* Bear upon Drift of Snow. You are very great with him, I wonr he never told you his Grievances; he will, I warrant ou.

CARELESS.

Exceſſively fooliſh!——But that which gives me moſt opes of her, is her telling me of the many Temptatis ſhe has reſiſted.

MELLEFONT.

Nay, then you have her; for a Woman's bragging to Man that ſhe has overcome Temptations, is an Argument that they were weakly offer'd, and a Challenge to m to engage her more inreſiſtably. 'Tis only an incing the Price of the Commodity, by telling you w many Cuſtomers have underbid her.

CARELESS.

Nay, I don't deſpair——But ſtill ſhe has a grudging you————I talk'd to her t'other Night at my Lord oth's Maſquerade, when I'm ſatisfy'd ſhe knew me, and had no Reaſon to complain of my Reception; but I d Women are not the ſame bare-faced and in Masks,—— d a Vizor diſguiſes their Inclinations as much as their ces.

MELLEFONT.

'Tis a Miſtake, for Women may moſt properly be ſaid be unmask'd when they wear Vizors; for that ſecures em from Bluſhing, and being out of Countenance, and t to being in the Dark, or alone, they are moſt truly mſelves in a Vizor Mask. Here they come, I'll leave u. Ply her cloſe, and by and by clap a *Billet doux* into Hand: For a Woman never thinks a Man truly in ve with her, 'till he has been Fool enough to think her out of her Sight, and to loſe ſo much time as to ite to her.

SCENE VI.

CARELESS, *Sir* PAUL PLYANT *and Lady* PLYANT.

Sir *PAUL PLYANT.*

SHAN'T we disturb your Meditation, Mr. *Careless*? You wou'd be private.

CARELESS.

You bring that along with you, Sir *Paul*, that shall be always welcome to my Privacy.

Sir *PAUL PLYANT.*

O, sweet Sir, you load your humble Servants, both me and my Wife, with continual Favours.

Lady *PLYANT.*

Sir *Paul*, what a Phrase was there? You will be making Answers, and taking that upon you, which ought to lie upon me: That you should have so little Breeding to think Mr. *Careless* did not apply himself to me. Pray what have you to entertain any Bodies Privacy? I swear and declare in the Face of the World I'm ready to blush for your Ignorance.

Sir *PAUL PLYANT.*

I acquiesce, my Lady; but don't snub so loud.

[*Aside to her.*

Lady *PLYANT.*

Mr. *Careless*, if a Person that is wholly iliterate might be supposed to be capable of being qualify'd to make a suitable Return to those Obligations which you are pleased to confer upon one that is wholly incapable of being qualify'd in all those Circumstances, I'm sure I shou'd rather attempt it than any thing in the World, [*Curt'sies*] for I'm sure there's nothing in the World that I would rather. [*Curt'sies*] But I know Mr. *Careless* is so great a Critick and so fine a Gentleman, that it is impossible for me----

CARE

CARELESS.

O Heav'ns! Madam, you confound me.

Sir *PAUL PLYANT.*

Gads-bud, ſhe's a fine Perſon----

Lady *PLYANT.*

O Lord! Sir, pardon me, we Women have not thoſe Advantages: I know my own Imperfections-----But at the ſame time you muſt give me Leave to declare in the Face of the World that no Body is more ſenſible of Favours and Things; for with the Reſerve of my Honour, I aſſure you, Mr. *Careleſs*, I don't know any Thing in the World I would refuſe to a Perſon ſo meritorious---You'll pardon my want of Expreſſion.----

CARELESS.

O your Ladyſhip is abounding in all Excellence, particularly that of Phraſe.

Lady *PLYANT.*

You are ſo obliging, Sir

CARELESS.

Your Ladyſhip is ſo charming,

Sir *PAUL PLYANT.*

So, now, now; now, my Lady.

Lady *PLYANT.*

So well bred.

CARELESS.

So ſurprizing.

Lady *PLYANT.*

So well dreſt, ſo *bonne mine*, ſo eloquent, ſo unaffected, ſo eaſie, ſo free, ſo particular, ſo agreeable----

Sir *PAUL PLYANT.*

Ay, ſo, ſo, there.

CARELESS.

O Lord, I beſeech you, Madam, don't----

Lady *PLYANT.*

So gay, ſo graceful, ſo good Teeth, ſo fine Shape, ſo fine Limbs, ſo fine Linnen, and I don't doubt but you have a very good Skin, Sir.

CARELESS.

For Heav'ns ſake, Madam —— I'm quite out of Countenance.

Sir *PAUL PLYANT.*

And my Lady's quite out of Breath; or elſe you ſhould hear——Gad's-bud, you may talk of my Lady *Froth!*

CARELESS.

O fie, fie, not to be named of a Day----My Lady *Froth* is very well in her Accompliſhments-------But it is when my Lady *Plyant* is not thought of—If that can ever be.

Lady *PLYANT.*

O you overcome me------That is ſo exceſſive.

Sir *PAUL PLYANT.*

Nay, I ſwear and vow that was pretty.

CARELESS.

O Sir *Paul*, you are the happieſt Man alive. Such a Lady! that is the Envy of her own Sex, and the Admiration of ours.

Sir *PAUL PLYANT.*

Your humble Servant. I am, I thank Heav'n, in a fine way of living, as I may ſay peacefully and happily, and I think need not envy any of my Neighbours, bleſſed be Providence—Ay truly, Mr. *Careleſs*, my Lady is a great Bleſſing, a fine, diſcreet, well-ſpoken Woman as you ſhall ſee——If it becomes me to ſay ſo; and we live very comfortably together; ſhe is a little haſty ſometimes, and ſo am I; but mine's ſoon over, and then I'm ſo ſorry—O, Mr. *Careleſs*, if it were not for one thing——

SCENE VII.

CARELESS, *Sir* PAUL PLYANT, *Lady* PLYANT, *Boy with a Letter.*

Lady *PLYANT.*

HOW often have you been told of that, you Jackanapes?

Sir *PAUL PLYANT.*

Gad ſo, gad's-bud——*Tim.* carry it to my Lady, you ſhould have carry'd it to my Lady firſt.

BOY.

'Tis directed to your Worſhip.

Sir *PAUL PLYANT.*

Well, well, my Lady reads all Letters firſt——Child, do ſo no more; d'ye hear, *Tim.*

BOY.

No, and't pleaſe you.

SCENE VIII.

CARELESS, *Sir* PAUL PLYANT, *Lady* PLYANT.

Sir *PAUL PLYANT.*

A Humour of my Wife's, you know Women have little Fancies——But as I was telling you, Mr. *Careleſs*, if it were not for one thing, I ſhould think my ſelf the happieſt Man in the Word; indeed that touches me near, very near.

CARELESS.

What can that be, Sir *Paul?*

Sir *PAUL PLYANT.*

Why, I have, I thank Heaven, a very plentiful Fortune, a good Eſtate in the Country, ſome Houſes in Town, and ſome Mony, a pretty tolerable perſonal Eſtate; and it is a great Grief to me, indeed it is, Mr. *Careleſs*, that I have not a Son to inherit this ——'Tis true, I have a Daughter, and a fine dutiful Child ſhe is, though I ſay it, bleſſed be Providence I may ſay; for indeed, Mr. *Careleſs*, I am mightily beholden to Providence ——A poor unworthy Sinner But if I had a Son, ay, that's my Affliction, and my only Affliction; indeed I cannot refrain Tears when it comes in my mind.

[*Cries.*

CARELESS.

Why, methinks that might be eaſily remedied——my Lady's a fine likely Woman——

Sir *PAUL PLYANT.*

Oh, a fine likely Woamn as you ſhall ſee in a Summer's Day——Indeed ſhe is, Mr. *Careleſs*, in all Reſpects.

CARELESS.

And I ſhould not have taken you to have been ſo old——

Sir *PAUL PLYANT.*

Alas, that's not it, Mr. *Careleſs*; ah! that's not it; no, no, you ſhoot wide of the Mark a Mile; indeed you do, that's not it, Mr. *Careleſs*; no, no, that's not it.

CARELESS.

No; what can be the Matter then?

Sir *PAUL PLYANT.*

You'll ſcarcely believe me, when I ſhall tell you——my Lady is ſo Nice——It's very ſtrange, but it's true: Too true——ſhe's ſo very Nice, that I don't believe ſhe would touch a Man for the World——At leaſt not above once a Year; I'm ſure I have found it ſo; and alas, what's once a Year to an old Man, who would do good in his Generation? Indeed it's true, Mr. *Careleſs*, it breaks my Heart——I am her Husband, as I may ſay; though ſtill unworthy of that Honour, yet I am her Husband; but alas-a-day, I have no more Familiarity with her Perſon——as to that Matter——than with my own Mother——no indeed.

CARELESS.

Alas-a-day, this is a lamentable Story; my Lady muſt be told on't; ſhe muſt i'faith, Sir *Paul*; 'tis an Injury to the World.

Sir *PAUL PLYANT.*

Ah! would to Heav'n you would, Mr. *Careleſs*; you are mightily in her Favour.

CARELESS.

I warrant you; what, we muſt have a Son ſome way or other.

Sir *PAUL PLYANT.*

Indeed, I ſhould be mightily bound to you, if you could bring it about, Mr. *Careleſs.*

Lady *PLYANT.*

Here, Sir *Paul*, it's from your Steward, here's a Return of 600 Pounds; you may take fifty of it for the next half Year. [*Gives him the Letter.*

SCENE IX.

[*To them*] *Lord* FROTH, CYNTHIA.

Sir *PAUL PLYANT.*

HOW does my Girl? come hither to thy Father poor Lamb, thou'rt Melancholick.

Lord *FROTH.*

Heav'n, Sir *Paul*, you amaze me, of all things in the World——You are never pleas'd but when we are all upon the broad Grin; all Laugh and no Company; ah, then is ſuch a Sight to ſee ſome Teeth——Sure you're a great Admirer of my Lady *Whiſper*, Mr. *Sneer*, and Sir *Laurence Loud*, and that Gang.

Sir *PAUL PLYANT.*

I vow and ſwear ſhe's a very merry Woman, but I think ſhe laughs a little too much.

Lord *FROTH.*

Merry! O Lord, what a Character that is of a Woman of Quality——You have been at my Lady *Whiſper*'s upon her Day, Madam?

CYNTHIA.

Yes, My Lord——I muſt humour this Fool. [*Aſide.*

Lord *FROTH.*

Well and how? hee! What is your Senſe of the Converſation?

CYNTHIA.

O moſt ridiculous, a perpetual Conſort of laughing with-

without any Harmony; for ſure, my Lord, to laugh out of Time, is as diſagreeable as to ſing out of Time or out of Tune.

Lord *FROTH.*

Hee, hee, hee, right; and then, my Lady *Whiſler* is ſo ready — ſhe always comes in three Bars too ſoon — And then, what do they laugh at? For you know laughing without a Jeſt is as impertinent; hee! as, as —

CYNTHIA.

As dancing without a Fiddle.

Lord *FROTH.*

Juſt, i'faith: that was at my Tongue's end.

CYNTHIA.

But that cannot be properly ſaid of them, for I think they are all in good Nature with the World, and only laugh at one another; and you muſt allow they have a Jeſts in their Perſons, though they have none in their Converſation.

Lord *FROTH.*

True, as I'm a Perſon of Honour——For Heav'ns ſake let us ſacrifice 'em to Mirth a little.

[*Enter Boy and whiſpers Sir Paul.*

Sir *PAUL PLYANT.*

Gads ſo — Wife, Wife, my Lady *Plyant*, I have a Word.

Lady *PLYANT.*

I'm buſie, Sir *Paul*; I wonder at your Impertinence—

CARELESS.

Sir *Paul*, harkye, I'm reaſoning the Matter you know Madam, — if your Ladyſhip pleaſe, we'll diſcourſe this in the next Room.

Sir *PAUL PLYANT.*

O ho, I wiſh you good Succeſs. I wiſh you good Succeſs. Boy, tell my Lady, when ſhe has done, I would ſpeak with her below.

SCENE

SCENE X.

CYNTHIA, *Lord* FROTH, *Lady* FROTH, BRISK.

Lady *FROTH.*

THEN you think that *Epiſode* between *Suſan*, the Dairy-Maid, and our Coach-Man is not amiſs; you know, I may ſuppoſe the Dairy in Town, as well as in the Country.

BRISK.

Incomparable, let me periſh——But then being an Heroick Poem, had not you better call him a *Charioteer? Charioteer* ſounds great; beſides your Ladyſhip's Coachman having a red Face, and you comparing him to the Sun—And you know the Sun is call'd *Heav'ns Charioteer.*

Lady *FROTH.*

Oh, infinitely better; I'm extreamly beholden to you for the Hint; ſtay, we'll read over thoſe half a Score Lines again. [*Pulls out a Paper.*] Let me ſee here, you know what goes before——the Compariſon, you know. [Reads.] *For as the Sun ſhines ev'ry Day,*
So of our Coachman I may ſay.

BRISK.

I'm afraid that Simile won't do in wet Weather——Becauſe you ſay the Sun ſhines ev'ry Day.

Lady *FROTH.*

No, for the Sun it won't, but it will do for the Coachman, for you know there's moſt Occaſion for a Coach in wet Weather.

BRISK.

Right, right; that ſaves all.

Lady *FROTH.*

Then I don't ſay the Sun ſhines all the Day, but that he peeps now and then, yet he does ſhine all the Day too, you know, tho' we don't ſee him.

BRISK.

BRISK.

Right, but the Vulgar will never comprehend that.

Lady *FROTH.*

Well, you ſhall hear——Let me ſee.

Reads] *For as the Sun ſhines ev'ry Day,*
So, of our Coach-man I may ſay,
He ſhows his drunken fiery Face,
Juſt as the Sun does, more or leſs.

BRISK.

That's right, all's well, all's well. *More or leſs.*

Lady *FROTH.* reads]

And when at Night his Labours done,
Then too, like Heav'ns Charioteer the Sun:

Ay, *Charioteer* does better.

Into the Dairy he deſcends,
And there his Whipping and his Driving ends;
There he's ſecure from Danger of a Bilk,
His Fare is paid him, and he ſets in Milk.

For *Suſan*, you know, is *Thetis* and ſo——

BRISK.

Incomparable well and proper, Igad——But I have one Exception to make——Don't you think *Bilk* (I know it's good Rhime) but don't you think *Bilk* and *Fare* too like a Hackney Coach-man?

Lady *FROTH.*

I ſwear and vow I'm afraid ſo——And yet our *Jehu* was a Hackney Coach-man, when my Lord took him.

BRISK.

Was he? I'm anſwer'd, if *Jehu* was a Hackney Coach-man — You may put that in the marginal Notes tho', to prevent Criticiſm —— Only mark it with a ſmall Aſteriſm, and ſay,——*Jehu* was formerly a Hackney Coach-man.

Lady *FROTH.*

I will; you'd oblige me extreamly to write Notes to the whole Poem.

BRISK.

With all my Heart and Soul, and proud of the vaſt Honour, let me periſh. Lord

Lord *FROTH.*

Hee, hee, hee, my Dear, have you done — won't you oin with us? we were laughing at my Lady *Whiſler*, and Mr. *Sneer*.

Lady *FROTH.*

—Ay my Dear — Were you? Oh filthy Mr. *Sneer*; e's a nauſeous Figure, a moſt fulſamick Fop, foh—— He ſpent two Days together in going about *Covent-Garden* to ſuit the Lining of his Coach with his Complexion.

Lord *FROTH.*

O ſilly! yet his Aunt is as fond of him, as if ſhe had rought the Ape into the World her ſelf.

BRISK.

Who, my Lady *Toothleſs*? O, ſhe's a mortifying Spectae; ſhe's always chewing the Cud like an old *Yew*.

CYNTHIA.

Fie, Mr. *Brisk*! *Eringo's* for her Cough.

Lady *FROTH.*

I have ſeen her take 'em half chew'd out of her Mouth, laugh, and then put 'em in again — Foh.

Lord *FROTH.*

Foh.

Lady *FROTH.*

Then ſhe's always ready to laugh when *Sneer* offers to eak — And ſits in Expectation of his no Jeſt, with r Gums bare, and her Mouth open———

BRISK.

Like an Oyſter at low Ebb, I'gad — Ha, ha, ha.

CYNTHIA. [*Aſide.*]

Well, I find there are no Fools ſo inconſiderable in themves, but they can render other People contemptible by poſing their Infirmities.

Lady *FROTH.*

Then that t'other great ſtrapping Lady——I can't hit her Name; the old fat Fool that paints ſo exorbitly.

BRISK,

BRISK.

I know whom you mean —— But deuce take me I can't hit of her Name neither —— Paints, d'ye ſay? Why ſhe lays it on with a Trowel —— Then ſhe has a great Beard that briſtles through it, and makes her look as if ſhe were plaiſter'd with Lime and Hair, let me periſh.

Lady *FROTH.*

Oh you made a Song upon her, Mr. *Briſk.*

BRISK.

He? egad, ſo I did —— My Lord can ſing it.

CYNTHIA.

O good my Lord let's hear it.

BRISK.

'Tis not a Song neither-----It's a ſort of Epigram, or rather an Epigrammatick Sonnet; I don't know what to call it, but it's Satire.-----Sing it, my Lord.

Lord *FROTH*, ſings.

Ancient Phillis *has young Graces,*
'Iis a ſtrange thing, but a true one;
Shall I tell you how?
She her ſelf makes her own Faces,
And each Morning wears a new one;
Where's the Wonder now?

BRISK,

Short, but there's Salt in't; my way of Writing, I'gad

SCENE XI.

[*To them*] FOOTMAN.

Lady *FROTH.*

HOW now?

FOOTMAN.

Your Ladyſhip's Chair is come.

Lady *FROTH.*

Is Nurſe and the Child in it?

FOOTMAN.

Yes, Madam.

Lady *FROTH.*

O the dear Creature! let's go ſee it.

Lord *FROTH.*

I ſwear, my Dear, you'll ſpoil that Child, with ſend-
g it to and again ſo often; this is the ſeventh time the
hair has gone for her to Day.

Lady *FROTH.*

O-law, I ſwear it's but the ſixth---and I han't ſeen her
eſe two Hours-----The poor dear Creature----I ſwear,
y Lord, you don't love poor little *Sapho*-----Come, my
ar *Cynthia*, Mr. *Brisk*, we'll go ſee *Sapho*, tho' my
ord won't.

CYNTHIA.

I'll wait upon your Ladyſhip.

BRISK.

Pray, Madam, how old is Lady *Sapho*?

Lady *FROTH.*

Three Quarters, but I ſwear ſhe has a World of Wit,
d can ſing a Tune already. My Lord, won't you go?
on't you? What, not to ſee *Saph*? Pray, my Lord,
me ſee little *Saph*. I knew you cou'd not ſtay.

SCENE XII.

CYNTHIA, *alone.*

'TIS not ſo hard to counterfeit Joy in the Depth of
Affliction, as to diſſemble Mirth in Company of
ols———Why ſhould I call 'em Fools? The World
nks better of 'em; for theſe have Quality and Edu-
ion, Wit and fine Converſation, are receiv'd and ad-
'd by the World———If not, they like and ad-
mire

mire themſelves———And why is not that true Wiſ-dom, for 'tis Happineſs: And for ought I know, we have miſapply'd the Name all this while, and miſtake the Thing: Since

If Happineſs in Self-content is plac'd,
The Wiſe are Wretched, and Fools only Bleſs'd.

End of the Third Act.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

MELLEFONT *and* CYNTHIA.

CYNTHIA.

I Heard him loud as I came by the Cloſet-Door, and my Lady with him, but ſhe ſeem'd to moderate his Paſſion.

MELLEFONT.

Ay, Hell thank her, as gentle Breezes moderate a Fire; but I ſhall counter-work r Spells, and ride the Witch in her own Bridle.

CYNTHIA.

It's impoſſible; ſhe'll caſt beyond you ſtill——I'll lay y Life it will never be a Match.

MELLEFONT.

What?

CYNTHIA.

Between you and me.

MELLEFONT.

Why ſo?

CYNTHIA.

My Mind gives me it won't — becauſe we are both lling; we each of us ſtrive to reach the Goal, and nder one another in the Race; I ſwear it never does ll when the Parties are ſo agreed——For when Peo- walk Hand in Hand, there's neither overtaking nor eeting: We Hunt in Couples where we both purſue ſame Game, but forget one another, and 'tis becauſe are ſo near that we don't think of coming together.

MELLE-

MELLEFONT.

Hum, 'gad I believe there's ſomething in't;——Marri age is the Game that we hunt, and while we think th we only have it in View, I don't ſee but we have it i our Power.

CYNTHIA.

Within reach; for Example, give me your Hand; yo have look'd through the wrong End of the Perſpectiv all this while; for nothing has been between us but ou Fears.

MELLEFONT.

I don't know why we ſhould not ſteal out of the Hou this very Moment and marry one another, without Con ſideration or the Fear of Repentance. Pox o'Fortun Portion, Settlements and Jointures.

CYNTHIA.

Ay, ay, what have we to do with 'em; you kno we marry for Love.

MELLEFONT.

Love, Love, down-right very villainous Love.

CYNTHIA

And he that can't live upon Love, deſerves to die in Ditch. — Here then, I give you my Promiſe, in ſpig of Duty, any Temptation of Wealth, your Inconſtanc or my own Inclination to change————

MELLEFONT.

To run moſt wilfully and unreaſonably away with m this Moment, and be married.

CYNTHIA.

Hold————Never to marry any body elſe.

MELLEFONT.

That's but a kind of Negative Conſent——Why, y won't baulk the Frolick?

CYNTHIA.

If you had not been ſo aſſured of your own Cond I would not————But 'tis but reaſonable that ſince conſent to like a Man without the vile Conſideration Mony, he ſhould give me a very evident Demonſtrati

his Wit: Therefore let me ſee you undermine my dy *Touchwood*, as you boaſted, and force her to give r Conſent, and then———

MELLEFONT.

I'll do't.

CYNTHIA.

And I'll do't.

MELLEFONT.

This very next enſuing Hour of eight a Clock is the t Minute of her Reign, unleſs the Devil aſſiſt her in *pria perſona.*

CYNTHIA.

Well, if the Devil ſhould aſſiſt her, and your Plot ſcarry.———

MELLEFONT.

Ay, what am I to truſt to then?

CYNTHIA.

Why if you give me very clear Demonſtration that it s the Devil, I'll allow for irreſiſtible Odds. But if I d it to be only Chance, or Deſtiny, or unlucky Stars, any thing but the very Devil, I'm inexorable: Only I'll keep my Word, and live a Maid for your ſake.

MELLEFONT

And you won't die one, for your own; ſo ſtill there's pe.

CYNTHIA.

Here's my Mother-in-Law, and your Friend *Careleſs*; ould not have 'em ſee us together yet.

SCENE II.

CARELESS *and Lady* PLYANT.

Lady *PLYANT.*

Swear, Mr. *Careleſs*, you are very alluring——And ſay o many fine Things, and nothing is ſo moving to me

me as a fine Thing. Well, I muſt do you this Juſtic and declare in the Face of the World, never any bo gain'd ſo far upon me as your ſelf; with Bluſhes I m own it, you have ſhaken, as I may ſay, the very Fou dation of my Honour — Well, ſure if I eſcape yo Importunities, I ſhall value my ſelf as long as I live, ſwear.

CARELESS.

And deſpiſe me. [*Sigh*

Lady *PLYANT.*

The laſt of any Man in the World, by my Purity; no you make me ſwear — O Gratitude forbid, that ſhould ever be wanting in a reſpectful Acknowledgm of an intire Reſignation of all my beſt Wiſhes, for Perſon and Parts of ſo accompliſh'd a Perſon, whoſe M rit challenges much more, I'm ſure, than my illite Praiſes can deſcription —

CARELESS (In a whining Tone.)

Ah Heav'ns, Madam, you ruin me with Kindn your charming Tongue purſues the Victory of y Eyes, while at your Feet your poor Adorer dies.

Lady *PLYANT.*

Ah! Very fine.

CARELESS (Still whining.)

Ah why are you ſo Fair, ſo bewitching Fair? O me grow to the Ground here, and feaſt upon that Ha O let me preſs it to my Heart, my trembling Heart, nimble Movement ſhall inſtruct your Pulſe, and teach to alarm Deſire.

[*Zoons, I'm almoſt at the end of my Cant, if ſhe don yield quickly.* [*A*

Lady *PLYANT.*

O that's ſo paſſionate and fine, I cannot hear it— am not ſafe if I ſtay, and muſt leave you.

CARELESS.

And muſt you leave me! Rather let me languiſh a wretched Life, and breath my Soul beneath your Fe [*I muſt ſay the ſame Thing over again, and can't help it.* [*A*

Lady *PLYANT.*

I ſwear I'm ready to languiſh too —— O my Honour! Whither is it going? I proteſt you have given me the Palpitation of the Heart.

CARELESS.

Can you be ſo cruel?————

Lady *PLYANT.*

O riſe I beſeech you, ſay no more 'till you riſe——— Why did you kneel ſo long? I ſwear I was ſo tranſported, I did not ſee it.—— Well, to ſhew you how far you have gain'd upon me; I aſſure you if Sir *Paul* ſhould die, of all Mankind there's none I'd ſooner make my ſecond Choice.

CARELESS.

O Heav'n! I can't out-live this Night without your Favour——I feel my Spirits faint, a general Dampneſs over-ſpreads my Face, a cold deadly Dew already vents through all my Pores, and will to-Morrow waſh me for ever from your Sight, and drown me in my Tomb.

Lady *PLYANT.*

O you have conquer'd, ſweet, melting, moving Sir, you have conquer'd——What Heart of Marble can refrain to weep, and yield to ſuch ſad Sayings.—— [*Cries.*

CARELESS.

I thank Heav'n, they are the ſaddeſt that I ever ſaid—— Ah! [*I ſhall never contain Laughter.* (*Aſide.*)

Lady *PLYANT.*

Oh, I yield my ſelf all up to your uncontroulable Embraces —— Say, thou dear dying Man, when, where, and how.——Ah, there's Sir *Paul*

CARELESS.

'Slife, yonder's Sir *Paul*; but if he were not come, I'm tranſported I cannot ſpeak———This Note will inform you. [*Gives her a Note.*

SCENE

SCENE III.

Lady PLYANT, *Sir* PAUL PLYANT, CYNTHIA.

Sir *PAUL PLYANT*

THOU art my tender Lambkin, and ſhalt do wh thou wilt——But endeavour to forget this *Melleſ*

CYNTHIA.

I would obey you to my Power, Sir; but if I ha not him, I have ſworn never to marry.

Sir *PAUL PLYANT.*

Never to marry! Heav'n's forbid; muſt I neither ha Sons nor Grandſons? muſt the Family of the *Plyants* b utterly extinct for want of Iſſue Male. Oh Impiety! B did you ſwear, did that ſweet Creature ſwear! ha? How durſt you ſwear without my Conſent, ah? Gads-bu who am I?

CYNTHIA.

Pray don't be angry, Sir; when I ſwore, I had yo Conſent; and therefore I ſwore.

Sir *PAUL PLYANT.*

Why then the revoking my Conſent does annul, make of none effect your Oath: So you may unſwear again——The Law will allow it.

CYNTHIA.

Ay, but my Conſcience never will.

Sir *PAUL PLYANT.*

Gads-bud no matter for that, Conſcience and Law ver go together; you muſt not expect that.

Lady *PLYANT.*

Ay, but Sir *Paul*, I conceive if ſhe has ſworn, d mark me, if ſhe has once ſworn, it is moſt unchriſtia inhuman, and obſcene that ſhe ſhould break it.—— make up the Match again, becauſe Mr. *Careleſs* ſaid would oblige him. [*Aſi*

Sir *PAUL PLYANT.*

Does your Ladyſhip conceive ſo —— Why, I was of hat Opinion once too —— Nay if your Ladyſhip conceives ſo, I'm of that Opinion again; but I can neither ind my Lord nor my Lady to know what they intend.

Lady *PLYANT.*

I'm ſatisfy'd that my Couſin *Melleſont* has been much wrong'd.

CYNTHIA. [*Aſide.*]

I'm amaz'd to find her of our ſide, for I'm ſure ſhe w'd him.

Lady *PLYANT.*

I know my Lady *Touchwood* has no Kindneſs for him: nd beſides I have been inform'd by Mr. *Careleſs*, that *Melſont* had never any thing more than a profound Reſpect —That he has own'd himſelf to be my Admirer 'tis ue, but he was never ſo preſumptuous to entertain any ſhonourable Notions of Things; ſo that if this be made ain —— I don't ſee how my Daughter can in Conſcince, or Honour, or any thing in the World ———

Sir *PAUL PLYANT.*

Indeed if this be made plain, as my Lady your Mother ys, Child ———

Lady *PLYANT.*

Plain! I was inform'd of it by Mr. *Careleſs* —— And I ure you Mr. *Careleſs* is a Perſon —— that has a moſt extordinary Reſpect and Honour for you, Sir *Paul.*

CYNTHIA. [*Aſide.*]

And for your Ladyſhip too, I believe, or elſe you had t chang'd Sides ſo ſoon; now I begin to find it.

Sir *PAUL PLYANT.*

I am much obliged to Mr. *Careleſs* really, he is a Per- that I have a great Value for, not only for that, but auſe he has a great Veneration for your Ladyſhip.

Lady *PLYANT.*

O las, no indeed, Sir *Paul*, 'tis upon your Account.

Sir *PAUL PLYANT.*

No, I proteſt and vow, I have no Title to his Eſteem,

but in having the Honour to appertain in ſome Meaſure to your Ladyſhip, that's all.

Lady *PLYANT.*

O law now, I ſwear and declare, it ſhan't be ſo, you're too modeſt, Sir *Paul.*

Sir *PAUL PLYANT.*

It becomes me, when there is any Compariſon made between———

Lady *PLYANT.*

O fy, fy, Sir *Paul*, you'll put me out of Countenance ——Your very obedient and affectionate Wife; that's it ——And highly honour'd in that Title.

Sir *PAUL PLYANT.*

Gads-bud I am tranſported! Give me leave to kiſs your Ladyſhip's Hand.

CYNTHIA.

That my poor Father ſhould be ſo very ſilly! [*Aſide.*

Lady *PLYANT.*

My Lip indeed, Sir *Paul*, I ſwear you ſhall.

[*He kiſſes her, and bows very low.*

Sir *PAUL PLYANT.*

I humbly thank your Ladyſhip——I don't know whether I fly on Ground, or walk in Air——Gads-bud, I was never thus before——Well, I muſt own my ſelf moſt beholden to Mr. *Careleſs*——As ſure as can be this is all his doing,———ſomething that he has ſaid; well 'tis a rare thing to have an ingenious Friend. Well, your Ladyſhip is of Opinion that the Match may go forward?

Lady *PLYANT.*

By all means———Mr. *Careleſs* has ſatisfy'd me of the Matter.

Sir *PAUL PLYANT.*

Well, why then Lamb you may keep your Oath, but have a care of making raſh Vows; come hither to me and kiſs *Papa.*

Lady *PLYANT.*

I ſwear and declare, I am in ſuch a twitter to read

Car

Careleſs his Letter, that I can't forbear any longer——— But though I may read all Letters firſt by Prerogative, yet I'll be ſure to be unſuſpected this time.——— Sir *Paul.*

Sir *PAUL PLYANT.*

Did your Ladyſhip call?

Lady *PLYANT.*

Nay, not to interrupt you, my Dear——Only lend me your Letter, which you had from your Steward to Day: I would look upon the Account again; and may be increaſe your Allowance.

Sir *PAUL PLYANT.*

There it is, Madam; Do you want a Pen and Ink?

[*Bows and gives the Letter.*

Lady *PLYANT.*

No, no, nothing elſe, I thank you, Sir *Paul.*——So, now I can read my own Letter under the Cover of his.

[*Aſide.*

Sir *PAUL PLYANT.*

He? And wilt thou bring a Grandſon at nine Months end — He? A brave chopping Boy.——I'll ſettle a thouſand Pound a Year upon the Rogue as ſoon as ever he looks me in the Face, I will Gads-bud. I'm overjoy'd to think I have any of my Family that will bring Children to the World. For I would fain have ſome Reſemblance of my ſelf in my Poſterity, he *Thy?* Can't you contrive that Affair, Girl? Do, Gads-bud, think on thy old Father; heh? Make the young Rogue as like as you can.

CYNTHIA.

I'm glad to ſee you ſo merry, Sir.

Sir *PAUL PLYANT.*

Merry! Gads-bud I'm ſerious, I'll give thee 500 *l.* for every Inch of him that reſembles me; ah this Eye, this right Eye! A thouſand Pound for this left Eye. This has done Execution in its time, Girl; why thou haſt my Leer, Huſſey, juſt thy Father's Leer.——Let it be tranſmitted to the young Rogue by the help of Imagination;

why 'tis the Mark of our Family, *Thy*; our Houſe is di-
ſtinguiſh'd by a languiſhing Eye, as the Houſe of *Aug-*
is by a thick Lip. —— Ah! when I was of your Age Hu-
ſey, I would have held fifty to one, I could have drawn
my own Picture——Gads-bud I could have done——
not ſo much as you neither,——but —— nay, don't
bluſh——

CYNTHIA.

I don't bluſh, Sir, for I vow I don't underſtand——

Sir *PAUL PLYANT.*

Pſhaw, Pſhaw, you fib you Baggage, you do unde-
ſtand, and you ſhall underſtand; come don't be ſo nice
Gads-bud don't learn after your Mother-in-Law my La-
here: Marry Heav'n forbid that you ſhould follow h-
Example, that would ſpoil all indeed. Bleſs us, if yo-
ſhould take a Vagarie and make a raſh Reſolution o-
your Wedding Night, to die a Maid, as ſhe did; all wo-
ruin'd, all my Hopes loſt —— My Heart would brea-
and my Eſtate would be left to the wide Word, he?
hope you are a better Chriſtian than to think of living
Nun; he? Anſwer me.

CYNTHIA.

I'm all Obedience, Sir, to your Commands.

Lady *PLYANT.* [*Having read the Letter.*]

O dear Mr. *Careleſs*, I ſwear he writes charmingly, a-
he looks charmingly, and he has charm'd me, as much
I have charm'd him; and ſo I'll tell him in the Wa-
robe when 'tis dark. O Crimine! I hope Sir *Paul*
not ſeen both Letters.

[*Puts the Letter haſtily up, and gives him her o-*
Sir *Paul*, here's your Letter; to Morrow-Morning
ſettle Accounts to your Advantage.

SCE

SCENE IV.

[*To them*] BRISK.

BRISK.

SIR *Paul*, Gads-bud you're an uncivil Perſon, let me tell you, and all that; and I did not think it had been you.

Sir *PAUL PLYANT.*

O Law, what's the Matter now? I hope you are not angry, Mr. *Brisk*.

BRISK.

Deuce take me I believe you intend to marry your daughter your ſelf; you're always brooding over her like a old Hen, as if ſhe were not well hatch'd, I'gad, he?

Sir *PAUL PLYANT.*

Good ſtrange! Mr. *Brisk* is ſuch a merry facetious Perſon, he, he, he. No, no, I have done with her, I have done with her now.

BRISK.

The Fiddles have ſtay'd this Hour in the Hall, and my Lord *Froth* wants a Partner, we can never begin without her.

Sir *PAUL PLYANT.*

Go, go Child, go, get you gone and dance and be merry, I'll come and look at you by and by.——Where's my Son *Melleſont*?

Lady *PLYANT.*

I'll ſend him to them: I know where he is——

BRISK.

Sir *Paul*, will you ſend *Careleſs* into the Hall if you meet him?

Sir *PAUL PLYANT.*

I will, I will, I'll go and look for him on purpoſe.

SCENE V.

BRISK *alone.*

SO, now they are all gone, and I have an Opportunity to practiſe.——Ah! My dear Lady *Froth!* She's a moſt engaging Creature, if ſhe were not ſo fond of that damn'd coxcombly Lord of hers; and yet I am forced to allow him Wit too, to keep in with him—— No matter, ſhe's a Woman of Parts, and I'gad Parts will carry her. She ſaid ſhe would follow me into the Gallery—Now to make my Approaches—— Hem hem! Ah Ma- (*Bows.*) dam!— Pox on't, why ſhould I diſparage my Parts by thinking what to ſay? None but dull Rogues *think*; witty Men like rich Fellows, are always ready for all Expences; while your Blockeads, like poor needy Scoundrels, are forced to examine their Stock, and forecaſt the Charge of the Day. Here ſhe comes, I'll ſeem not to ſee her, and try to win her with a new airy Invention of my own: hem!

SCENE VII.

[*To him*] *Lady* FROTH.

BRISK *Sings walking about.*

I'*M ſick with Love,* ha, ha, ha, *pr'ythee come cure me.*
I'm ſick with, &c.

O ye Pow'rs! O my Lady *Froth!* my Lady *Froth!* My Lady *Froth!* Heigho! Break my Heart; Gods I thank you.

[*Stands muſing with his Arms a-croſs*

Lady

Lady *FROTH.*

O Heav'ns, Mr. *Brisk*! hat's the Matter?

BRISK.

My Lady *Froth*! Your Ladyſhip's moſt humble Servant; — The Matter, Madam? Nothing, Madam, nothing at all I'gad. I was fallen into the moſt agreeable Amuſement in the whole Province of Contemplation: That's all ——(I'll ſeem to conceal my Paſſion, and that will look like Reſpect.) [*Aſide.*

Lady *FROTH.*

Bleſs me, why did you call out upon me ſo loud? ——

BRISK.

O Lord, I, Madam! I beſeech your Ladyſhip — when?

Lady *FROTH.*

Juſt now as I came in; bleſs me! why, don't you know it?

BRISK.

Not I, let me periſh —— But did I! Strange! I confeſs your Ladyſhip was in my Thoughts; and I was in a ſort of Dream that did in a manner preſent a very pleaſing Object to my Imagination, but ——— but did I indeed? ——— To ſee how Love and Murder will out. But did I really name my Lady *Froth*?

Lady *FROTH.*

Three times aloud, as I love Letters —— But did you talk of Love? O *Parnaſſus*! Who would have thought Mr. *Brisk* could have been in Love, ha, ha, ha. O Heav'ns! I thought you cou'd have no Miſtreſs but the Nine Muſes.

BRISK.

No more I have I'gad, for I adore 'em all in your Ladyſhip ——— Let me periſh, I don't know whether to be ſplenatick, or airy upon't; the Deuce take me if I can tell whether I am glad or ſorry that your Ladyſhip has made the Diſcovery.

Lady *FROTH.*

O be merry by all means —— Prince *Volſcius* in Love! Ha, ha, ha.

BRISK.

O barbarous, to turn me into Ridicule! Yet, ha, ha, ha. The Deuce take me, I can't help laughing my ſelf, ha, ha, ha; yet by Heav'ns I have a violent Paſſion for your Ladyſhip, ſeriouſly.

Lady *FROTH.*

Seriouſly? Ha, ha, ha.

BRISK.

Seriouſly, ha, ha, ha. Gad I have, for all I laugh.

Lady *FROTH.*

Ha, ha, ha! What d'ye think I laugh at? Ha, ha, ha.

BRISK.

Me I'gad, ha, ha.

Lady *FROTH.*

No, the Deuce take me if I don't laugh at my ſelf; for hang me if I have not a violent Paſſion for Mr. *Brisk*, ha, ha, ha.

BRISK.

Seriouſly?

Lady *FROTH.*

Seriouſly, ha, ha, ha.

BRISK.

That's well enough; let me periſh, ha, ha, ha. O miraculous, what a happy Diſcovery. Ah my dear charming Lady *Froth!*

Lady *FROTH.*

Oh my adored Mr. *Brisk!* [*Embrace*

SCENE VII.

[*To them*] *Lord* FROTH.

Lord *FROTH.*

THE Company are all ready——How now?

BRISK.

Zoons, Madam, there's my Lord, [*Softly to* La

Lady *FROTH.*

Take no Notice —— but obſerve me———— Now ft off, and meet me at the lower End of the Room, d then join Hands again; I could teach my Lord this ance purely, but I vow, Mr. *Briſk*, I can't tell how to me ſo near any other Man. Oh here's my Lord, now u ſhall ſee me do it with him.

[*They pretend to practiſe part of a Country Dance.*

Lord *FROTH.*

——Oh, I ſee there's no Harm yet———But I don't e this Familiarity. [*Aſide.*

Lady *FROTH.*

——Shall you and I do our cloſe Dance, to ſhow Mr. *iſk*?

Lord *FROTH.*

No, my Dear, do it with him.

Lady *FROTH.*

I'll do it with him, my Lord, when you are out of e Way.

BRISK.

That's good I'gad, that's good. Deuce take me I can rdly hold laughing in his Face. [*Aſide.*

Lord *FROTH.*

Any other time, my Dear, or we'll dance it below.

Lady *FROTH.*

With all my Heart.

BRISK.

Come my Lord, I'll wait on you———My charm- witty Angel! [*To her.*

Lady *FROTH.*

We ſhall have whiſpering time enough, you know, ce we are Partners.

SCENE VIII.

Lady PLYANT, *and* CARELESS.

Lady *PLYANT.*

O Mr. *Careleſs*, Mr. *Careleſs*, I'm ruin'd, I'm undone!

CARELESS.

What's the Matter, Madam?

Lady *PLYANT.*

O the unlucky'ſt Accident, I'm afraid I ſhan't live t tell it you.

CARELESS.

Heav'n forbid! What is it?

Lady *PLYANT.*

I'm in ſuch a Fright; the ſtrangeſt Quandary and Pr munire! I'm all over in an Univerſal Agitation, I da ſwear every Circumſtance of me trembles. ——— your Letter, your Letter! by an unfortunate Miſtake, have given Sir *Paul* your Letter inſtead of his own.

CARELESS.

That was unlucky.

Lady *PLYANT.*

O yonder he comes reading of it, for Heav'ns ſake fl in here and adviſe me quickly, before he ſees.

SCENE IX.

Sir PAUL *with a Letter.*

Sir *PAUL PLYANT.*

O Providence! what a Conſpiracy have I diſcover'd— But let me ſee to make an end on't. ——— (*Read*

Hu

him ——— *After Supper in the Wardrobe by the Gallery. Sir* Paul *ſhould ſurprize us, I have a Commiſſion from him treat with you about the very Matter of Fact* —— Matter Fact! Very pretty; it ſeems then I am conducing to y own Cukoldom; why this is the very traiterous Poſion of taking up Arms by my Authority, againſt my erſon! Well, let me ſee——*'Till then I languiſh in Expecion of my adored Charmer.*

Dying Ned. Careleſs.

ads-bud, would that were Matter of Fact too. Die d be damn'd for a *Judas Maccabeus*, and *Iſcariot* both. Friendſhip! What art thou but a Name! Henceforward no Man make a Friend that would not be a Cuckold: r whomſoever he receives into his Boſom, will find e Way to his Bed, and there return his Careſſes with tereſt to his Wife. Have I for this been pinion'd Night er Night for three Years paſt? Have I been ſwath'd in nkets 'till I have been even depriv'd of Motion? Have pproach'd the Marriage Bed with Reverence as to a ſad Shrine, and deny'd my ſelf the Enjoyment of law- Domeſtick Pleaſures to preſerve its Purity, and muſt ow find it polluted by foreign Iniquity? O my Lady *ant*, you were chaſte as Ice, but you are melted now, d falſe as Water. ——— But Providence has been cont to me in diſcovering this Conſpiracy; ſtill I am beden to Providence, if it were not for Providence, ſure or Sir *Paul* thy Heart would break.

SCENE X.

[*To him*] *Lady* PLYANT.

Lady *PLYANT.*

O, Sir, I ſee you have read the Letter, ——— Well now, Sir *Paul*, what do you think of your Friend *Careleſs*?

Careleſs? Has he been treacherous, or did you give h
Inſolence a Licenſe to make Tryal of your Wife's ſuſpec
ed Virtue? D'ye ſee here? [*Snatches the Letter as in A*
Look, read it! Gad's my Life if I thought it were ſ
I wou'd this Moment renounce all Communication wi
you. Ungrateful Monſter! He? Is it ſo? Ay, I ſee it,
Plot upon my Honour; your guilty Cheeks confeſs i
Oh where ſhall wrong'd Virtue fly for Reparation! I
be divorced this Inſtant.

Sir *PAUL PLYANT.*

Gabs-bud what ſhall I ſay? This is the ſtrangeſt Sc
prize! Why I don't know any thing at all, nor I do
know whether there be any thing at all in the World,
no.

Lady *PLYANT.*

I thought I ſhould try you, falſe Man. I that ne
diſſembled in my Life: Yet to make Tryal of you, p
tended to like that Monſter of Iniquity, *Careleſs*,
found out that Contrivance to let you ſee this Lett
which now I find was of your own inditing ——
I do, Heathen, I do; ſee my Face no more; I'll be
vorced preſently.

Sir *PAUL PLYANT.*

O ſtrange, what will become of me! —— I'm ſo
maz'd, and ſo overjoy'd, ſo afraid, and ſo ſorry. ——
But did you give me this Letter on Purpoſe, he? I
you?

Lady *PLYANT.*

Did I? Do you doubt me, Turk, Saracen? I ha
Couſin that's a Proctor in the Commons, I'll go to h
inſtantly. ——

Sir *PAUL PLYANT.*

Hold, ſtay, I beſeech your Ladyſhip —— I'm ſo o
joy'd, ſtay, I'll confeſs all.

Lady *PLYANT.*

What will you confeſs, Jew?

Sir *PAUL PLYANT.*

Why now as I hop'd to be ſaved, I had no Hand in
Lo

Letter——— Nay hear me, I beſeech your Ladyſhip. The Devil take me now if he did not go beyond my Commiſſion—If I deſired him to do any more than ſpeak a good Word only juſt for me; Gads-bud only for poor Sir *Paul*, I'm an Anabaptiſt, or a Jew, or what you pleaſe to call me.

Lady *PLYANT.*

Why is not here Matter of Fact?

Sir *PAUL PLYANT.*

Ay, but by your own Virtue and Continency that matter of Fact is all his own doing——— I confeſs I had a great Deſire to have ſome Honours conferr'd upon me, which lye all in your Ladyſhip's Breaſt, and he being a well-ſpoken Man, I deſired him to intercede for me.———

Lady *PLYANT.*

Did you ſo, Preſumption! Oh! he comes, the *Tarquin* comes; I cannot bear his Sight.

SCENE XI.

CARELESS, *Sir* PAUL PLYANT.

CARELESS.

SIR *Paul*, I'm glad I've met with you; 'gad I have ſaid all I could, but can't prevail——— Then my Friendſhip to you has carry'd me a little farther in this Matter———

Sir *PAUL PLYANT.*

Indeed——— Well Sir——— I'll diſſemble with him a little. [*Aſide.*

CARELESS.

Why Faith I have in my Time known honeſt Gentlemen abuſed by a pretended Coyneſs in their Wives, and I had a Mind to try my Lady's Virtue —— And when I could

could not prevail for you, 'gad I pretended to be in Love my ſelf —— but all in vain, ſhe would not hear a Word upon that Subject: Then I writ a Letter to her; I don't know what Effects that will have, but I'll be ſure to tell you when I do, tho' by this Light I believe her Virtue is impregnable.

Sir *PAUL PLYANT.*

O Providence! Providence! What Diſcoveries are here made? Why, this is better and more miraculous than the reſt.

CARELESS.

What do you mean?

Sir *PAUL PLYANT.*

I can't tell you, I'm ſo overjoy'd; come along with me to my Lady, I can't contain my ſelf; come my dear Friend.

CARELESS.

So, ſo, ſo, this Difficulty's over. [*Aſide.*

SCENE XII.

MELLEFONT, MASKWELL, *from different Doors.*

MELLEFONT.

Maskwell! I have been looking for you——'tis within a Quarter of Eight.

MASKWELL

My Lady is juſt gone into my Lord's Cloſet, you had beſt ſteal into her Chamber before ſhe comes, and lye concealed there, otherwiſe ſhe may lock the Door when we are together, and you not eaſily get in to ſurprize us.

MELLEFONT.

He? You ſay true.

MASKWELL.

You had beſt make haſte, for after ſhe has made ſome Apology

Apology to the Company for her own, and my Lord's Abſence all this while, ſhe'll retire to her Chamber inſtantly.

MELLEFONT.

I go this Moment: Now Fortune I defie thee.

SCENE XIII.

MASKWELL, *alone.*

I Confeſs you may be allow'd to be ſecure in your own Opinion; the Appearance is very fair, but I have an After-Game to play that ſhall turn the Tables, and here comes the Man that I muſt manage.

SCENE XIV.

[*To him*] *Lord* TOUCHWOOD.

Lord *TOUCHWOOD.*

Maskwell, you are the Man I wiſh'd to meet.

MASKWELL.

I am happy to be in the way of your Lordſhip's Commands.

Lord *TOUCHWOOD.*

I have always found you prudent and careful in any thing that has concern'd me or my Family.

MASKWELL.

I were a Villain elſe——I am bound by Duty and Gratitude, and my own Inclination, to be ever your Lordſhip's Servant.

Lord *TOUCHWOOD.*

Enough——You are my Friend; I know it: Yet there has been a thing in your Knowledge, which has concern'd me nearly, that you have conceal'd from me.

MASK-

MASKWELL.

My Lord!

Lord *TOUCHWOOD.*

Nay, I excuſe your Friendſhip to my unnatural Nephew thus far —— But I know you have been privy to his impious Deſigns upon my Wife. This Ev'ning ſhe has told me all: Her good Nature conceal'd it as long as was poſſible; but he perſeveres ſo in Villany, that ſhe has told me even you were weary of diſſuading him, though you have once actually hindered him from forcing her.

MASKWELL.

I am ſorry, my Lord, I can't make you an Anſwer; this is an Occaſion in which I would not willingly be ſilent.

Lord *TOUCHWOOD.*

I know you would excuſe him——And I know as well that you can't.

MASKWELL.

Indeed I was in Hopes 'thad been a youthful Heat, that might have ſoon boil'd over; but——

Lord *TOUCHWOOD.*

Say on.

MASKWELL.

I have nothing more to ſay my Lord —— But to expreſs my Concern; for I think his Frenzy increaſes daily.

Lord *TOUCHWOOD.*

How! Give me but Proof of it, Ocular Proof, that I may juſtifie my Dealing with him to the World, and ſhare my Fortunes.

MASKWELL.

O my Lord! conſider that is hard: Beſides, Time may work upon him: Then, for me to do it! I have profeſs'd an everlaſting Friendſhip to him.

Lord *TOUCHWOOD.*

He is your Friend, and what am I?

MASKWELL.

I am anſwered.

Lord

Lord *TOUCHWOOD.*

Fear not his Diſpleaſure; I will put you out of his d Fortune's Power, and for that thou art ſcrupulouſly oneſt, I will ſecure thy Fidelity to him, and give my lonour never to own any Diſcovery that you ſhall ake me. Can you give me a demonſtrative Proof? peak.

MASKWELL.

I wiſh I could not———To be plain, my Lord, I tended this Ev'ning to have try'd all Arguments to diſ-ade him from a Deſign, which I ſuſpect; and if I d not ſucceeded, to have informed your Lordſhip of hat I knew.

Lord *TOUCHWOOD.*

I thank you. What is the Villain's Purpoſe?

MASKWELL.

He has own'd nothing to me of late, and what I mean ow, is only a bare Suſpicion of my own. If your ordſhip will meet me a Quarter of an Hour hence ere, in that Lobby by my Lady's Bed-Chamber, I ſhall able to tell you more.

Lord *TOUCHWOOD.*

I will.

MASKWELL.

My Duty to your Lordſhip, makes me do a ſevere ece of Juſtice.

Lord *TOUCHWOOD.*

I will be ſecret, and reward your Honeſty beyond your opes.

SCENE

SCENE XV.

SCENE *opening ſhews Lady* TOUCHWOOD*'s Chamber.*

MELLEFONT, *Solus.*

PRAY Heav'n my Aunt keep touch with her Affi nation.——Oh that her Lord were but ſweating b hind this Hanging, with the expectation of what I ſhall ſee Hiſt, ſhe comes——Little does ſhe think what a Mine juſt ready to ſpring under her Feet. But to my Poſt.

[*Goes behind the Ha ng*

SCENE XVI.

Lady TOUCHWOOD.

'TIS Eight a Clock: Methinks I ſhould have fou him here. Who does not prevent the Hour Love, outſtays the Time; for to be dully Punctual, is t ſlow.—I was accuſing you of Neglect.

SCENE XVII.

Lady TOUCHWOOD, *and* MASKWELL. MELLEFONT *abſconding.*

MASKWELL.

I Confeſs you do reproach me when I ſee you here fore me; but 'tis fit I ſhould be ſtill behind-hand, to be more and more indebted to your Goodneſs.

Lady *TOUCHWOOD.*

You can excuſe a Fault too well, not to have been to me——A ready Anſwer ſhews you were prepar'd.

MASKWELL.

Guilt is ever at a Loſs, and Confuſion waits upon it; hen Innocence and bold Truth are always ready for Exeſſion——

Lady *TOUCHWOOD.*

Not in Love; Words are the weak Support of cold difference; Love has no Language to be heard.

MASKWELL.

Exceſs of Joy has made me ſtupid! Thus may my Lips ever clos'd. (*Kiſſes her.*) And thus——Oh who ould not loſe his Speech, upon Condition to have Joys ove it?

Lady *TOUCHWOOD.*

Hold, let me lock the Door firſt. [*Goes to the Door.*

MASKWELL, (*Aſide.*)

That I believe'd; 'twas well I left the private Paſſage en.

Lady *TOUCHWOOD.*

So, that's ſafe.

MASKWELL.

And ſo may all your Pleaſures be, and ſecret as this s——

MELLEFONT.

And may all Treachery be thus diſcover'd. [*Leaps out.*

Lady *TOUCHWOOD.*

Ah! [*Shrieks.*

MELLEFONT.

Villain! [*Offers to draw.*

MASKWELL.

Nay then, there's but one Way. [*Runs out.*

SCENE

SCENE XVIII.

Lady TOUCHWOOD, MELLEFONT.

MELLEFONT.

SAY you ſo, were you provided for an Eſcape? Hol Madam, you have no more Holes to your Burrou I'll ſtand between you and this Sally-Port.

Lady *TOUCHWOOD.*

Thunder ſtrike thee dead for this Deceit, immedi Lightning blaſt thee, me and the whole World—Oh! could rack my ſelf, play the Vulture to my own Heart, a gnaw it piece-meal, for not boding to me this Misfortu

MELLEFONT.

Be Patient.———

Lady *TOUCHWOOD.*

Be Damn'd.

MELLEFONT.

Conſider I have you on the Hook; you will but flo der your ſelf a weary, and be nevertheleſs my Priſone

Lady *TOUCHWOOD.*

I'll hold my Breath and die, but I'll be free.

MELLEFONT.

O Madam, have a care of dying unprepar'd; I do you have ſome unrepented Sins that may hang heavy, a retard your Flight.

Lady *TOUCHWOOD.*

O! what ſhall I do? ſay? Whither ſhall I turn? H Hell no Remedy?

MELLEFONT.

None. Hell has ſerv'd you ev'n as Heav'n has done, you to your ſelf.—— You're in a kind of *Eraſmus'* P diſe; yet if you pleaſe you may make it a Purgato and with a little Penance and my Abſolution all this m turn to good Account.

L

Lady *TOUCHWOOD.* [*Aſide.*]

Hold in my Paſſion, and fall, fall a little thou ſwelling art; let me have ſome Intermiſſion of this Rage, and e Minute's Coolneſs to diſſemble. [*She weeps.*

MELLEFONT.

You have been to blame.——I like thoſe Tears, and pe they are of the pureſt kind —— Penitential Tears.

Lady *TOUCHWOOD.*

O the Scene was ſhifted quick before me——I had not me to think——I was ſurpriſed to ſee a Monſter in the aſs, and now I find 'tis my ſelf; Can you have Mercy forgive the Faults I have imagin'd, but never put in actice——O conſider, conſider how fatal you have en to me, you have already kill'd the Quiet of this fe. The Love of you was the firſt wand'ring Fire at e'er miſ-led my Steps, and while I had only that in iew, I was betray'd into unthought-of Ways of Ruin.

MELLEFONT.

May I believe this true?

Lady *TOUCHWOOD.*

O be not cruelly incredulous —— How can you doubt eſe ſtreaming Eyes? Keep the ſevereſt Eye o'er all my ture Conduct; and if I once relapſe, let me not hope rgiveneſs; 'twill ever be in your Power to ruin me—y Lord ſhall ſign to your Deſires; I will my ſelf create ur Happnieſs, and *Cynthia* ſhall be this Night your Bride —Do but conceal my Failings, and forgive.

MELLEFONT.

Upon ſuch Terms I will be ever yours in ev'ry honeſt ay.

SCENE XIX.

MASKWELL *ſoftly introduces Lord* TOUCHWOOD, *and retires.*

MASKWELL.

Have kept my Word, he's here, but I muſt not be ſeen.

SCENE

SCENE XX.

Lady TOUCHWOOD, *Lord* TOUCHWOOD, MELLEFONT.

Lord *TOUCHWOOD.*

HELL and Amazement! she's in Tears.

Lady *TOUCHWOOD* (*Kneeling.*)

Eternal Blessings thank you ——— Ha! My L… list'ning! O Fortune has o'erpaid me all, all! all's … own! [*A*

MELLEFONT.

Nay I beseech you rise.

Lady *TOUCHWOOD* (*Aloud.*)

Never, never! I'll grow to the Ground, be buried qu… beneath it, e'er I'll be consenting to so damn'd a Sin… Incest! unnatural Incest!

MELLEFONT.

Ha!

Lady *TOUCHWOOD.*

O cruel Man, will you not let me go —— I'll forg… all that's past —— O Heav'n, you will not ravish me!

MELLEFONT.

Damnation!

Lord *TOUCHWOOD.*

Monster, Dog! your Life shall answer this ——

[*Draws and runs at* Mellefont, *is held by Lady* Tou… wood

Lady *TOUCHWOOD.*

O Heav'ns my Lord! Hold, hold, for Heav'ns sake.

MELLEFONT.

Confusion! my Uncl… ! O the damn'd Sorceress!

Lady *TOUCHWOOD.*

Moderate your Rage, good my Lord! He's mad, …

's mad — Indeed he is, my Lord, and knows not what does — See how wild he looks.

MELLEFONT.

By Heav'n 'twere ſenſeleſs not to be mad, and ſee ſuch witchcraft.

Lady *TOUCHWOOD.*

My Lord, you hear him, he talks idly.

Lord *TOUCHWOOD.*

Hence from my Sight, thou living Infamy to my Name; when next I ſee that Face I'll write Villain in't with my Sword's Point.

MELLEFONT.

Now, by my Soul, I will not go 'till I have made known my Wrongs — Nay, 'till I have made known hers, which (if poſſible) are greater — though ſhe has the Hoſt of Hell her Servants.

Lady *TOUCHWOOD.*

Alas he raves! Talks very Poetry! For Heav'ns ſake away my Lord, he'll either tempt you to Extravagance, or commit ſome himſelf.

MELLEFONT.

Death and Furies, will you not hear me — Why by Heav'n ſhe laughs, grins, points to your Back; ſhe forks out Cuckoldom with her Fingers, and you're running ſtark-mad after your Fortune.

[*As ſhe is going ſhe turns back and ſmiles at him.*

Lord *TOUCHWOOD.*

I fear he's mad indeed — Let's ſend *Maskwell* to him.

MELLEFONT.

Send him to her.

Lady *TOUCHWOOD.*

Come, come, good my Lord, my Heart akes ſo, I ſhall faint if I ſtay.

SCENE

SCENE XXI.

MELLEFONT *alone.*

O I could curſe my Stars, Fate, and Chance; all C
ſes and Accidents of Fortune in this Life! But
what Purpoſe? Yet, 'ſdeath, for a Man to have
Fruit of all his Induſtry grow full and ripe, ready to d
into his Mouth, and juſt when he holds out his Hand
gather it, to have a ſudden Whirlwind come, tear
Tree and all, and bear away the very Root and Foundatio
his Hopes; What Temper can contain? They talk
ſending *Maskwell* to me; I never had more need of h
—— But what can he do? Imagination cannot for
fairer and more plauſible Deſign than this of his wh
has miſcarried —— O my precious Aunt, I ſhall ne
thrive without I deal with the Devil, or another Wom

Women like Flames have a deſtroying Pow'r,
Ne'er to be quench'd, 'till they themſelves devour.

SCENE *ſhuts.*

AC

ACT V. SCENE I.

Lady TOUCHWOOD *and* MASKWELL.

Lady *TOUCHWOOD.*



AS'T not lucky?

MASKWELL,

Lucky! Fortune is your own, and 'tis her Intereſt ſo to be; by Heav'n I believe you can controul her Pow'r, and ſhe fears it; though Chance brought my Lord, 'as your own Art that turn'd it to Advantage.

Lady *TOUCHWOOD.*

'Tis true, it might have been my Ruin —— But yon-'s my Lord, I believe's he coming to find you, I'll not ſeen.

SCENE II.

MASKWELL, *alone.*

O; I durſt not own my introducing my Lord, though it ſucceeded well for her; for ſhe would have ſuſpec-a Deſign which I ſhould have been puzzled to excuſe. Lord is thoughtful —— I'll be ſo too; yet he ſhall know Thoughts; or think he does———

SCENE III.

[*To him*] *Lord* TOUCHWOOD.

MASKWELL.

WHAT have I done?

Lord *TOUCHWOOD.*

Talking to himself!

MASKWELL.

'Twas honeſt —— and ſhall I be rewarded for it? N
'twas honeſt, therefore I ſhan't;——Nay, rather therefo
I ought not; for it rewards it ſelf.

Lord *TOUCHWOOD.*

Unequall'd Virtue! [4

MASKWELL.

But ſhould it be known! Then I have loſt a Frien
He was an ill Man, and I have gain'd; for half my fe
lent him, and that I have recall'd; ſo I have ſerved my
and what is yet better, I have ſerved a worthy Lord
whom I owe my ſelf.

Lord *TOUCHWOOD.*

Excellent Man! [4

MASKWELL.

Yet I am wretched O there is a Secret burns wi
in this Breaſt, which ſhould it once blaze forth, wo
ruin all, conſume my honeſt Character, and brand
with the Name of Villain.

Lord *TOUCHWOOD.*

Ha!

MASKWELL.

Why do I love! Yet Heav'n and my waking Conſcie
are my Witneſſes, I never gave one working Thoug
Vent; which might diſcover that I lov'd, nor ever m
no, let it prey upon my Heart; for I would rather
than ſeem once, barely ſeem, diſhoneſt: O, ſhould it

e known I love fair *Cynthia*, all this that I have done would look like Rival's Malice, falſe Friendſhip to my Lord, and baſe Self-intereſt. Let me periſh firſt, and rom this Hour avoid all Sight and Speech, and, if I can, ll Thought of that pernicious Beauty. Ha! But what s my Diſtraction doing? I am wildly talking to my ſelf, nd ſome ill Chance might have directed malicious Ears his way. [*Seems to ſtart, ſeeing my Lord.*

Lord *TOUCHWOOD.*

Start not —— let guilty and diſhoneſt Souls ſtart at the evelation of their Thoughts, but be thou fix'd, as is thy irtue.

MASKWELL.

I am confounded, and beg your Lordſhip's Pardon for oſe free Diſcourſes which I have had with my ſelf.

Lord *TOUCHWOOD.*

Come, I beg your Pardon that I over-heard you, and t it ſhall not need —— Honeſt *Maskwell*! thy and my od Genius led me hither ——— Mine, in that I have ſcover'd ſo much manly Virtue; thine, in that thou alt have due Reward of all thy Worth. Give me thy and —— my Nephew is the alone remaining Branch of our ancient Family; him I thus blow away, and conſtute thee in his room to be my Heir ———

MASKWELL.

Now Heav'n forbid ——

Lord *TOUCHWOOD.*

No more —— I have reſolv'd —— The Writings are dy drawn, and wanted nothing but to be ſign'd, and ve his Name inſerted —— Yours will fill the Blank as ell —— I will have no Reply —— Let me command s time; for 'tis the laſt, in which I will aſſume Auority —— hereafter, you ſhall rule where I have Power.

MASKWELL.

I humbly would Petition ———

Lord *TOUCHWOOD.*

Is't for your ſelf? —— [Mask. *pauſes.*] I'll hear of nought any Body elſe.

SCENE III.

[*To him*] *Lord* TOUCHWOOD.

MASKWELL.

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MASKWELL.

I humbly would Petition———

Lord *TOUCHWOOD.*

Is't for your ſelf? —— [Mask. *paſes.*] I'll hear of nought any Body elſe.

MASKWELL.

Then Witneſs Heav'n for me, this Wealth and Honour was not of my ſeeking, nor would I build my Fortune on another's Ruin: I had but one Deſire——

Lord *TOUCHWOOD.*

Thou ſhalt enjoy it——If all I'm worth in Wealth or Intereſt can purchaſe *Cynthia*, ſhe is thine. —— I'm ſure Sir *Paul*'s Conſent will follow Fortune; I'll quickly ſhew him which way that is going.

MASKWELL.

You oppreſs me with Bounty; my Gratitude is weak and ſhrinks beneath the Weight, and cannot riſe to thank you——What, enjoy my Love! Forgive the Tranſport of a Bleſſing ſo unexpected, ſo unhop'd for, ſo unthought of!

Lord *TOUCHWOOD.*

I will confirm it, and rejoice with thee.

SCENE IV.

MASKWELL alone.

THIS is proſp'rous indeed——Why let him find me out a Villain, ſettled in Poſſeſſion of a fair Eſtate and full Fruition of my Love, I'll bear the Railings of a loſing Gameſter —— But ſhou'd he find me out before! 'tis dangerous to delay ——Let me think——ſhou'd my Lord proceed to treat openly of my Marriage with *Cynthia*, it muſt be diſcover'd, and *Melleſont* can be no longer blinded —— It muſt not be; nay, ſhou'd my Lady know it—— ay, then were find Work indeed! Her Fury wou'd ſpare nothing, tho' ſhe involv'd her ſelf in Ruin. No, it muſt be by Stratagem ———— I muſt deceive *Melleſont* once more, and get my Lord to conſent to my private Management. He comes opportunely —— Now will I, my old way, diſcover the whole and real Truth of the Matter

Matter to him, that he may not ſuſpect one Word on't.

No Maſk like open Truth to cover Lies,
As to go naked is the beſt Diſguiſe.

SCENE V.

[*To him*] MELLEFONT.

MELLEFONT.

O *Maskwell*, what Hope? I am confounded in a Maze of Thoughts, each leading into one another, and all ending in Perplexity. My Uncle will not ſee, nor hear me.

MASKWELL.

No Matter, Sir, don't trouble your Head, all's in my Power.

MELLEFONT.

How? For Heav'ns ſake?

MASKWELL.

Little do you think that your Aunt has kept her Word, — How the Devil ſhe wrought my Lord into this Dotage, I know not; but he's gone to Sir *Paul* about my Marriage with *Cynthia*, and has appointed me his Heir.

MELLEFONT.

The Devil he has! What's to be done?

MASKWELL.

I have it, it muſt be by Stratagem; for it's in vain to make Application to him. I think I have that in my Head that cannot fail: Where's *Cynthia*?

MELLEFONT.

In the Garden.

MASKWELL.

Let us go and conſult her, my Life for yours, I cheat my Lord.

SCENE VI.

Lord TOUCHWOOD, *Lady* TOUCHWOOD.

Lady *TOUCHWOOD.*

Maskwell your Heir, and marry *Cynthia*!

Lord *TOUCHWOOD.*

I cannot do too much, for ſo much Merit.

Lady *TOUCHWOOD.*

But this is a Thing of too great Moment to be ſo ſuddenly reſolv'd. Why *Cynthia*? Why muſt he be marry'd? Is there not Reward enough in raiſing his low Fortune, but he muſt mix his Blood with mine, and wed my Niece? How know you that my Brother will conſent, or ſhe? Nay, he himſelf perhaps may have Affections otherwhere.

Lord *TOUCHWOOD.*

No, I am convinc'd he loves her.

Lady *TOUCHWOOD.*

Maskwell love *Cynthia*? impoſſible!

Lord *TOUCHWOOD.*

I tell you, he confeſs'd it to me.

Lady *TOUCHWOOD.*

Confuſion! How's this! [*Aſide*

Lord *TOUCHWOOD.*

His Humility long ſtifled his Paſſion: And his Love of *Melleſont* would have made him ſtill conceal it. —— But by Encouragement, I wrung the Secret from him; and know he's no way to be rewarded but in her. I'll defer my farther Proceedings in it till you have conſider'd it; but remember how we are both indebted to him.

SCENE

SCENE VII.

Lady *TOUCHWOOD alone.*

BOTH indebted to him! Yes, we are both indebted to him, if you knew all. Villain! Oh, I am wild with this Surprize of Treachery: It is impoſſible; it cannot be.——He love *Cynthia!* What, have I been Bawd to his Deſigns, his Property only, a baiting Place! Now I ſee what made him falſe to *Melleſont*. ——Shame and Diſtraction! I cannot bear it. Oh! what Woman can bear to be a Property? To be kindled to a Flame, only to light him to another's Arms? Oh! that I were Fire indeed, that I might burn the vile Traitor. What ſhall I do? How ſhall I think? I cannot think,——All my Deſigns are loſt, my Love unſated, my Revenge unfiniſh'd, and freſh cauſe of Fury from unthought-of Plagues.

SCENE VIII.

[*To her*] *Sir* PAUL PLYANT.

Sir *PAUL PLYANT.*

MADAM, Siſter, my Lady Siſter, did you ſee my Lady my Wife?

Lady *TOUCHWOOD.*

Oh! Torture!

Sir *PAUL PLYANT.*

Gads-bud, I can't find her high nor low; where can ſhe be, think you?

Lady *TOUCHWOOD.*

Where ſhe's ſerving you, as all your Sex ought to be ſerv'd; making you a Beaſt. Don't you know that you're a Fool, Brother?

Sir *PAUL PLYANT.*

A Fool! he, he, he, you're merry —— No, no, not I, I know no ſuch Matter.

Lady *TOUCHWOOD.*

Why then you don't know half your Happineſs.

Sir *PAUL PLYANT.*

That's a Jeſt with all my Heart, faith and troth, —— But harkye, my Lord told me ſomething of a Revolution of things; I don't know what to make on't, —— Gads-bud I muſt conſult my Wife, —— he talks of diſinheriting his Nephew; and I don't know what, —— Look you, Siſter, I muſt know what my Girl has to truſt to; or not a Syllable of a Wedding, Gads-bud —— to ſhew you that I am not a Fool.

Lady *TOUCHWOOD.*

Hear me; conſent to the breaking off this Marriage, and the promoting any other, without conſulting me, and I'll renounce all Blood, all Relation and Concern with you for ever, —— nay, I'll be your Enemy, and purſue you to Deſtruction, I'll tear your Eyes out, and tread you under my Feet. ——

Sir *PAUL PLYANT.*

Why, what's the Matter now? Good Lord, what's all this for? Pooh, here's a Joke indeed —— Why, where's my Wife?

Lady *TOUCHWOOD.*

With *Careleſs*, in the cloſe Arbour; he may want you by this time, as much as you want her.

Sir *PAUL PLYANT.*

O, if ſhe be with Mr *Careleſs*, 'tis well enough.

Lady *TOUCHWOOD.*

Fool, Sot, inſenſible Ox! But remember what I ſaid to you, or you had better eat your own Horns, by this Light you had.

Sir *PAUL PLYANT.*

You're a paſſionate Woman, Gads-bud, —— But to ſay Truth, all our Family are Cholerick; I am the only peaceable Perſon amongſt 'em.

SCENE

SCENE IX.

MELLEFONT, MASKWELL *and* CYNTHIA.

MELLEFONT.

I Know no other Way but this he has propos'd; if you have Love enough to run the Venture.

CYNTHIA.

I don't know whether I have Love enough, —— but I find I have Obſtinacy enough to purſue whatever I have once reſolv'd; and a true Female Courage to oppoſe any thing that reſiſts my Will, tho' 'twere Reaſon it ſelf.

MASKWELL.

That's right, ——— Well, I'll ſecure the Writings, and run the Hazard along with you.

CYNTHIA.

But how can the Coach and Six Horſes be got ready without Suſpicion?

MASKWELL.

Leave it to my Care; that ſhall be ſo far from being ſuſpected, that it ſhall be got ready by my Lord's own Order.

MELLEFONT.

How?

MASKWELL.

Why, I intend to tell my Lord the whole Matter of our Contrivance; that's my way.

MELLEFONT.

I don't underſtand you.

MASKWELL.

Why, I'll tell my Lord, I laid this Plot with you, on purpoſe to betray you; and that which put me upon it, was, the finding it impoſſible to gain the Lady any other way, but in the Hopes of her marrying you. ———

MELLEFONT.

So——

MASKWELL.

So, why ſo, while you're buſied in making your ſelf ready, I'll wheedle her into the Coach; and inſtead of you, borrow my Lord's Chaplain, and ſo run away with her my ſelf.

MELLEFONT.

O I conceive you, you'll tell him ſo?

MASKWELL.

Tell him ſo! ay; why you don't think I mean to do ſo?

MELLEFONT.

No, no; ha, ha, I dare ſwear thou wilt not.

MASKWELL.

Therefore for our farther Security, I would have you diſguis'd like a Parſon, that if my Lord ſhould have Curioſity to peep, he may not diſcover you in the Coach, but think the Cheat is carried on as he would have it.

MELLEFONT.

Excellent *Maskwell*! thou wert certainly meant for a Stateſman or a Jeſuite,——but thou art too honeſt for one, and too pious for the other.

MASKWELL.

Well, get your ſelves ready, and meet me in half an Hour, yonder in my Lady's Dreſſing-Room; go by the back Stairs, and ſo we may ſlip down without being obſerv'd,——I'll ſend the Chaplain to you with his Robes; I have made him my own,——and ordered him to meet us to-Morrow Morning at St. *Albans*; there we will ſum up this Account, to all our Satisfactions.

MELLEFONT.

Should I begin to thank or praiſe thee, I ſhould waſte the little Time we have.

SCENE

SCENE X.

CYNTHIA, MASKWELL.

MASKWELL.

MADAM, you will be ready?

CYNTHIA.

I will be punctual to the Minute. [*Going.*

MASKWELL.

Stay, I have a Doubt——Upon ſecond Thoughts, we had better meet in the Chaplain's Chamber here, the corner Chamber at this End of the Gallery, there is a back Way into it, ſo that you need not come through this Door—and a Pair of private Stairs leading down to the Stables——It will be more convenient.

CYNTHIA.

I am guided by you,——but *Melleſont* will miſtake.

MASKWELL.

No, no, I'll after him immediately, and tell him.

CYNTHIA.

I will not fail.

SCENE XI.

MASKWELL alone.

WHY *qui vult decipi decipiatur*——'Tis no Fault of mine: I have told 'em in plain Terms, how eaſie 'tis for me to cheat 'em; and if they will not hear the Serpent's Hiſs, they muſt be ſtung into Experience, and future Caution.——Now to prepare my Lord to conſent to this.——But firſt I muſt inſtruct my little Levite;

vite; there is no Plot, publick or private, that can expect to prosper without one of them has a Finger in't. He promised me to be within at this Hour, —— Mr. *Saygrace*, Mr. *Saygrace*.

[*Goes to the Chamber Door, and knocks.*

SCENE XII.

MASKWELL, SAYGRACE.

Mr. *SAYGRACE* [*looking out*]

SWEET Sir, I will but pen the last Line of an Acrostick and be with you in the twinkling of an Ejaculation, in the pronouncing of an *Amen*, or before you can——

MASKWELL.

Nay, good Mr. *Saygrace* do not prolong the Time, by describing to me the Shortness of your Stay; rather, if you please, defer the finishing of your Wit, and let us talk about our Business, it shall be Tithes in your Way.

SAYGRACE [*Enters*]

You shall prevail, I would break off in the middle of a Sermon to do you a Pleasure.

MASKWELL.

You could not do me a greater,—except —— the Business in Hand —— Have you provided a Habit for *Mellefont*?

SAYGRACE.

I have, they are ready in my Chamber, together with a clean starch'd Band and Cuffs.

MASKWELL.

Good, let them be carry'd to him, —— have you stitch'd the Gown Sleeve, that he may be puzzled, and waste time in putting it on?

SAYGRACE.

I have; the Gown will not be indued without Perplexity.

MAS

MASKWELL.

Meet me in half an Hour, here in your own Chamber. When *Cynthia* comes, let there be no Light, and do not ſpeak, that ſhe may not diſtinguiſh you from *Mellefont*. I'll urge haſte, to excuſe your Silence.

SAYGRACE.

You have no more Commands?

MASKWELL.

None, your Text is ſhort.

SAYGRACE.

But pithy, and I will handle it with Diſcretion.

MASKWELL.

It will be the firſt you have ſo ſerv'd.

SCENE XIII.

Lord TOUCHWOOD, MASKWELL.

Lord *TOUCHWOOD.*

SURE I was born to be controlled by thoſe I ſhould command: My very Slaves will ſhortly give me Rules how I ſhall govern them.

MASKWELL.

I am concern'd to ſee your Lordſhip diſcompos'd. ——

Lord *TOUCHWOOD.*

Have you ſeen my Wife lately, or diſoblig'd her?

MASKWELL.

No, my Lord.—What can this mean! [*Aſide.*

Lord *TOUCHWOOD.*

Then *Mellefont* has urg'd ſome Body to incenſe her—Something ſhe has heard of you which carries her beyond the Bounds of Patience.

MASKWELL.

This I fear'd. (*Aſide*) Did not your Lordſhip tell her of the Honours you deſign'd me?

Lord

Lord *TOUCHWOOD.*

Yes.

MASKWELL.

'Tis that; you know my Lady has a high Spirit, ſhe thinks I am unworthy.

Lord *TOUCHWOOD.*

Unworthy! 'Tis an ignorant Pride in her to think ſo ——Honeſty to me is true Nobility. However 'tis my Will it ſhall be ſo, and that ſhou'd be convincing to her as much as Reaſon——By Heav'n, I'll not be Wife-ridden; were it poſſible, it ſhould be done this Night.

MASKWELL.

By Heav'n he meets my Wiſhes. (*Aſide.*) Few Things are impoſſible to willing Minds.

Lord *TOUCHWOOD.*

Inſtruct me how this may be done, you ſhall ſee I want no Inclination.

MASKWELL.

I had laid a ſmall Deſign for to-Morrow (as Love will be inventing) which I thought to communicate to your Lordſhip——But it may be as well done to-Night.

Lord *TOUCHWOOD.*

Here's Company——Come this way, and tell me.

SCENE XIV.

CARELESS *and* CYNTHIA.

CARELESS.

IS not that he, now gone out with my Lord?

CYNTHIA.

Yes.

CARELESS.

By Heav'n there's Treachery——The Confuſion that I ſaw your Father in, my Lady *Touchwood*'s Paſſion, with what

what imperfectly I over-heard between my Lord and her, confirm me in my Fears. Where's *Mellefont?*

CYNTHIA.

Here he comes.

SCENE XV.

[*To them*] MELLEFONT.

CYNTHIA.

DID *Maskwell* tell you any thing of the Chaplain's Chamber?

MELLEFONT.

No; my Dear, will you get ready——the Things are all in my Chamber; I want nothing but the Habit.

CARELESS.

You are betray'd, and *Maskwell* is the Villain I always thought him.

CYNTHIA.

When you were gone, he said his Mind was chang'd, and bid me meet him in the Chaplain's Room, pretending immediately to follow you, and give you Notice.

MELLEFONT.

How!

CARELESS.

There's *Saygrace* tripping by with a Bundle under his Arm——He cannot be ignorant that *Maskwell* means to rifle his Chamber; let's follow and examine him.

MELLEFONT.

'Tis loss of Time——I cannot think him false.

SCENE

SCENE XVI.

CYNTHIA, *Lord* TOUCHWOOD.

CYNTHIA.

MY Lord muſing!

Lord *TOUCHWOOD.*

He has a quick Invention, if this were ſuddenly de ſign'd——Yet he ſays he had prepar'd my Chaplai already.

CYNTHIA.

How's this! Now I fear indeed

Lord *TOUCHWOOD.*

Cynthia here! Alone, fair Couſin, and melancholy?

CYNTHIA.

Your Lordſhip was thoughtful.

Lord *TOUCHWOOD.*

My Thoughts were on ſerious Buſineſs, not wort your hearing.

CYNTHIA.

Mine were on Treachery concerning you, and may b worth your hearing.

Lord *TOUCHWOOD.*

Treachery concerning me! pray be plain——Hark What Noiſe!

MASKWELL. (*within*)

Will you not hear me?

Lady *TOUCHWOOD.* (*within.*)

No, Monſter! Traitor! No.

CYNTHIA

My Lady and *Maskwell!* this may be lucky—My Lor let me intreat you to ſtand behind this Skreen, and liſte perhaps this Chance may give you Proof of what y ne'er could have believ'd from my Suſpicions.

SCEN

SCENE XVII.

Lady TOUCHWOOD *with a Dagger, and* MASKWELL: CYNTHIA *and Lord* TOUCHWOOD *abſcond, liſtning.*

Lady *TOUCHWOOD.*

YOU want but Leiſure to invent freſh Falſhood, and ſooth me to a fond Belief of all your Fictions; but I ill ſtab the Lie that's forming in your Heart, and ſave Sin, in pity to your Soul.

MASKWELL.

Strike then——Since you will have it ſo.

Lady *TOUCHWOOD.*

Ha! A ſteady Villain to the laſt!

MASKWELL.

Come, why do you dally with me thus?

Lady *TOUCHWOOD.*

Thy ſtubborn Temper ſhocks me, and you knew it ould — this is Cunning all, and not Courage; no, I ow thee well: But thou ſhalt miſs thy Aim.

MASKWELL.

Ha, ha, ha.

Lady *TOUCHWOOD.*

Ha! Do you mock my Rage? then this ſhall puniſh ur fond, raſh Contempt! Again Smile!

[*Goes to ſtrike.*

d ſuch a Smile as ſpeaks in Ambiguity! Ten thouſand eanings lurk in each Corner of that various Face.

! That they were written in thy Heart, that I, with s, might lay thee open to my Sight!

t then 'tw ll be too late to know———

hou haſt, thou haſt found the only way to turn my ge; Too well thou know'ſt my jealous Soul cou'd ne- bear Uncertainty. Speak then, and tell me—— Yet you ſilent? Oh, I am wilder'd in all Paſſions! but thus

thus my Anger melts. (*Weeps*) Here, take this Ponyard for my very Spirits faint, and I want Strength to hold it thou haſt diſarm'd my Soul. [*Gives the Dagger*

Lord *TOUCHWOOD.*

Amazement ſhakes me——Where will this end?

MASKWELL.

So, 'tis well——let your wild Fury have a Vent; and when you have Temper, tell me.

Lady *TOUCHWOOD.*

Now, now, now I am calm, and can hear you.

MASKWELL, (*Aſide.*)

Thanks, my Invention; and now I have it for you—Firſt tell me what urg'd you to this Violence? For your Paſſion broke in ſuch imperfect Terms, that yet I am to learn the Cauſe.

Lady *TOUCHWOOD.*

My Lord himſelf ſurpris'd me with the News, you were to marry *Cynthia* — That you had own'd your Love to him, and his Indulgence would aſſiſt you to attain your Ends.

CYNTHIA.

How, my Lord!

Lord *TOUCHWOOD.*

Pray forbear all Reſentments for a while, and let us hear the reſt.

MASKWELL.

I grant you in Appearance all is true; I ſeem'd conſenting to my Lord; nay, tranſported with the Bleſſing—But could you think that I, who had been happy in your lov'd Embraces, could e'er be fond of an inferior Slavery

Lord *TOUCHWOOD.*

Ha! O Poiſon to my Ears! What do I hear!

CYNTHIA.

Nay, good my Lord, forbear Reſentment, let us hear it out.

Lord *TOUCHWOOD.*

Yes, I will contain, tho' I cou'd burſt.

MAS

MASKWELL.

I that had wanton'd in the rich Circle of your World of Love, cou'd be confin'd within the puny Province of a Girl? No —— Yet tho' I dote on each laſt Favour more than all the reſt; though I would give a Limb for every Look you cheaply throw away on any other Object of your Love; yet ſo far I prize your Pleaſures for my own, that all this ſeeming Plot that I have laid, has been to gratifie your Taſte, and cheat the World, to love a faithful Rogue to you.

Lady *TOUCHWOOD.*

If this were true——But how can it be?

MASKWELL.

I have ſo contriv'd, that *Melleſont* will preſently, in the Chaplain's Habit, wait for *Cynthia* in your Dreſſing-Room: But I have put the Change upon her, that ſhe may be other-where employ'd —— Do you procure her Night-Gown, and with your Hoods tyed over your Face, meet him in her ſtead; you may go privately by the back Stairs, and, unperceiv'd, there you may propoſe to reconcile him in his Uncle's Favour, if he'll comply with your Deſires; his Caſe is deſperate, and I believe he'll yield to any Conditions, —— If not, here take this; you may employ it better, than in the Heart of one who is nothing when not yours. [*Gives the Dagger.*

Lady *TOUCHWOOD.*

Thou can'ſt deceive every Body, —— Nay, thou haſt deceiv'd me; but 'tis as I would wiſh, —— Truſty Villain! I could worſhip thee——

MASKWELL.

No more. —— It wants but a few Minutes of the Time; and *Melleſont*'s Love will carry him there before his Hour.

Lady *TOUCHWOOD.*

I go, I fly, incomparable *Maskwell!*

SCENE

SCENE XVIII.

MASKWELL, CYNTHIA, *Lord* TOUCHWOOD.

MASKWELL.

SO, this was a Pinch indeed, my Invention was u
the Rack; and made Diſcovery of her laſt Plot: I h
Cynthia and my Chaplain will be ready, I'll prepare
the Expedition.

SCENE XIX.

CYNTHIA, *and Lord* TOUCHWOOD.

CYNTHIA.

NOW, my Lord?

Lord *TOUCHWOOD.*

Aſtoniſhment binds up my Rage! Villany upon Vil
Heav'ns, what a long Track of dark Deceit has thi
cover'd! I am confounded when I look back, and
a Clue to guide me through the various Mazes of unh
of Treachery. My Wife! Damnation! my Hell!

CYNTHIA.

My Lord, have Patience, and be ſenſible how gre
Happineſs is, that this Diſcovery was not made too

Lord *TOUCHWOOD.*

I thank you; yet it may be ſtill too late, if we
preſently prevent the Execution of their Plots; —
I'll do't. Where's *Mellefont*, my poor injur'd Nephe
How ſhall I make him ample Satisfaction? —

CYNTHIA.

I dare anſwer for him.

Lord *TOUCHWOOD.*

I do him freſh Wrong to queſtion his Forgiveneſ

now him to be all Goodneſs, —— Yet my Wife! Damn
. — She'll think to meet him in that Dreſſing-Room;
— Was't not ſo? And *Maskwell* will expect you in the
plain's Chamber, —— For once, I'll add my Plot too,
— let us haſte to find out, and inform my Nephew;
d do you, quickly as you can, bring all the Company
o this Gallery. —— I'll expoſe the Strumpet, and the
lain.

SCENE XX.

Lord FROTH, *and Sir* PAUL PLYANT.

Lord *FROTH.*

Y Heav'ns I have ſlept an Age, —— Sir *Paul*, what a
Clock is't! Paſt Eight, on my Conſcience: My Lady's
he moſt inviting Couch; and a Slumber there, is the
tieſt Amuſement! But where's all the Company? ——

Sir *PAUL PLYANT.*

The Company, gads-bud, I don't know, my Lord,
here's the ſtrangeſt Revolution, all turn'd topſie turvy;
hope for Providence.

Lord *FROTH.*

O Heav'ns, what's the matter? Where's my Wife?

Sir *PAUL PLYANT.*

ll turn'd topſie turvy, as ſure as a Gun.

Lord *FROTH.*

ow do you mean? My Wife!

Sir *PAUL PLYANT.*

The ſtrangeſt Poſture of Affairs!

Lord *FROTH.*

What, my Wife?

Sir *PAUL PLYANT.*

o, no, I mean the Family, —— Your Lady's Affairs
be in a very good Poſture; I ſaw her go into the
en with Mr. *Brisk.*

Lord

Lord *FROTH.*

How? where? when? what to do?

Sir *PAUL PLYANT.*

I ſuppoſe they have been laying their Heads together

Lord *FROTH.*

How?

Sir *PAUL PLYANT.*

Nay, only about Poetry, I ſuppoſe, my Lord; maki Couplets.

Lord *FROTH.*

Couplets!

Sir *PAUL PLYANT.*

O, here they come.

SCENE XXI.

[*To them*] *Lady* FROTH, BRISK.

BRISK.

MY Lord, your humble Servant; Sir *Paul* yours,— the fineſt Night!

Lady *FROTH.*

My Dear, Mr. *Brisk* and I have been Star-gazing don't know how long.

Sir *PAUL PLYANT.*

Does it not tire your Ladyſhip? are not you we with looking up?

Lady *FROTH.*

Oh, no, I love it violently,——My Dear, you're lancholly.

Lord *FROTH.*

No, my Dear; I'm but juſt awake.——

Lady *FROTH.*

Snuff ſome of my Spirit of Hartshorn.

Lord *FROTH.*

I've ſome of my own, thank you, my Dear.

L

Lady *FROTH.*

Well, I ſwear, Mr. *Brisk* you underſtood Aſtronomy e an old *Egyptian*.

BRISK.

Not comparably to your Ladyſhip; you are the very *ithia* of the Skies, and Queen of Stars.

Lady *FROTH.*

That's becauſe I have no Light, but what's by Refle-ion from you, who are the Sun.

BRISK.

Madam, you have Eclips'd me quite, let me periſh,— an't anſwer that.

Lady *FROTH.*

No matter,——Harkye, ſhall you and I make an Al-nack together?

BRISK.

With all my Soul,——Your Ladyſhip has made me Man in't already, I'm ſo full of the Wounds which have given.

Lady *FROTH.*

O finely taken! I ſwear now you are even with me. *Parnaſſus*! you have an infinite deal of Wit.

Sir *PAUL PLYANT.*

So he has, Gads-bud, and ſo has your Ladyſhip.

SCENE XXII.

[*To them*] *Lady* PLYANT, CARELESS, CYNTHIA.

Lady *PLYANT.*

YOU tell me moſt ſurprizing things; bleſs me, who would ever truſt a Man? O my Heart akes for r they ſhould be all deceitful alike.

CARELESS.

You need not fear, Madam; you have Charms to fix onſtancy it ſelf.

Lady

Lady *PLYANT.*

O dear, you make me bluſh.

Lord *FROTH.*

Come, my Dear, ſhall we take leave of my Lord Lady?

CYNTHIA.

They'll wait upon your Lordſhip preſently.

Lady *FROTH.*

Mr. *Brisk*, my Coach ſhall ſet you down.

ALL.

What's the matter?

[*A great Shriek from the Corner of the St*

SCENE XXIII.

[*To them*] *Lady* TOUCHWOOD *runs out affrighted, Lord after her, like a Parſon.*

Lady *TOUCHWOOD.*

O I'm betray'd.—— Save me, help me!

Lord *TOUCHWOOD.*

Now, what Evaſion, Strumpet?

Lady *TOUCHWOOD.*

Stand off, let me go.

Lord *TOUCHWOOD.*

Go, and thy own Infamy purſue thee.—— You as you were all amazed,—— I don't wonder at it, but too ſoon you'll know mine and that Woman's Sha

SCE

SCENE *The Laſt.*

TOUCHWOOD, *Lord* FROTH, *Lady* FROTH, *Lady* PLYANT, *Sir* PAUL PLYANT, CYNTHIA, MELLEFONT, MASKWELL; MELLEFONT *diſguiſed in Parſon's Habit and pulling in* MASKWELL.

MELLEFONT.

AY, by Heav'n you ſhall be ſeen.—*Careleſs*, your Hand:—Do you hold down your Head? Yes, your Chaplain: look in the Face of your injur'd nd; thou Wonder of all Falſhood.

Lord *TOUCHWOOD*,

re you ſilent, Monſter?

MELLEFONT.

ood Heav'ns! How I believ'd and lov'd this Man!—e him hence, for he's a Diſeaſe to my Sight.

Lord *TOUCHWOOD.*

ecure that manifold Villain. [*Servants ſieze him.*

CARELESS.

iracle of Ingratitude!

BRISK.

his is all very ſurpriſing, let me periſh.

Lady *FROTH.*

ou know I told you *Saturn* look'd a little more angry uſual.

Lord *TOUCHWOOD.*

e'll think of Puniſhment at Leiſure, but let me haſten o Juſtice, in rewarding Virtue and wrong'd Inno-e.—Nephew, I hope I have your Pardon, and ia's.

MELLEFONT.

e are your Lordſhip's Creatures.

Lord *TOUCHWOOD.*

And be each others Comfort; —— Let me join yo
Hands: ———— Unwearied Nights, and wishing D
attend you both; mutual Love, lasting Health and circli
Joys, tread round each happy Year of your long Live

Let secret Villany from hence be warn'd
Howe'er in private Miſchiefs are conceiv'd,
Torture and Shame attend their open Birth;
Like Vipers in the Womb, baſe Treachery lies,
Still gnawing that, whence firſt it did ariſe;
No ſooner born but the vile Parent dies.

[Exeunt Omn

EP

EPILOGUE.

Spoken by Mrs. *Mountford.*

COu'd Poets but foreſee how Plays would take,
Then they cou'd tell what Epilogues to make;
Whether to thank or blame their Audience moſt:
But that late Knowledge does much Hazard coſt:
Till Dice are thrown, there's nothing won, nor loſt.
So 'till the Thief has ſtoll'n, he cannot know
Whether he ſhall eſcape the Law, or no.
But Poets run much greater Hazards far,
Than they who ſtand their Tryals at the Barr;
The Law provides a Curb for it's own Fury,
And ſuffers Judges to direct the Jury.
But in this Court, what Diff'rence does appear!
For every one's both Judge and Jury here;
Nay, and what's worſe, an Executioner.
All have a Right and Title to ſome Part,
Each chuſing that in which he has moſt Art.
The dreadful Men of Learning all confound,
Unleſs the Fable's good, and Moral ſound.
The Vizor-Masks, that are in Pit and Gallery,
Approve, or damn, the Repartee and Rallery.
The Lady Criticks, who are better read,
Enquire if Characters are nicely bred;

EPILOGUE.

If the ſoft Things are penn'd and ſpoke with Grace:
They judge of Action too, and Time, and Place;
In which we do not doubt but they're diſcerning,
For that's a kind of Aſſignation Learning.
Beaus judge of Dreſs; the Witlings judge of Songs;
The Cuckoldom, of Ancient Right, to Cits belongs.
Poor Poets thus the Favour are deny'd,
Even to make Exceptions, when they're Try'd.
'Tis hard that they muſt ev'ry one admit:
Methinks I ſee ſome Faces in the Pit,
Which muſt of Conſequence be Foes to Wit.
You who can Judge, to Sentence may proceed;
But tho' he cannot Write, let him be freed:
At leaſt from their Contempt, who cannot Read.

LOVE for *LOVE*.

A

COMEDY.

Nudus agris, nudus nummis & paternis,
Insanire parat certa ratione modoque. Hor.



Printed in the YEAR MDCCXX.



To the Right Honourable

CHARLES

EARL of

Dorſet and *Middleſex.*

Lord Chamberlain of His Majeſty's Houſhold, and Knight of the Moſt Noble Order of the Garter, &c.

My LORD,

A Young Poet is liable to the ſame Vanity and Indiſcretion with a Young Lover; and the Great Man who ſmiles upon one, and Fine Woman who looks kindly upon t'other, are both of 'em in Danger of having the Favour publiſh'd with the firſt Opportunity.

But there may be a different Motive, which will a little diſtinguiſh the Offenders. For tho' one

ſhou'd have a Vanity in ruining another's Reputa-
tion, yet the other may only have an Ambition to
advance his own. And I beg Leave, my Lord,
that I may plead the latter, both as the Cauſe and
Excuſe of this Dedication.

Whoever is King, is alſo the Father of his
Country; and as no body can diſpute Your Lord-
ſhip's *Monarchy* in *Poetry*; ſo all that are con-
cern'd, ought to acknowledge Your Univerſal
Patronage: And it is only preſuming on the Pri-
vilege of a Loyal Subject, that I have ventur'd to
make this my Addreſs of Thanks, to your Lordſhip;
which at the ſame Time Includes a Prayer for
Your Protection.

I am not Ignorant of the Common Form of
Poetical Dedications, which are generally made up
of Panegyricks, where the Authors endeavour to
diſtinguiſh their Patrons, by the ſhining Characters
they give them, above other Men. But that, my
Lord, is not my Buſineſs at this time, nor is Your
Lordſhip *now* to be diſtinguiſh'd. I am contented
with the Honour I do my ſelf in this Epiſtle; with-
out the Vanity of attempting to add to, or ex-
plain Your Lordſhip's Character.

I confeſs it is not without ſome ſtrugling, that
I behave my ſelf in this Caſe, as I ought: For it
is very hard to be pleaſed with a Subject, and yet
forbear it. But I chuſe rather to follow *Pliny*'s
Precept, than his Example, when in his Panegy-
rick to the Emperor *Trajan*, he ſays,

Nec minus conſiderabo quid aures ejus pati poſſint,
Quam quid virtutibus debeatur.

I hope I may be excus'd the Pedantry of a Quo-
tation, when it is ſo juſtly apply'd Here are ſome

Line

Lines in the Print, (and which your Lordſhip ead before this Play was Acted) that were omit- d on the Stage; and particularly one whole cene in the Third Act, which not only helps the Deſign forward with leſs Precipitation, but alſo eightens the ridiculous Character of *Foreſight*, hich indeed ſeems to be maim'd without it. But found my ſelf in great Danger of a long Play, nd was glad to help it where I could. Tho' not- ithſtanding my Care, and the kind Reception it ad from the Town; I could heartily wiſh it yet horter: But the Number of Different Characters preſented in it, would have been too much rowded in leſs Room.

This Reflection on Prolixity, (a Fault, for hich ſcarce any one Beauty will attone) warns e not to be tedious now, and detain Your Lord- ip any longer with the Trifles of,

My LORD,

Your Lordſhip's Moſt

Obedient and Moſt

Humble Servant,

William Congreve.

PROLOGUE

Spoken at the Opening of the New-House,
By Mr. *Betterton.*

THE *Husbandman in vain renews his Toil,*
To cultivate each Year a hungry Soil;
And fondly hopes for rich and generous Fruit,
When what ſhould feed the Tree, devours the Root.
Th' unladen Boughs, he ſees, bode certain Dearth,
Unleſs tranſplanted to more kindly Earth.
So, the poor Husbands of the Stage, who found
Their Labours loſt upon ungrateful Ground,
This laſt and only Remedy have prov'd;
And hope new Fruit from ancient Stocks remov'd.
Well may they hope, when you ſo kindly aid,
Well plant a Soil which you ſo rich have made.
As Nature gave the World to Man's firſt Age,
So from your Bounty, we receive this Stage;
The Freedom Man was born to, you've reſtor'd,
And to our World, ſuch Plenty you affo'rd,
It ſeems like Eden, *fruitful of its own accord.*
But ſince in Paradiſe *frail Fleſh gave way,*
And when but two were made, both went aſtray;
Forbear your Wonder, and the Fault forgive,
If in our larger Family we grieve,
One falling Adam, *and one tempted* Eve.

PROLOGUE.

o who remain, would gratefully repay,
hat our Endeavours can, and bring this Day,
e First-fruit Offering, of a Virgin Play.
's hope there's ſomething that may pleaſe each Taſte,
nd tho' of Homely Fare we make the Feaſt,
t you will find Variety at leaſt.
ere's Humour, which for chearful Friends we got,
d for the thinking Party there's a Plot.
've ſomething too, to gratifie ill Nature,
f there be any here) and that is Satire.
' Satire ſcarce dares grin, 'tis grown ſo mild,
only ſhews its Teeth, as if it ſmil'd.
Aſſes Thiſtles, Poets mumble Wit,
d dare not bite, for fear of being bit.
y hold their Pens, as Swords are held by Fools,
d are afraid to uſe their own Edge-Tools.
e the Plain-Dealer's *Scenes of Manly Rage,*
one has dar'd to laſh this Crying Age.
time, the Poet owns the bold Eſſay,
hopes there's no Ill-manners in his Play:
d he declares by me, he has deſign'd
ont to none, but frankly ſpeaks his Mind.
d ſhou'd th' enſuing Scenes not chance to hit,
ffers but this one Excuſe, 'twas writ
re your late Encouragement of Wit.

EPI-

EPILOGUE

Spoken at the Opening of the New Houſe
By Mrs. *Bracegirdle*.

SURE Providence at firſt deſign'd this Place
To be the Player's Refuge in Diſtreſs;
For ſtill in every Storm, they all run hither,
As to a Shed, that ſhields 'em from the Weather.
But thinking of this Change which laſt befel us,
It's like what I have heard our Poets tell us:
For when behind our Scenes their Suits are pleading,
To help their Love, ſometimes they ſhow their Reading;
And wanting ready Caſh to pay for Hearts,
They top their Learning on us, and their Parts.
Once of Philoſophers they told us Stories,
Whom, as I think, they call'd—Py—Pythagories,
I'm ſure 'tis ſome ſuch Latin *Name they give 'em,*
And we, who know no better, muſt believe 'em.
Now to theſe Men (ſay they) ſuch Souls were giv'n,
That after Death, ne'er went to Hell, nor Heav'n,
But liv'd, I know not how, in Beaſts; and then
When many Years were paſt, in Men again.
Methinks, we Players *reſemble ſuch a Soul,*
That, does from Bodies, we from Houſes ſtrole.
Thus Ariſtotle's *Soul, of old that was,*
May now be damn'd to animate an Aſs;

EPILOGUE.

Or in this very Houſe, for ought we know,
Is doing painful Penance in ſome Beau:
And thus, our Audience, which did once reſort
To ſhining Theatres to ſee our Sport,
Now find us toſs'd into a Tennis-Court.
Theſe Walls but t'other Day were fill'd with Noiſe
Of Roaring Gameſters, and your Damme Boys;
Then bounding Balls and Rackets they encompaſt,
And now they're fill'd with Jeſts, and Flights, and Bombaſt!
I vow, I don't much like this Tranſmigration,
Stroling from Place to Place, by Circulation;
Grant Heav'n, we don't return to our firſt Station.
I know not what theſe think, but for my Part,
I can't reflect without an aking Heart,
How we ſhou'd end in our Original, a Cart.
But we can't fear, ſince you're ſo good to ſave us,
That you have only ſet us up, to leave us.
Thus from the paſt, we hope for future Grace,
I beg it———
And ſome here know I have a begging Face.
Then pray continue this your kind Behaviour,
For a clear Stage won't do, without your Favour.

Dra-

Dramatis Perſonæ.

MEN.

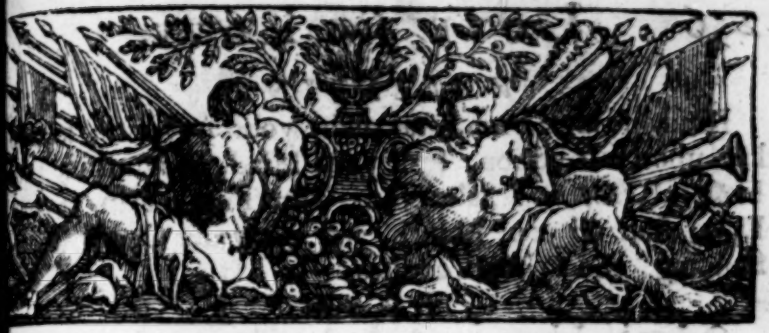
Sir *Sampſon Legend*, Father to *Valentine* and *Ben*.	Mr. *Underhill*.
Valentine, Fallen under his Father's Diſpleaſure by his expenſive way of living, in love with *Angelica*.	Mr. *Betterton*.
Scandal, His Friend, a free Speaker.	Mr. *Smith*.
Tattle, A half-witted Beau, vain of his Amours, yet valuing himſelf for Secreſie.	Mr. *Bowman*.
Ben, Sir *Sampſon*'s younger Son, half Home-bred, and half Sea-bred, deſign'd to marry Miſs *Prue*.	Mr. *Dogget*.
Foreſight, An illiterate old Fellow, peeviſh and poſitive, ſuperſtitious, and pretending to underſtand Aſtrology, Palmiſtry, Phiſiognomy, Omens, Dreams, *&c.* Uncle to *Angelica*.	Mr. *Sanford*.
Jeremy, Servant to *Valentine*.	Mr. *Bowen*.
Trapland, A Scrivener.	Mr. *Triffuſis*,
Buckrum, A Lawyer.	Mr. *Freeman*.

WOMEN.

Angelica, Niece to *Foreſight*, of a conſiderable Fortune in her own Hands.	Mrs. *Bracegirdle*.
Mrs. *Foreſight*, Second Wife to *Foreſight*.	Mrs. *Bowman*.
Mrs. *Frail*, Siſter to Mrs. *Foreſight*, a Woman of the Town.	Mrs. *Barry*.
Miſs *Prue*, Daughter to *Foreſight* by a Former Wife, a ſilly awkard Country Girl.	Mrs. *Ayliff*.
Nurſe to Miſs.	Mrs. *Leigh*.
Jenny.	Mrs *Lawſon*.

A Steward, Officers, Sailers, and ſeveral Servants.

The SCENE *in* LONDON.



LOVE for *LOVE.*

ACT I. SCENE I.

VALENTINE *in his Chamber Reading.*
JEREMY *waiting.*

Several Books upon the Table.

VALENTINE.

JEREMY.

JEREMY.

Sir.

VALENTINE.

Here, take away; I'll walk a Turn, and digeſt what I have read———

JEREMY.

You'll grow deviliſh Fat upon this Paper Diet.

[*Aſide, and taking away the Books.*

VALENTINE.

And d'ye hear, go you to Breakfaſt——There's a Page doubled down in *Epictetus*, that is a Feaſt for an Emperor.

JEREMY.

Was *Epictetus* a real Cook, or did he only write Receipts?

VALEN-

VALENTINE.

Read, read, Sirrah, and refine your Appetite; learn to live upon Inſtruction; feaſt your Mind, and mortifie your Fleſh; Read, and take your Nouriſhment in at your Eyes; ſhut up your Mouth, and chew the Cud of Underſtanding. So *Epictetus* adviſes.

JEREMY.

O Lord! I have heard much of him, when I waited upon a Gentleman at *Cambridge*: Pray what was that *Epictetus?*

VALENTINE.

A very rich Man —— Not worth a Groat.

JEREMY.

Humph, and ſo he has made a very fine Feaſt, where there is nothing to be eaten.

VALENTINE.

Yes.

JEREMY.

Sir, you're a Gentleman, and probably underſtand this fine Feeding: But if you pleaſe, I had rather be at Board-Wages. Does your *Epictetus*, or your *Seneca* here, or any of theſe poor rich Rogues, teach you how to pay your Debts without Money? Will they ſhut up the Mouths of your Creditors? Will *Plato* be Bail for you? Or *Diogenes* becauſe he underſtands Confinement, and liv'd in a Tub go to Priſon for you? 'Slife, Sir, what do you mean, to mew your ſelf up here with three or four muſty Books in Commendation of Starving and Poverty?

VALENTINE.

Why, Sirrah, I have no Money, you know it; and therefore reſolve to rail at all that have: And in that I but follow the Examples of the wiſeſt and wittieſt Philoſophers whom you naturally hate, for juſt ſuch another Reaſon; becauſe they abound in Senſe, and you are a Fool.

JEREMY.

Ay, Sir, I am a Fool, I know it: And yet, Heav'n help me, I'm poor enough to be a Wit——But I was a way

ays a Fool, when I told you what your Expences would ing you to; your Coaches and your Liveries; your Treats d your Balls; your being in Love with a Lady, that d not care a Farthing for you in your Proſperity; and eeping Company with Wits, that car'd for nothing but ur Proſperity; and now when you are poor, hate you much as they do one another.

VALENTINE.

Well; and now I am poor, I have an Opportunity to reveng'd on them all; I'll purſue *Angelica* with more ove than ever, and appear more notoriouſly her Adirer in this Reſtraint, than when I openly rival'd the ch Fops, that made Court to her; ſo ſhall my Poverty a Mortification to her Pride, and perhaps make her mpaſſionate the Love, which has principally reduc'd e to this Lowneſs of Fortune. And for the Wits, I'm re I am in a Condition to be even with them ——

JEREMY.

Nay, your Condition is pretty even with theirs, that's e truth on't.

VALENTINE.

I'll take ſome of their Trade out of their Hands.

JEREMY.

Now Heav'n of Mercy continue the Tax upon Paper; u don't mean to write!

VALENTINE.

Yes, I do; I'll write a Play.

JEREMY.

Hem! —— Sir, if you pleaſe to give me a ſmall Certifie of three Lines——— only to certifie thoſe whom it ay concern; That the Bearer hereof, *Jeremy Fetch* by ame, has for the Space of ſeven Years truly and faithlly ſerv'd *Valentine Legend*, Eſq; and that he is not now n'd away for any Miſdemeanour; but does voluntarily ſmiſs his Maſter from any future Authority over him——

VALENTINE.

No, Sirrah, you ſhall live with me ſtill.

JERE-

JEREMY.

Sir, it's impoſſible——I may die with you, ſtarve wi you, or be damn'd with your Works: But to live, ev three-Days, the Life of a Play, I no more expect it, th to be canoniz'd for a Muſe, after my Deceaſe.

VALENTINE.

You are witty, you Rogue, I ſhall want your He ——I'll have you learn to make Couplets, to tag the en of Acts: D'ye hear, get the Maids to Cramboin an Eveni and learn the knack of Rhiming, you may arrive at t height of a Song, ſent by an unknown Hand, or a Ch colate-Houſe Lampoon.

JEREMY.

But, Sir, is this the way to recover your Father's F vour? Why Sir *Sampſon* will be irreconcilable. If y younger Brother ſhou'd come from Sea, he'd ver look upon you again. You're undone, Sir; you ruin'd; you won't have a Friend left in the World, if y turn Poet.——Ah Pox confound that *Will*'s Coffee-Hou it has ruin'd more young Men than the *Royal Oak* L tery—— Nothing thrives that belongs to't. The Man the Houſe would have been an Alderman by this ti with half the Trade, if he had ſet up in the City—— For my part, I never ſit at the Door, that I don't double the Stomach that I do at a Horſe Race. Air upon *Banſtead-Downs* is nothing to it for a Wh ter; yet I never ſee it, but the Spirit of Famine pears to me, ſometimes like a decay'd Porter, w out with Pimping, and carrying *Billet-doux* and Son not like other Porters for Hire, but for the Jeſt's ſa Now like a thin Chairman, melted down to half his P portion, with carrying a Poet upon Tick, to viſit ſo great Fortune; and his Fare to be paid him like the Wa of Sin, either at the Day of Marriage, or the Day of De

VALENTINE.

Very well, Sir; can you proceed?

JEREMY.

Sometimes like a bilk'd Bookſeller, with a meagre ri

y'd Countenance, that looks as if he had written for nſelf, or were reſolv'd to turn Author, and bring the of his Brethren into the ſame Condition. And laſtly, in Form of a worn-out Punk, with Verſes in her Hand, ich her Vanity had preferr'd to Settlements, without hole Tatter to her Tail, but as ragged as one of the ſes; or as if ſhe were carrying her Linnen to the Pa-Mill, to be converted into Folio Books, of Warning ll young Maids, not to prefer Poetry to good Senſe; ying in the Arms of a needy Wit, before the Em-ces of a wealthy Fool.

SCENE II.

VALENTINE, SCANDAL, JEREMY.

SCANDAL.

WHAT, *Jeremy* holding forth?

VALENTINE.

The Rogue has (with all the Wit he could muſter up) n declaiming againſt Wit.

SCANDAL.

y? Why then I'm afraid *Jeremy* has Wit: For where-r it is, it's always contriving its own Ruin.

JEREMY.

Why ſo I have been telling my Maſter, Sir: Mr. *Scan-* for Heav'ns ſake, Sir, try if you can diſſuade him n turning Poet.

SCANDAL.

oet! He ſhall turn Soldier firſt, and rather depend up-the Out-ſide of his Head, than the Lining. Why, t the Devil has not your Poverty made you Enemies ugh? Muſt you needs ſhew your Wit to get more?

JEREMY.

y, more indeed: For who cares for any Body that more Wit than himſelf?

SCAN-

SCANDAL.

Jeremy ſpeaks like an Oracle. Don't you ſee h worthleſs great Men, and dull rich Rogues, avoid a ty Man of ſmall Fortune? Why, he looks like a of Enquiry into their Titles and Eſtates; and ſe Commiſſion'd by Heaven to ſeize the better half.

VALENTINE.

Therefore I would rail in my Writings and be veng'd.

SCANDAL.

Rail? At whom? the whole World? Impotent vain! Who would die a Martyr to Senſe in a Cou where the Religion is Folly? You may ſtand at Bay a while; but when the full Cry is againſt you, you ſh have fair play for your Life. If you can't be fairly down by the Hounds, you will be treacherouſly ſho the Huntſmen.—— No, turn Pimp, Flatterer, Qu Lawyer, Parſon, be Chaplain to an Atheiſt, or Stallio an old Woman, any thing but Poet; a Modern Po worſe, more ſervile, timorous, and fawning, than a have nam'd: Without you could retrieve the An Honours of the Name, recal the Stage of *Athens*, be allow'd the Force of open honeſt Satire.

VALENTINE.

You are as inveterate againſt our Poets, as if Character had been lately expos'd upon the Stage.— Nay, I am not violently bent upon the Trade.— [*One knocks.*] *Jeremy*, ſee who's there. [Jer. *goes t Door.*] But tell me what you would have me do?— What does the World ſay of me, and my forc'd Co ment?

SCANDAL.

The World behaves it ſelf, as it uſes to do on Occaſions; ſome pity you, and condemn your Fa Others excuſe him, and blame you; only the Ladie merciful, and wiſh you well: ſince Love and Pleaſur Expence have been your greateſt Faults.

[Jeremy *returns.*]

VAL

VALENTINE.

How now?

JEREMY.

Nothing new, Sir; I have diſpatch'd ſome half a Dozen ns with as much Dexterity, as a hungry Judge does ſes at Dinner-time.

VALENTINE.

What Anſwer have you given 'em?

SCANDAL.

atience, I ſuppoſe, the old Receipt.

JEREMY.

No, faith, Sir; I have put 'em off ſo long with Pati- e and Forbearance, and other fair Words; that I was d now to tell 'em in plain downright *Engliſh* ———

VALENTINE.

What?

JEREMY.

That they ſhould be paid.

VALENTINE.

When?

JEREMY.

To-Morrow.

VALENTINE.

nd how the Devil do you mean to keep your Word?

JEREMY.

Keep it? Not at all; it has been ſo very much ſtretch'd, I reckon it will break of courſe by to-Morrow, and body be ſurpris'd at the Matter ——— [*Knocking.*] -Again! Sir, if you don't like my Negotiation, will be pleas'd to anſwer theſe your ſelf.

VALENTINE.

e who they are.

SCENE

SCENE III.

VALENTINE, SCANDAL.

BY this, *Scandal*, you may ſee what it is to be gr
Secretaries of State, Preſidents of the Council,
Generals of an Army lead juſt ſuch a Life as I do; h
juſt ſuch Crowds of Viſitants in a Morning, all ſolici
of paſt Promiſes; which are but a civiller Sort of D
that lay claim to voluntary Debts.

SCANDAL.

And you, like a true great Man, having engaged t
Attendance, and promis'd more than ever you inten
to perform; are more perplex'd to find Evaſions, than
would be to invent the honeſt Means of keeping y
Word, and gratifying your Creditors.

VALENTINE.

Scandal, learn to ſpare your Friends, and do not
voke your Enemies; this Liberty of your Tongue,
one Day bring a Confinement on your Body, my Fri

SCENE IV.

VALENTINE, SCANDAL, JEREMY.

JEREMY.

O Sir, there's *Trapland* the Scrivener, with two ſu
cious Fellows like lawful Pads, that would knoc
Man down with Pocket-Tipſtaves, —— And there's y
Father's Steward, and the Nurſe with one of your C
dren from *Twitnam*.

VALE

VALENTINE.

Pox on her, cou'd ſhe find no other Time to fling my s in my Face: Here, give her this, [*Gives Money.*] and her trouble me no more; a thoughtleſs two handed hore, ſhe knows my Condition well enough, and ght have over-laid the Child a Fortnight ago, if ſhe had any Forecaſt in her.

SCANDAL.

What, is it bouncing *Margery*, with my Godſon?

JEREMY.

Yes, Sir.

SCANDAL.

My Bleſſing to the Boy, with this Token [*Gives y.*] of my Love. And d'ye hear, bid *Margery* put re Flocks in her Bed, ſhift twice a Week, and not rk ſo hard, that ſhe may not ſmell ſo vigorouſly.—— all take the Air ſhortly.

VALENTINE.

ndal, don't ſpoil my Boy's Milk:——— Bid *Trap-* come in. If I can give that *Cerberus* a Sop, I ſhall t reſt for one Day.

SCENE V.

LENTINE, SCANDAL, TRAPLAND, JEREMY.

VALENTINE.

Mr. *Trapland*! my old Friend! Welcome. *Jeremy*, a Chair quickly: A Bottle of Sack and a Toaſt—— —a Chair firſt.

TRAPLAND.

good Morning to you Mr. *Valentine*, and to you Mr. *dal*.

SCANDAL.

he Morning's a very good Morning, if you don't l it.

VALEN-

VALENTINE.

Come, ſit you down, you know his way.

TRAPLAND [*ſits.*]

There is a Debt, Mr. *Valentine*, of 1500*l.* of pr long ſtanding———

VALENTINE.

I cannot talk about Buſineſs with a thirſty Palate. Sirrah, the Sack.

TRAPLAND.

And I deſire to know what Courſe you have ta for the Payment?

VALENTINE.

Faith and Troth, I am heartily glad to ſee you,— my Service to you,——fill, fill, to honeſt Mr. *Trapl* fuller.

TRAPLAND.

Hold, Sweet-heart.——— This is not to our Buſin ———my Service to you, Mr. *Scandal*—— [*Drinks.*]— I have forborn as long———

VALENTINE.

T'other Glaſs, and then we'll talk.—Fill, *Jeremy.*

TRAPLAND.

No more, in truth———I have forborn, I ſay—

VALENTINE.

Sirrah, fill when I bid you—— And how does y handſome Daughter?—— Come, a good Husband to [*Dri*

TRAPLAND.

Thank you———I have been out of this Mony—

VALENTINE.

Drink firſt. *Scandal*, why do you not drink? [*They d*

TRAPLAND.

And in ſhort, I can be put off no longer.

VALENTINE.

I was much oblig'd to you for your Supply: It did Signal Service in my Neceſſity. But you delight in ing good.——— *Scandal*, drink to me, my Friend T

nd's Health. An honeſter Man lives not, nor one more eady to ſerve his Friend in Diſtreſs: Tho' I ſay it to his ace. Come, fill each Man his Glaſs.

SCANDAL.

What, I know *Trapland* has been a Whoremaſter, and ves a Wench ſtill. You never knew a Whoremaſter, at was not an honeſt Fellow.

TRAPLAND.

Fie, Mr. *Scandal*, you never knew ———

SCANDAL.

What don't I know?———I know the Buxom ack Widow in the *Poultry*———800*l.* a Year Jointure, nd 10000*l.* in Mony. Ahah! Old *Trap*.

VALENTINE.

Say you ſo, i'faith? Come, we'll remember the Wi- ow: I know whereabouts you are; Come, to the Wi- ow———

TRAPLAND.

No more indeed.

VALENTINE.

What, the Widow's Health; give it him ———off ith it: [*They drink.*] A lovely Girl, i'faith, black ſpark- g Eyes, ſoft pouting Ruby-Lips? better ſealing there, an a Bond for a Million, hah!

TRAPLAND.

No, no, there's no ſuch thing; we'd better mind our ſineſs——You're a Wag.

VALENTINE.

No faith, we'll mind the Widow's Buſineſs: fill again —Pretty round heaving Breaſts, —— a *Barbary* Shape, d a Jut with her Bum, would ſtir an *Anchoret*: And e prettieſt Foot! Oh if a Man could but faſten his Eyes her Feet, as they ſteal in and out, and play at Bo-peep der her Petticoats, ah! Mr. *Trapland*?

TRAPLAND.

Verily, give me a Glaſs,——you're a Wag———and e's to the Widow. [*Drinks.*

SCANDAL.

He begins to Chuckle;———ply him cloſe, or he relapſe into a Dun.

SCENE VI.

[*To them*] OFFICER.

OFFICER.

BY your Leave, Gentlemen,———Mr. *Trapland*, we muſt do our Office, tell us.—— We have half Dozen Gentlemen to Arreſt in *Pall-Mall* and *Covent-Garden*; and if we don't make haſte, the Chairmen will be abroad, and block up the Chocolate Houſes, and then our Labour's loſt.

TRAPLAND.

Udſo, that's true. Mr. *Valentine*, I love Mirth, but Buſineſs muſt be done; are you ready to———

JEREMY.

Sir, your Father's Steward ſays he comes to make Propoſals concerning your Debts.

VALENTINE.

Bid him come in: Mr. *Trapland*, ſend away your Officer, you ſhall have an Anſwer preſently.

TRAPLAND.

Mr. *Snap*, ſtay within Call.

SCEN

SCENE VII.

VALENTINE, SCANDAL, TRAPLAND, JEREMY, STEWARD *who whiſpers* VALENTINE.

SCANDAL.

HERE's a Dog now, a Traitor in his Wine: Sirrah, I refund the Sack: *Jeremy*, fetch him ſome warm Water, or I'll rip up his Stomach, and go the ſhorteſt Way to his Conſcience.

TRAPLAND.

Mr. *Scandal*, you are uncivil; I did not value your Sack; but you cannot expect it again, when I have drunk it.

SCANDAL.

And how do you expect to have your Mony again, when a Gentleman has ſpent it?

VALENTINE.

You need ſay no more, I underſtand the Conditions; they are very hard, but my Neceſſity is very preſſing: I agree to 'em. Take Mr. *Trapland* with you, and let him ſee the Writing —— Mr. *Trapland*, you know this Man, he ſhall ſatisfie you.

TRAPLAND.

Sincerely, I am loth to be thus preſſing, but my Ne-ceſſity ——

VALENTINE.

No Apology, good Mr. Scrivener, you ſhall be paid.

TRAPLAND.

I hope you forgive me, my Buſineſs requires ——

SCENE VIII.

VALENTINE, SCANDAL.

SCANDAL.

HE begs Pardon, like a Hangman at an Execution.

VALENTINE.

But I have got a Reprieve.

SCANDAL.

I am ſurpris'd; what, does your Father relent?

VALENTINE.

No; He has ſent me the hardeſt Conditions in t World. You have heard of a Booby-Brother of mi that was ſent to Sea three Years ago? This Brother, m Father hears is landed; whereupon he very affectionat ſends me Word, If I will make a Deed of Conveya of my Right to his Eſtate after his Death, to my you ger Brother, he will immediately furniſh me with fo thouſand Pound to pay my Debts, and make my F tune. This was once propos'd before, and I refus'd but the preſent Impatience of my Creditors for th Mony, and my own Impatience of Confinement, a Abſence from *Angelica*, force me to conſent.

SCANDAL.

A very deſperate Demonſtration of your Love to *gelica*: And I think ſhe has never given you any A rance of hers.

VALENTINE.

You know her Temper; ſhe never gave me any g Reaſon either for Hope or Deſpair.

SCANDAL.

Women of her airy Temper, as they ſeldom think fore they act, ſo they rarely give us any Light to g at what they mean: But you have little Reaſon to lieve that a Woman of this Age, who has had an Ind

ence for you in your Proſperity, will fall in Love with our ill Fortune: Beſides, *Angelica* has a great Fortune of her own; and great Fortunes either expect another great Fortune, or a Fool.

SCENE IX.

[*To them*] JEREMY.

MORE Misfortunes, Sir.

VALENTINE.

What, another Dun?

JEREMY.

No, Sir, but Mr. *Tattle* is come to wait upon you.

VALENTINE.

Well, I can't help it, —— you muſt bring him up; he knows I don't go abroad.

SCENE X.

VALENTINE, SCANDAL.

SCANDAL.

POX on him, I'll be gone.

VALENTINE.

No, pr'ythee ſtay: *Tattle* and you ſhould never be aſunder; you are Light and Shadow, and ſhew one another; he is perfectly thy Reverſe both in Humour and Underſtanding; and as you ſet up for Defamation, he is a Mender of Reputations.

SCANDAL.

A Mender of Reputations! ay, juſt as he is a Keeper of Secrets, another Virtue that he ſets up for in the ſame manner. For the Rogue will ſpeak aloud in the Poſture of a Whiſper; and deny a Woman's Name, while he gives you the Marks of her Perſon: He will forſwear re-

receiving a Letter from her, and at the ſame time ſhe you her Hand in the Superſcription: And yet perhaps has counterfeited the Hand too, and ſworn to a Truth but he hopes not to be believ'd; and refuſes the Reputation of a Lady's Favour, as a Doctor ſays, No, to Biſhoprick, only that it may be granted him.——— ſhort, he is a publick Profeſſor of Secreſie, and mak Proclamation that he holds private Intelligence.——— He's here.

SCENE X.

[*To them*] TATTLE.

VALentine, good Morrow: *Scandal*, I am yours,——— That is, when you ſpeak well of me.

SCANDAL.

That is, when I am yours; for while I am my ow or any Body's elſe, that will never happen.

TATTLE.

How Inhuman!

VALENTINE.

Why *Tattle*, you need not be much concern'd at any thi that he ſays: For to converſe with *Scandal*, is to play *Loſing Loadum*; you muſt loſe a good Name to him, b fore you can win it for your ſelf.

TATTLE.

But how barbarous that is, and how unfortunate f him, that the World ſhall think the better of any Perſ for his Calumniation! ——— I thank Heav'n, it h always been a Part of my Character, to handle the R putations of others very tenderly indeed.

SCANDAL.

Ay, ſuch rotten Reputations as you have to deal wit are to be handled tenderly indeed.

TATTL

TATTLE.

Nay, but why rotten? Why ſhould you ſay rotten, hen you know not the Perſons of whom you ſpeak? low cruel that is?

SCANDAL.

Not know 'em? Why, thou never had'ſt to do with y Body that did not ſtink to all the Town.

TATTLE.

Ha, ha, ha; nay, now you make a Jeſt of it indeed. or there is nothing more known, than that no body nows any thing of that Nature of me. As I hope to ſav'd, *Valentine*, I never expos'd a Woman, ſince I knew hat Woman was.

VALENTINE.

And yet you have convers'd with ſeveral.

TATTLE.

To be free with you, I have——I don't care if I own at——Nay more (I'm going to ſay a bold Word ow) I never could meddle with a Woman, that had to o with any Body elſe.

SCANDAL.

How!

VALENTINE.

Nay faith, I'm apt to believe him——Except her Huſ-nd, *Tattle*.

TATTLE.

Oh that——

SCANDAL.

What think you of that Noble Commoner, Mrs. *Drab*?

TATTLE.

Pooh, I know Madam *Drab* has made her Brags in ree or four Places, that I ſaid this and that, and writ to er, and did I know not what——But, upon my Repu-tion, ſhe did me wrong——Well, well, that was Ma-ce——But I know the Bottom of it. She was rib'd to that by one we all know——A Man too. Only o bring me into Diſgrace with a certain Woman of Quality——

SCANDAL.

Whom we all know.

TATTLE.

No matter for that——Yes, yes, every Body knows——No doubt on't, every Body knows my Secrets——But I ſoon ſatisfy'd the Lady of my Innocence; for I told her——Madam, ſays I, there are ſome Perſons who make it their Buſineſs to tell Stories, and ſay this and that of one and t'other, and every thing in the World: and, ſays I, if your Grace—

SCANDAL.

Grace!

TATTLE.

O Lord, what have I ſaid? My unlucky Tongue!

VALENTINE.

Ha, ha, ha.

SCANDAL.

Why, *Tattle*, thou haſt more Impudence than one can in Reaſon expect: I ſhall have an Eſteem for thee; well, and ha, ha, ha, well, go on, and what did you ſay to her Grace?

VALENTINE.

I confeſs this is ſomething extraordinary.

TATTLE.

Not a Word, as I hope to be ſav'd; an errant *Lapſus Linguæ*—Come, let's talk of ſomething elſe.

VALENTINE.

Well, but how did you acquit your ſelf?

TATTLE.

Pooh, pooh, nothing at all, I only rally'd with you—a Woman of ordinary Rank was a little jealous of me, and I told her ſomething or other, faith----I know not what---Come, let's talk of ſomething elſe. [*Hums a Song.*

SCANDAL.

Hang him, let him alone, he has a Mind we ſhould enquire.

TATTLE

TATTLE.

Valentine, I ſupp'd laſt Night with your Miſtreſs, and her Uncle Old *Foreſight*: I think your Father lies at *Foreſight's*.

VALENTINE.

Yes.

TATTLE.

Upon my Soul *Angelica*'s a fine Woman —— And ſo is Mrs. *Foreſight*, and her Siſter Mrs. *Frail*.

SCANDAL.

Yes, Mrs. *Frail* is a very fine Woman, we all know her.

TATTLE.

Oh that is not fair.

SCANDAL.

What?

TATTLE.

To tell.

SCANDAL.

To tell what? Why, what do you know of Mrs. *Frail*?

TATTLE.

Who, I? Upon Honour I don't know whether ſhe be Man or Woman; but by the Smoothneſs of her Chin, and Roundneſs of her Hips.

SCANDAL.

No!

TATTLE.

No.

SCANDAL.

She ſays otherwiſe.

TATTLE.

Impoſſible!

SCANDAL.

Yes, Faith. Ask *Valentine* elſe.

TATTLE.

Why then, as I hope to be ſav'd, I believe a Woman

only obliges a Man to Secreſie, that ſhe may have the Pleaſure of telling her ſelf.

SCANDAL.

No doubt on't. Well, but has ſhe done you wrong, or no? You have had her? Ha?

TATTLE.

Tho' I have more Honour than to tell firſt; I have more Manners than to contradict what a Lady has declar'd.

SCANDAL.

Well, you own it?

TATTLE.

I am ſtrangely ſurpris'd! Yes, yes, I can't deny't, if ſhe taxes me with it.

SCANDAL.

She'll be here by and by, ſhe ſees *Valentine* every Morning.

TATTLE.

How!

VALENTINE.

She does me the Favour —— I mean of a Viſit ſometimes.
I did not think ſhe had granted more to any body.

SCANDAL.

Nor I, faith —— But *Tattle* does not uſe to bely a Lady; it is contrary to his Character —— How one may be deceiv'd in a Woman, *Valentine?*

TATTLE.

Nay, what do you mean, Gentlemen?

SCANDAL.

I'm reſolv'd I'll ask her.

TATTLE.

O barbarous! Why, did you not tell me——

SCANDAL.

No, you told us.

TATTLE.

And bid me ask *Valentine?*

VALEN

VALENTINE.

What did I ſay? I hope you won't bring me to confeſs an Anſwer, when you never ask'd me the Queſtion?

TATTLE.

But Gentlemen, this is the moſt inhuman Proceeding—

VALENTINE.

Nay, if you have known *Scandal* thus long, and cannot avoid ſuch a palpable Decoy as this was; the Ladies have a fine time, whoſe Reputations are in your keeping.

SCENE XI.

[*To them*] JEREMY.

JEREMY.

SIR, Mrs. *Frail* has ſent to know if you are ſtirring.

VALENTINE.

Shew her up, when ſhe comes.

SCENE XII.

VALENTINE, SCANDAL, TATTLE.

TATTLE.

I'LL be gone.

VALENTINE.

You'll meet her.

TATTLE.

Is there not a back-way?

VALENTINE.

If there were, you have more Diſcretion, than to give *Scandal* ſuch an Advantage; why, your running away will prove all that he can tell her.

TAT-

TATTLE.

Scandal, you will not be ſo ungenerous —— O, I ſhall loſe my Reputation of Secreſie for ever——I ſhall never be receiv'd but upon Publick Days; and my Viſits will never be admitted beyond a drawing-Room: I ſhall never ſee a Bed-Chamber again, never be lock'd in a Cloſet, nor run behind a Screen, or under a Table; never be diſtinguiſh'd among the Waiting-Women by the Name of Truſty Mr. *Tattle* more — You will not be ſo cruel.

VALENTINE.

Scandal, have pity on him; he'll yield to any Conditions.

TATTLE.

Any, any Terms.

SCANDAL.

Come then, ſacrifice half a Dozen Women of good Reputation to me preſently——Come, where are you familiar? — And ſee that they are Women of Quality too, the firſt Quality———

TATTLE.

'Tis very hard —— won't a Baronet's Lady paſs?

SCANDAL.

No, nothing under a Right Honourable.

TATTLE.

O inhuman! You don't expect their Names.

SCANDAL.

No, their Titles ſhall ſerve.

TATTLE.

Alas, that's the ſame thing: Pray ſpare me their Titles; I'll deſcribe their Perſons.

SCANDAL.

Well, begin then: But take notice, if you are ſo ill a Painter, that I cannot know the Perſon by your Picture of her, you muſt be condemn'd, like other bad Painters to write the Name at the Bottom.

TATTLE.

Well, firſt then———

SCEN

SCENE XIII.

[*To them*] *Mrs.* FRAIL.

TATTLE.

O Unfortunate! ſhe's come already; will you have Patience 'till another time——— I'll double the Number.

SCANDAL.

Well, on that Condition—— Take heed you don't fail me.

Mrs. *FRAIL.*

I ſhall get a fine Reputation, by coming to ſee Fellows in a Morning. *Scandal*, you Devil, are you here too? Oh Mr. *Tattle*, every thing is ſafe with you, we know.

SCANDAL.

Tattle.

TATTLE.

Mum——O Madam, you do me too much Honour.

VALENTINE.

Well Lady Galloper, how does *Angelica?*

Mrs. *FRAIL.*

Angelica? Manners!

VALENTINE.

What, you will allow an abſent Lover———

Mrs. *FRAIL.*

No, I'll allow a Lover preſent with his Miſtreſs to be particular —— But otherwiſe I think his Paſſion ought to give place to his Manners.

VALENTINE.

But what if he has more Paſſion than Manners?

Mrs. *FRAIL.*

Then let him marry and reform.

VALENTINE.

Marriage indeed may qualifie the Fury of his Paſſion, but it very rarely mends a Man's Manners. Mrs.

Mrs. *FRAIL.*

You are the moſt miſtaken in the World; there is no Creature perfectly civil, but a Husband. For in a little time he grows only rude to his Wife, and that is the higheſt good Breeding, for it begets his Civility to other People. Well, I'll tell you News; but I ſuppoſe you hear your Brother *Benjamin* is landed. And my Brother *Foreſight*'s Daughter is come out of the Country — I aſſure you, there's a Match talk'd of by the old People— Well, if he be but as great a Sea-Beaſt, as ſhe is a Land-Monſter, we ſhall have a moſt amphibious Breed—— The Progeny will be all Otters: He has been bred at Sea, and ſhe has never been out of the Country.

VALENTINE.

Pox take 'em, their Conjunction bodes me no good, I'm ſure.

Mrs. *FRAIL.*

Now you talk of Conjunction, my Brother *Foreſight* has caſt both their Nativities, and prognoſticates an Admiral and an eminent Juſtice of the Peace to be the Iſſue-Male of their two Bodies; 'tis the moſt ſuperſtitious old Fool! He would have perſuaded me, that this was an unlucky Day, and wou'd not let me come abroad: But I invented a Dream, and ſent him to *Artimedorus* for Interpretation, and ſo ſtole out to ſee you. Well, and what will you give me now? Come, I muſt have ſomething.

VALENTINE.

Step into the next Room——and I'll give you ſomething.

SCANDAL.

Ay, we'll all give you ſomething.

Mrs. *FRAIL.*

Well, what will you all give me?

VALENTINE.

Mine's a Secret.

Mrs. *FRAIL.*

I thought you would give me ſomething, that would be a Trouble to you to keep.

VALEN

VALENTINE.

And *Scandal* ſhall give you a good Name.

Mrs. *FRAIL.*

That's more than he has for himſelf. And what will ou give me, Mr. *Tattle*?

TATTLE.

I? My Soul, Madam.

Mrs. *FRAIL.*

Pooh, No I thank you, I have enough to do to take re of my own. Well; but I'll come and ſee you one theſe Mornings: I hear you have a great many ictures.

TATTLE.

I have a pretty good Collection at your Service, ſome riginals:

SCANDAL

Hang him, he has nothing but the *Seaſons* and the elve *Cæſars*, paultry Copies; and the *Five Senſes*, as ill reſented as they are in himſelf; and he himſelf is the ly Original you will ſee there.

Mrs. *FRAIL.*

Ay, but I hear he has a Cloſet of Beauties.

SCANDAL.

Yes, all that have done him Favours, if you will be- ve him.

Mrs. *FRAIL.*

Ay, let me ſee thoſe, Mr. *Tattle*.

TATTLE.

Oh Madam, thoſe are ſacred to Love and Contempla- on. No Man but the Painter and my ſelf was ever bleſt ith the Sight.

Mrs. *FRAIL.*

Well, but a Woman——

TATTLE.

Nor Woman, 'till ſhe conſented to have her Picture re too —— for then ſhe's oblig'd to keep the Secret.

SCANDAL.

No, no; come to me if you'd ſee Pictures.

Mrs.

Mrs. *FRAIL.*

You?

SCANDAL.

Yes Faith, I can ſhew you your own Picture, and moſt of your Acquaintance to the Life, and as like as at *Kneller*'s.

Mrs. *FRAIL.*

O lying Creature—— *Valentine*, does not he lye?—— I can't believe a Word he ſays.

VALENTINE.

No indeed, he ſpeaks Truth now: For as *Tattle* has Pictures of all that have granted him Favours, he has the Pictures of all that have refus'd him: If Satires, Deſcriptions, Characters, and Lampoons are Pictures.

SCANDAL.

Yes, mine are moſt in black and white. —— And yet there are ſome ſet out in their true Colours, both Men and Women. I can ſhew you Pride, Folly, Affectation, Wantonneſs, Inconſtancy, Covetouſneſs, Diſſimulation, Malice and Ignorance, all in one Piece. Then I can ſhew you Lying, Foppery, Vanity, Cowardiſe, Bragging, Lechery, Impotence and Uglineſs in another Piece; and yet one of theſe is a celebrated Beauty, and t'other a profeſt Beau. I have Paintings too, ſome pleaſant enough.

Mrs. *FRAIL.*

Come, let's hear 'em.

SCANDAL.

Why, I have a Beau in a Bagnio, cupping for a Complexion, and ſweating for a Shape.

Mrs. *FRAIL.*

So.

SCANDAL.

Then I have a Lady burning Brandy in a Cellar with a Hackney-Coachman.

Mrs. *FRAIL.*

O Devil! Well, but that Story is not true.

SCANDAL.

I have ſome Hieroglyphicks too; I have a Lawyer with

hundred Hands, two Heads, and but one Face; a Di-ine with two Faces, and one Head; and I have a Sol-er with his Brains in his Belly, and his Heart where his ead ſhou'd be.

Mrs. *FRAIL.*

And no Head?

SCANDAL.

No Head.

Mrs. *FRAIL.*

Pooh, this is all Invention. Have you ne'er a Poet?

SCANDAL.

Yes, I have a Poet weighing Words, and ſelling Praiſe r Praiſe, and a Critick picking his Pocket. I have a-ther large Piece too, repreſenting a School; where there e huge Proportion'd Criticks, with long Wiggs, lac'd oats, *Steinkirk* Cravats, and terrible Faces; with Cat-ls in their Hands, and Horn-Books about their Necks. have many more of this Kind, very well painted, as u ſhall ſee.

Mrs. *FRAIL.*

Well, I'll come, if it be but to diſprove you.

SCENE XIV.

[*To them*] JEREMY.

IR, here's the Steward again from your Father.

VALENTINE.

I'll come to him —— will you give me leave, I'll wait on u again preſently.

Mrs. *FRAIL.*

No, I'll be gone. Come, who Squires me to the *Ex-ange?* I muſt call my Siſter *Foreſight* there.

SCANDAL.

I will: I have a Mind to your Siſter.

Mrs.

Mrs. *FRAIL.*

Civil!

TATTLE.

I will; becauſe I have a *Tendre* for your Ladyſhip.

Mrs. *FRAIL.*

That's ſomewhat the better Reaſon, to my Opinion.

SCANDAL.

Well, if *Tattle* entertains you, I have the better Opportunity to engage your Siſter.

VALENTINE.

Tell *Angelica*, I am about making hard Conditions to come Abroad, and be at Liberty to ſee her.

SCANDAL.

I'll give an Account of you, and your Proceedings. Indiſcretion be a Sign of Love, you are the moſt a Lover of any Body that I know: You fancy that parting with your Eſtate, will help you to your Miſtreſs——In the Mind he is a Thoughtleſs Adventurer,

Who hopes to purchaſe Wealth by ſelling Land;
Or win a Miſtreſs, with a loſing Hand.

ACT II. SCENE I.

A Room in FORESIGHT's *House.*

FORESIGHT *and* SERVANT.

FORSIGHT.

HEY day! What, are all the Women of my Family abroad? Is not my Wife come home? Nor my Sister, nor my Daughter?

SERVANT.

No, Sir.

FORESIGHT.

Mercy on us, what can be the meaning of it? Sure the oon is in all her Fortitudes; Is my Neice *Angelica* at me?

SERVANT.

Yes, Sir.

FORESIGHT.

I believe you lie, Sir.

SERVANT.

Sir?

FORESIGHT.

I ſay you lie, Sir. It is impoſſible that any thing ſhould as I wou'd have it; for I was born, Sir, when the ab was aſcending, and all my Affairs go backward.

SERVANT.

I can't tell indeed, Sir.

FORESIGHT.

No, I know you can't, Sir: But I can tell, and fore- Sir.

SCENE

SCENE II.

[*To them*] NURSE.

FORESIGHT.

Nurſe, where's your young Miſtreſs?

NURSE.

Wee'ſt Heart, I know not, they're none of 'em co
Home yet: Poor Child, I warrant ſhe's fond o'ſeeing t
Town——Marry, pray Heav'n they ha' given her a
Dinner—— Good lack-a-day, ha, ha, ha, O ſtrange;
vow and ſwear now, ha, ha, ha, marry and did you e
ſee the like!

FORESIGHT.

Why, how now, what's the Matter?

NURSE.

Pray Heav'n ſend your Worſhip good Luck, Marry
Amen with all my Heart, for you have put on one Sto
ing with the wrong ſide outward.

FORESIGHT.

Ha, how? Faith and troth I'm glad of it, and
have, that may be good Luck in troth, in troth it m
very good Luck: Nay I have had ſome Omens; I
out of Bed backwards too this Morning, without Pre
ditation; pretty good that too; but then I ſtumbled com
down Stairs, and met a Weaſel; bad Omens thoſe: So
bad, ſome good; our Lives are checquer'd: Mirth
Sorrow, Want and Plenty, Night and Day, make up
Time — But in troth I am pleas'd at my Stocking—
very well pleas'd at my Stocking——Oh here's my Ne
—- Sirrah, go tell Sir *Sampſon Legend* I'll wait on
if he's at leiſure,——'tis now three a Clock, a very g
Hour for Buſineſs, *Mercury* governs this Hour.

SCE

SCENE III.

ANGELICA, FORESIGHT, NURSE.

ANGELICA.

Is it not a good Hour for Pleaſure too, Uncle? pray lend me your Coach, mine's out of Order.

FORESIGHT.

What, wou'd you be gadding too? Sure all Females are mad to-day——It is of evil Portent, and bodes Miſchief to the Maſter of a Family——I remember an old Proheſie written by *Meſſahalah* the *Arabian*, and thus tranſated by a Reverend *Buckinghamſhire* Bard.

When Houſewiſes all the Houſe forſake,
And leave good Man to Brew and Bake,
Withouten Guile, then be it ſaid,
That Houſe doth ſtond upon its Head;
And when the Head is ſet in Grond,
Ne marl, if it be fruitful fond.

fruitful, the Head fruitful, that bodes Horns; the Fruit the Head is Horns——Dear Neice, ſtay at home——for by the Head of the Houſe is meant the Husband; the Prophecy needs no Explanation.

ANGELICA.

Well, but I can neither make you a Cuckold, Uncle, by going abroad; nor ſecure you from being one, by staying at home.

FORESIGHT.

Yes, yes; while there's one Woman left, the Prophecy is not in full Force.

ANGELICA.

But my Inclinations are in Force; I have a Mind to go abroad; and if you won't lend me your Coach, I'll take a Hackney,

Hackney, or a Chair, and leave you to erect a Schem and find who's in Conjunction with your Wife. W don't you keep her at home, if you're Jealous of her wh ſhe's abroad? You know my Aunt is a little Retrogra (as you call it) in her Nature. Uncle, I'm afraid you a not Lord of the Aſcendant, ha, ha, ha.

FORESIGHT.

Well, Jill-flirt, you are very pert——and always ri culing that Celeſtial Science.

ANGELICA.

Nay Uncle, don't be angry—— If you are, I'll reap all your falſe Prophecies, ridiculous Dreams, and idle D vinations. I'll ſwear you are a Nuſance to the Neig bourhood—— What a Buſtle did you keep againſt the I viſible Eclipſe, laying in Proviſion as 'twere for a Sieg What a world of Fire and Candle, Matches and Tind boxes did you purchaſe! One would have thought we we ever after to live under Ground, or at leaſt making a Voya to *Greenland*, to inhabit there all the dark Seaſon.

FORESIGHT.

Why, you malapert Slut——

ANGELICA.

Will you lend me your Coach, or I'll go on——N I'll declare how you prophecy'd Popery was coming, o becauſe the Butler had miſ-laid ſome of the Apo Spoons, and thought they were loſt. Away went Re gion and Spoonmeat together——Indeed, Uncle, I'll i dite you for a Wizard.

FORESIGHT.

How Huſſy! was there ever ſuch a provoking Min

NURSE.

O merciful Father, how ſhe talks!

ANGELICA.

Yes, I can make Oath of your unlawful Midnig Practices; you and the old Nurſe there——

NURSE.

Marry Heav'n defend——I at Midnight Practices— O Lord, what's here to do?—— I in unlawful Doin wi

ith my Maſter's Worſhip —— Why, did you ever hear e like now —— Sir, did ever I do any thing of your idnight Concerns —— but warm your Bed, and tuck u up, and ſet the Candle and your Tobacco-Box, and our Urinal by you, and now and then rub the Soles of our Feet?——O Lord, I!————

ANGELICA.

Yes, I ſaw you together, thro' the Key-hole of the loſet, one Night, like *Saul* and the Witch of *Endor*, ming the Sieve and Sheers, and pricking your Thumbs, write poor innocent Servants Names in Blood, about ittle Nutmeg-Grater, which ſhe had forgot in the andle-Cup————Nay, I know ſomething worſe, if would ſpeak of it————

FORESIGHT.

I defie you, Huſſy; but I'll remember this, I'll be re-g'd on you, Cockatrice; I'll hamper you —— You e your Fortune in your own Hands —— but I'll find a y to make your Lover, your Prodigal Spendthrift Gal-t, *Valentine*, pay for all, I will.

ANGELICA.

Will you? I care not, but all ſhall out then —— Look , Nurſe; I can bring Witneſs that you have a great natural Teat under your left Arm, and he another; that you ſuckle a young Devil in the Shape of a Tab-Cat, by turns; I can.

NURSE.

A Teat, a Teat, I an unnatural Teat! O the falſe ſlan-ous Thing; feel, feel here, if I have any thing but like ther Chriſtian. [*Crying.*

FORESIGHT.

I will have Patience, ſince it is the Will of the Stars I uld be thus tormented —— This is the Effect of the dicious Conjunctions and Oppoſitions in the third uſe of my Nativity; there the Curſe of Kindred was retold —— But I will have my Doors lock'd up —— punish you; not a Man ſhall enter my Houſe.

ANGE-

ANGELICA.

Do Uncle, lock 'em up quickly before my Aunt co
home——You'll have a Letter for Alimony to-Morr
Morning——But let me be gone firſt, and then let
Mankind come near the Houſe, but converſe with S
rits and the Celeſtial Signs, the Bull, and the Ram,
the Goat. Bleſs me! there are a great many hor
Beaſts among the twelve Signs, Uncle. But Cuckolds
to Heav'n.

FORESIGHT.

But there's but one Virgin among the twelve Si
Spit-fire, but one Virgin.

ANGELICA.

Nor there had not been that one, if ſhe had had to
with any thing but Aſtrologers, Uncle. That ma
my Aunt go abroad.

FORESIGHT.

How? How? Is that the Reaſon? Come, you kn
ſomething; tell me, and I'll forgive you; do, good N
——Come, you ſhall have my Coach and Horſes.—
Faith and troth you ſhall — Does my Wife compl
Come, I know Women tell one another — She is yo
and ſanguine, has a wanton Hazle Eye, and was b
under *Gemini*, which may incline her to Society;
has a Mole upon her Lip, with a moiſt Palm, and a
pen Liberality on the Mount of *Venus*.

ANGELICA.

Ha, ha, ha.

FORESIGHT.

Do you laugh? — Well Gentlewoman, I'll——
come, be a good Girl, don't perplex your poor U
tell me——won't you ſpeak? Odd, I'll——

SCENE IV.

[*To them*] SERVANT.

SERVANT.

IR *Sampſon* is coming down to wait upon you ——

ANGELICA.

Good bu'y Uncle——Call me a Chair —— I'll find out y Aunt, and tell her, ſhe muſt not come home.

FORESIGHT.

I'm ſo perplex'd and vex'd, I am not fit to receive m; I ſhall ſcarce recover my ſelf before the Hour be d: Go Nurſe, tell Sir *Sampſon* I'm ready to wait on m.

NURSE.

Yes, Sir.

FORESIGHT.

Well——Why, if I was born to be a Cuckold, there's more to be ſaid——he's here already.

SCENE V.

ORESIGHT, *and Sir* SAMPSON LEGEND *with a Paper.*

Sir *SAMPSON LEGEND.*

OR no more to be done, old Boy; that's plain—— here 'tis, I have it in my Hand, Old *Ptolomee*; I'll e the ungracious Prodigal know who begat him; I old *Noſtrodamus*. What, I warrant my Son thought ing belong'd to a Father, but Forgiveneſs and Affe-; no Authority, no Correction, no Arbitrary Power; ing to be done, but for him to offend and me to

Pardon. I warrant you, if he danc'd till Doomſday, he thought I was to pay the Piper. Well, but here it is under Black and White, *Signatum*, *Sigillatum*, and *Deliberatum*; that as ſoon as my Son *Benjamin* is arriv'd, he is to make over to him his Right of Inheritance. Where's my Daughter that is to be —— hah! old *Merlin*! Body o'me, I'm ſo glad I'm reveng'd on this undutiful Rogue.

FORESIGHT.

Odſo, let me ſee; Let me ſee the Paper —— Ay, faith and troth, here 'tis, if it will but hold —— I wiſh things were done, and the Conveyance made ——— When was this ſign'd, what Hour? Odſo, you ſhould have conſulted me for the Time. Well, but we'll make haſte ——

Sir *SAMPSON.*

Haſte; ay, ay, haſte enough; my Son *Ben* will be in Town to Night —— I have order'd my Lawyer to draw up Writings of Settlement and Jointure ——— All ſhall be done to Night —— No matter for the Time; pr'ythee Brother *Foreſight*, leave Superſtition ——— Pox o' time; there's no Time but the Time preſent, there's no more to be ſaid of what's paſt, and all that is to come will happen. If the Sun ſhine by Day, and the Stars by Night, why, we ſhall know one another's Faces without the help of a Candle, and that's all the Stars are good for.

FORESIGHT.

How, how? Sir *Sampſon*, that all? Give me leave to contradict you, and tell you, you are ignorant.

Sir *SAMPSON.*

I tell you I am wiſe; and *ſapiens dominabitur aſtris*, there's *Latin* for you to prove it, and an Argument to confound your *Ephemeris* —— Ignorant! ——— I tell you I have travell'd old *Fircu*, and know the Globe. I have ſeen the *Antipodes*, where the Sun riſes at Midnight, and ſets at Noon-Day.

FORESIGHT.

But I tell you, I have travell'd, and travell'd in Coeleſtial *Spheres*, know the *Signs* and the *Planets*, and their Houſes. Can judge of Motions Direct and Re-

grade, of *Sextiles*, *Quadrates*, *Trines* and *Oppoſitions*, Fiery *Trigons* and Aquatical *Trigons*. Know whether Life ſhall be long or ſhort, Happy or Unhappy, whether Diſeaſes are Curable or Incurable. If Journeys ſhall be proſperous, Undertakings ſucceſsful; or Goods ſtoll'n recover'd, I know———

Sir *SAMPSON*.

I know the Length of the Emperor of *China*'s Foot; have kiſs'd the *Great Mogul*'s Slipper, and rid a Hunting upon an Elephant with the Cham of *Tartary*,———Body o'me, I have made a Cuckold of a King, and the preſent Majeſty of *Bantam* is the Iſſue of theſe Loins.

FORESIGHT.

I know when Travellers lye or ſpeak Truth, when they don't know it themſelves.

Sir *SAMPSON*.

I have known an Aſtrologer made a Cuckold in the twinkling of a Star; and ſeen a Conjurer, that cou'd not keep the Devil out of his Wife's Circle.

FORESIGHT.

What, does he twit me with my Wife too? I muſt be better inform'd of this, — [*Aſide*.]———Do you mean my Wife, Sir *Sampſon*? Tho' you made a Cuckold of the King of *Bantam*, yet by the Body of the Sun———

Sir *SAMPSON*.

By the Horns of the Moon, you wou'd ſay, Brother *Capricorn*.

FORESIGHT.

Capricorn in your Teeth, thou Modern *Mandevil*; *Fernand Mendez Pinto* was but a Type of thee, thou Liar of the firſt Magnitude. Take back your Paper of Inheritance; ſend your Son to Sea again. I'll wed my Daughter to an *Egyptian* Mummy, ere ſhe ſhall Incorporate with a Contemner of Sciences, and a Defamer of Virtue.

Sir *SAMPSON*.

Body o'me, I have gone too far;——I muſt not provoke honeſt *Albumazar*,———An *Egyptian* Mummy is an illuſtrious Creature, my truſty Hieroglyphick; and may

have Significations of Futurity about him; Odsbud, I would my Son were an *Egyptian* Mummy for thy ſake What, thou art not angry for a Jeſt, my good *Haly*— I reverence the Sun, Moon and Stars with all my Heart ——— What, I'll make thee a Preſent of a Mummy Now I think on't, Body o'me, I have a Shoulder of a *Egyptian* King, that I purloin'd from one of the Pyramids powder'd with Hieroglyphicks, thou ſhalt have it brough Home to thy Houſe, and make an Entertainment for a the *Philomaths*, and Students in Phyſick and Aſtrology i and about *London*.

FORESIGHT.

But what do you know of my Wife, Sir *Sampſon*?

Sir *SAMPSON.*

Thy Wife is a Conſtellation of Virtues; ſhe's t Moon, and thou art the Man in the Moon: Nay, ſhe more illuſtrious than the Moon; for ſhe has her Chaſti without her Inconſtancy: 'sbud I was but in Jeſt.

SCENE VI.

[*To them*] JEREMY.

Sir *SAMPSON.*

HOW now, who ſent for you? Ha! What wo you have?

FORESIGHT.

Nay, if you were but in Jeſt—— Who's that Fello I don't like his Phyſiognomy.

Sir *SAMPSON.*

My Son, Sir; what Son, Sir? My Son *Benjamine*, h

JEREMY.

No, Sir, Mr. *Valentine*, my Maſter, ——— 'tis the time he has been abroad ſince his Confinement, and comes to pay his Duty to you.

Sir *SAMPSON.*

Well, Sir.

SCENE VII.

FORESIGHT, *Sir* SAMPSON, VALENTINE, JEREMY.

JEREMY.

HE is here, Sir.

VALENTINE.

Your Bleſſing, Sir.

Sir *SAMPSON.*

You've had it already, Sir; I think I ſent it you to Day in a Bill of four thouſand Pound: A great deal of Mony, Brother *Foreſight.*

FORESIGHT.

Ay indeed, Sir *Sampſon*, a great deal of Mony for a young Man; I wonder what he can do with it!

Sir *SAMPSON.*

Body o'me, ſo do I. ——— Hark ye, *Valentine*, if there be too much, refund the Superfluity; doſt hear, Boy?

VALENTINE.

Superfluity, Sir! it will ſcarce pay my Debts, ——— I hope you will have more Indulgence, than to oblige me to thoſe hard Conditions, which my Neceſſity ſign'd you.

Sir *SAMPSON.*

Sir, how, I beſeech you, what were you pleas'd to intimate, concerning Indulgence?

VALENTINE.

Why, Sir, that you wou'd not go to the Extremity of the Conditions, but releaſe me at leaſt from ſome Part.—

Sir *SAMPSON.*

Oh Sir, I underſtand you ——— that's all, ha?

VALENTINE.

Yes, Sir, all that I preſume to a k —— But what you, out of Fatherly Fondneſs, will be pleas'd to add, ſhall be humbly welcome.

Sir *SAMPSON.*

No Doubt of it, ſweet Sir, but your filial Piety, an my fatherly Fondneſs wou'd fit like two Tallies.— Here's a Rogue, Brother *Foreſight*, makes a Bargain un der Hand and Seal in the Morning, and would be releas from it in the Afternoon; here's a Rogue, Dog, here Conſcience and Honeſty; this is your Wit now, this the Morality of your Wits! You are a Wit, and ha been a Beau, and may be a————Why Sirrah, is not here under Hand and Seal————Can you den it?

VALENTINE.

Sir, I don't deny it.————

Sir *SAMPSON.*

Sirrah you'll be hang'd; I ſhall live to ſee you go *Holborn-Hill* —— Has he not a Rogue's Face? —— Spea Brother, you underſtand Phyſiognomy, a hanging Loo to me---of all my Boys the moſt unlike me; he has damn'd *Tyburn*-Face, without the Benefit o'the Clergy.

FORESIGHT.

Hum —— truly I don't care to diſcourage a you Man---he has a violent Death in his Face; but I hope Danger of Hanging.

VALENTINE.

Sir, is this Uſage for your Son?——for that old W ther-headed Fool, I know how to laugh at him; you, Sir————

Sir *SAMPSON.*

You, Sir; and you, Sir:——Why, who are you, S

VALENTINE.

Your Son, Sir.

Sir *SAMPSON.*

That's more than I know, Sir; and I believe not.

VALENTINE.

Faith I hope not.

Sir *SAMPSON.*

What, wou'd you have your Mother a Whore! you ever hear the like! Did you ever hear the like! oy o'me.————

VALE

VALENTINE.

I would have an Excuſe for your Barbarity and unnatural Uſage.

Sir *SAMPSON.*

Excuſe! Impudence! Why Sirrah, mayn't I do what I pleaſe? Are not you my Slave? Did not I beget you? And might not I have choſen whether I would have begot you or no? 'Oons who are you! Whence came you? What brought you into the World? How came you here, Sir? Here, to ſtand here, upon thoſe two Legs, and look me with that audacious Face, hah? Anſwer me that? Did you come a Volunteer into the World? Or did I, with the lawful Authority of a Parent, preſs you to the Service?

VALENTINE.

I know no more why I came, than you do why you got me. But here I am, and if you don't mean to provide for me, I deſire you would leave me as you found me.

Sir *SAMPSON.*

With all my Heart: Come, uncaſe, ſtrip, and go naked out of the World as you came into't.

VALENTINE.

My Cloaths are ſoon put off: —— But you muſt alſo divest me of Reaſon, Thought, Paſſions, Inclinations, Affections, Appetites, Senſes, and the huge Train of Attendants that you begot along with me.

Sir *SAMPSON.*

Body o'me, what a many-headed Monſter have I propagated!

VALENTINE.

I am of my ſelf, a plain eaſie ſimple Creature; and to be kept at ſmall Expence; but the Retinue that you gave me are craving and invincible; they are ſo many Devils that you have rais'd, and will have Employment.

Sir *SAMPSON.*

'Oons, what had I to do to get Children, —— can't a Private Man be born without all theſe Followers? ——— Why nothing under an Emperor ſhould be born with Appetites,

petites,——Why at this rate a Fellow that has but Groat in his Pocket, may have a Stomach capable of Ten Shilling Ordinary.

JEREMY.

Nay that's as clear as the Sun; I'll make Oath of it before any Juſtice in *Middleſex*.

Sir *SAMPSON.*

Here's a Cormorant too,—— 'S'heart this Fellow was not born with you?——I did not beget him, did I?—

JEREMY.

By the Proviſion that's made for me, you might have begot me too:——Nay, and to tell your Worſhip another Truth, I believe you did, for I find I was born with thoſe ſame Whoreſon Appetites too that my Maſter ſpeaks of.

Sir *SAMPSON.*

Why look you there now,——I'll maintain it that by the Rule of right Reaſon, this Fellow ought to have been born without a Palate.--'S'heart, what ſhou'd he do with a diſtinguiſhing Taſte?——I warrant now he'd rather eat a Pheaſant, than a Piece of poor *John*; and ſmell, now; why, I warrant he can ſmell, and loves Perfumes above a Stink,——Why there's it; and Muſick, don't you love Muſick, Scoundrel?

JEREMY.

Yes, I have a reaſonable good Ear, Sir, as to Jigs and Country Dances; and the like; I don't much matter your *Solo's* or *Sonata's*, they give me the Spleen.

Sir *SAMPSON.*

The Spleen, ha, ha, ha, a Pox confound you——*Solo's* or *Sonata's*? 'Oons whoſe Son are you? How were you engendred, Muckworm?

JEREMY.

I am by my Father, the Son of a Chair-man; my Mother ſold Oiſters in Winter, and Cucumbers in Summer; and I came up Stairs into the World; for I was born in a Cellar.

FOR

FORESIGHT.

By your Looks, you ſhou'd go up Stairs out of the World too, Friend.

Sir *SAMPSON.*

And if this Rogue were Anatomis'd now, and diſſected, he has his Veſſels of Digeſtion and Concoction, and ſo forth, large enough for the Inſide of a Cardinal, this Son of a Cucumber.——Theſe Things are unaccountable and unreaſonable.——Body o'me, why was not I a Bear? that my Cubs might have liv'd upon ſucking their Paws; Nature has been provident only to Bears and Spiders; the one has its Nutriment in his own Hands; and t'other ſpins his Habitation out of his own Entrails.

VALENTINE.

Fortune was provident enough to ſupply all the Neceſſities of my Nature; if I had my Right of Inheritance.

Sir *SAMPSON*

Again! 'Oons han't you four thouſand Pound——if I had it again, I wou'd not give thee a Groat, — What, would'ſt thou have me turn Pelican, and feed thee out of my own Vitals?————'S'heart, live by your Wits,——You were always fond of the Wits, — Now let's ſee, if you have Wit enough to keep your ſelf——Your Brother will be in Town to Night, or to Morrow Morning, and then look you perform Covenants, and ſo your Friend and Servant.————Come, Brother *Foreſight.*

SCENE VIII.

VALENTINE, JEREMY.

JEREMY.

I told you what your Viſit wou'd come to.

VALENTINE.

'Tis as much as I expected——I did not come to ſee him: I came to *Angelica*: But ſince ſhe was gone abroad,

it was eaſily turn'd another Way; and at leaſt look'd well on my Side: What's here? Mrs. *Foreſight* and Mrs. *Frail*? they are earneſt,——I'll avoid 'em,—— Come this way, and go and enquire when *Angelica* will return.

SCENE IX.

Mrs. FORESIGHT, *and Mrs.* FRAIL.

Mrs. *FRAIL.*

WHAT have you to do to watch me? 'Slife I'll do what I pleaſe.

Mrs. *FORESIGHT.*

You will?

Mrs. *FRAIL.*

Yes marry will I—— A great Piece of Buſineſs to go to *Covent-Garden-Square* in a Hackney-Coach, and take a Turn with one's Friend.

Mrs. *FORESIGHT.*

Nay, two or three Turns, I'll take my Oath.

Mrs. *FRAIL.*

Well, what if I took twenty——I warrant if you had been there, it had been only innocent Recreation,—— Lord, where's the Comfort of this Life, if we can't have the Happineſs of converſing where we like?

Mrs. *FORESIGHT.*

But can't you converſe at home? — I own it, I think there's no Happineſs like converſing with an agreeable Man; I don't quarrel at that, nor I don't think but your Converſation was very innocent; but the Place is public, and to be ſeen with a Man in a Hackney-Coach is ſcandalous: What if any Body elſe ſhou'd have ſeen you alite, as I did?——How can any Body be happy while they're in perpetual Fear of being ſeen and cenſur'd——Beſid

——Beſides it wou'd not only reflect upon you, Siſter, but me.

Mrs. *FRAIL.*

Pooh, here's a Clutter —— Why ſhou'd it reflect upon you?—I don't doubt but you have thought your ſelf happy in a Hackney-Coach before now.——If I had gone to *Knights-Bridge*, or to *Chelſea*, or to *Spring-Garden*, or *Barn-Elms* with a Man alone——ſomething might have been ſaid.

Mrs. *FORESIGHT.*

Why, was I ever in any of thoſe Places? What do you mean, Siſter?

Mrs. *FRAIL.*

Was I? What do you mean?

Mrs. *FORESIGHT.*

You have been at a worſe Place.

Mrs. *FRAIL.*

I at a worſe Place, and with a Man!

Mrs. *FORESIGHT.*

I ſuppoſe you would not go alone to the *World's-End.*

Mrs. *FRAIL.*

The *World's-End*! What, do you mean to banter me?

Mrs. *FORESIGHT.*

Poor Innocent! You don't know that there's a Place call'd the *World's-End*? I'll ſwear you can keep your Countenance purely, you'd make an admirable Player.

Mrs. *FRAIL.*

I'll ſwear you have a great deal of Confidence, and in my Mind too much for the Stage.

Mrs. *FORESIGHT.*

Very well, that will appear who has moſt; you never were at the *World's-End*?

Mrs. *FRAIL.*

No.

Mrs. *FORESIGHT.*

You deny it poſitively to my Face.

Mrs *FRAIL.*

Your Face! what's your Face?

Mrs.

Mrs. *FORESIGHT.*

No Matter for that, it's as good a Face as yours.

Mrs. *FRAIL.*

Not by a Dozen Years wearing.———But I do deny it poſitively to your Face then.

Mrs. *FORESIGHT.*

I'll allow you now to find fault with my Face; for I'll ſwear your Impudence has put me out of Countenance: ———But look you here now, — where did you loſe this Gold Bodkin?———Oh Siſter, Siſter!

Mrs. *FRAIL.*

My Bodkin!

Mrs. *FORESIGHT.*

Nay, 'tis yours, look at it.

Mrs. *FRAIL.*

Well, if you go to that, where did you find this Bodkin?———Oh Siſter, Siſter! — Siſter every way.

Mrs. *FORESIGHT.*

O Devil on't, that I cou'd not diſcover her, without betraying my ſelf. *Aſide.*

Mrs. *FRAIL.*

I have heard Gentlemen ſay, Siſter, that one ſhou'd take great Care, when one makes a Thruſt in Fencing, not to lye open ones ſelf.

Mrs. *FORESIGHT.*

It's very true, Siſter: Well, ſince all's out, and as you ſay, ſince we are both wounded, let us do what is often done in Duels, take care of one another, and grow better Friends than before.

Mrs. *FRAIL.*

With all my Heart, ours are but ſlight fleſh Wounds and if we keep 'em from Air, not at all dangerous: Well give me your Hand in token of Siſterly Secreſie and Affection.

Mrs. *FORESIGHT.*

Here 'tis with all my Heart.

Mrs. *FRAIL.*

Well, as an Earneſt of Friendſhip and Confidence, I acquai

acquaint you with a Deſign that I have: To tell Tru h, and ſpeak openly one to another; I'm afraid the World have obſerv'd us more than we have obſerv'd one another. You have a rich Husband, and are provided for, I am at a Loſs, and have no great Stock either of Fortune or Reputation; and therefore muſt look ſharply about me. Sir *Sampſon* has a Son that is expected to Night; and by the Account I have heard of his Education, can be no Conjuror: The Eſtate you know is to be made over to him:—Now if I cou'd wheedle him, Siſter, ha? You underſtand me?

Mrs. *FORESIGHT.*

I do; and will help you to the utmoſt of my Power---And I can tell you one Thing that falls out luckily enough; my awkward Daughter-in-Law, who you know is deſign'd to be his Wife, is grown fond of Mr. *Tattle*; now if we can improve that, and make her have an Averſion for the Booby, it may go a great Way towards his liking you. Here they come together; and let us contrive ſome Way or other to leave 'em together.

SCENE X.

[*To them*] TATTLE *and Miſs* PRUE.

Miſs *PRUE.*

MOther, Mother, Mother, look you here.

Mrs *FORESIGHT.*

Fie, fie, Miſs, how you bawl--- Beſides, I have told you, you muſt not call me Mother.

Miſs *PRUE.*

What muſt I call you then? are you not my Father's Wife?

Mrs. *FORESIGHT.*

Madam; you muſt ſay Madam———By my Soul, I ſhall fancy my ſelf old indeed, to have this great Girl call me

me Mother——— Well, but Miſs, what are you ſo over-joy'd at?

Miſs *PRUE*.

Look you here, Madam then, what Mr. *Tattle* has giv'n me——— Look you here Couſin, here's a Snuff-Box; nay, there's Snuff in't; here, will you have any ———Oh good! How ſweet it is——Mr. *Tattle* is all over ſweet, his Perruke is ſweet, and his Gloves are ſweet,———and his Handkerchief is ſweet, pure ſweet, ſweeter than Roſes———Smell him Mother, Madam, I mean———He gave me this Ring for a Kiſs.

TATTLE.

O fie Miſs, you muſt not kiſs and tell.

Miſs *PRUE*

Yes; I may tell my Mother——And he ſays he'll give me ſomething to make me ſmell ſo —— Oh pray lend me your Handkerchief———Smell, Couſin; he ſays he'll give me ſomething that will make my Smocks ſmell this way——— Is not it pure?—It's better than Lavender mun —— I'm reſolv'd I won't let Nurſe put any more Lavender among my Smocks—— ha, Couſin?

Mrs *FRAIL*.

Fie, Miſs; amongſt your Linnen, you muſt ſay —— You muſt never ſay Smock.

Miſs *PRUE*.

Why, it is not Bawdy, is it, Couſin?

TATTLE.

Oh, Madam; you are too ſevere upon Miſs: you muſt not find Fault with her pretty Simplicity, it becomes her ſtrangely —— pretty Miſs, don't let 'em perſwade you out of your Innocency.

Mrs. *FORESIGHT*.

Oh, demm you Toad———I wiſh you don't perſwade her out of her Innocency.

TATTLE.

Who I, Madam? ———O Lord, how can your Ladyſhip have ſuch a Thought——— ſure you don't know me?

Mrs.

Mrs. *FRAIL.*

Ah Devil, ſly Devil —— He's as cloſe, Siſter, as a Confeſſor——He thinks we don't obſerve him.

Mrs. *FORESIGHT*

A cunning Cur, how ſoon he cou'd find out a freſh harmleſs Creature; and left us, Siſter, preſently.

TATTLE.

Upon Reputation,————

Mrs. *FORESIGHT.*

They're all ſo, Siſter, theſe Men——they love to have the ſpoiling of a young thing, they are as fond of it, as of being firſt in the Faſhion, or of ſeeing a new Play the firſt Day,————I warrant it would break Mr. *Tattle*'s heart, to think that any Body elſe ſhou'd be before-hand with him.

TATTLE.

Oh Lord, I ſwear I wou'd not for the World——

Mrs. *FRAIL.*

O hang you; who'll believe you? — You'd be hang'd before you'd confeſs—— we know you —— ſhe's very pretty!—Lord, what pure Red and White! — ſhe looks wholſome;——ne'er ſtir, I don't know, but I fancy I were a Man———

Miſs *PRUE.*

How you love to jeer one, Couſin.

Mrs. *FORESIGHT.*

Hark'ee, Siſter, —— by my Soul the Girl is ſpoil'd already —— d'ye think ſhe'll ever endure a great lubberly Sirpawlin---Gad I warant you ſhe won't let him come near her, after Mr. *Tattle.*

Mrs. *FRAIL.*

O'my Soul, I'm afraid not---eh! filthy Creature, that ſmells all of Pitch and Tarr——Devil take you, you confounded Toad——why did you ſee her, before ſhe was married?

Mrs. *FORESIGHT.*

Nay, why did we let him—my Husband will hang us —He'll think we brought 'em acquainted.

Mrs.

Mrs. *FRAIL.*

Come, Faith let us be gone--If my Brother *Foresight* ſhou'd find us with them, he'd think ſo, ſure enough.

Mrs. *FORESIGHT.*

So he wou'd---but then leaving 'em together is as bad ——— And he's ſuch a ſly Devil, he'll never miſs an Opportunity.

Mrs. *FRAIL.*

I don't care; I won't be ſeen in't.

Mrs. *FORESIGHT.*

Well, if you ſhould, Mr. *Tattle*, you'll have a World to anſwer for; remember I waſh my Hands of it, I'm throughly Innocent.

SCENE XI.

TATTLE, *Miſs* PRUE.

Miſs *PRUE.*

WHAT makes 'em go away, Mr. *Tattle*? What do they mean, do you know?

TATTLE.

Yes, my Dear———I think I can gueſs---But hang me if I know the Reaſon of it.

Miſs *PRUE.*

Come, muſt not we go too?

TATTLE.

No, no, they don't mean that.

Miſs *PRUE.*

No! What then? What ſhall you and I do together?

TATTLE.

I muſt make love to you, pretty Miſs; will you let me make Love to you?

Miſs *PRUE.*

Yes, if you pleaſe.

TATTLE.

TATTLE.

Frank, I Gad, at leaſt. What a Pox does Mrs. *Foreſight* mean by this Civility? Is it to make a Fool of me? or does ſhe leave us together out of good Morality, and do as ſhe would be done by —— Gad I'll underſtand it ſo. [*Aſide.*

Miſs *PRUE.*

Well; and how will you make Love to me —— Come, I long to have you begin——muſt I make Love too? You muſt tell me how.

TATTLE.

You muſt let me ſpeak Miſs, you muſt not ſpeak firſt; I muſt ask you Queſtions, and you muſt anſwer.

Miſs *PRUE.*

What, is it like the Catechiſm?—Come then ask me.

TATTLE.

D'ye think you can love me?

Miſs *PRUE.*

Yes.

TATTLE.

Pooh, Pox, you muſt not ſay yes already; I ſhan't give a Farthing for you then in a twinkling.

Miſs *PRUE.*

What muſt I ſay then?

TATTLE.

Why, you muſt ſay no, or you believe not, or you can't tell——

Miſs *PRUE.*

Why, muſt I tell a Lie then?

TATTLE.

Yes, if you'd be well bred. All well-bred Perſons Lie —Beſides, you are a Woman, you muſt never ſpeak what you think: Your Words muſt contradict your Thoughts; but your Actions may contradict your Words. So, when I ask you, if you can love me, you muſt ſay no, but you muſt love me too——If I tell you you are handſome, you muſt deny it, and ſay I flatter you —— But you muſt think your ſelf more charming than

than I ſpeak you: — And like me, for the Beauty which I ſay you have, as much as if I had it my ſelf — If I ask you to kiſs me, you muſt be angry, but you muſt not refuſe me. If I ask you for more, you muſt be more angry, — but more complying; and as ſoon as ever I make you ſay you'll cry out, you muſt be ſure to hold your Tongue.

Miſs *PRUE.*

O Lord, I ſwear this is pure, — I like it better than our old faſhion'd Country way of ſpeaking one's Mind — and muſt not you lie too?

TATTLE.

Hum — Yes — But you muſt believe I ſpeak Truth.

Miſs *PRUE.*

O *Gemini!* Well, I always had a great Mind to tell Lies — but they frighted me, and ſaid it was a Sin.

TATTLE.

Well, my pretty Creature, will you make me happy by giving me a Kiſs?

Miſs *PRUE.*

No, indeed; I'm angry at you. —

[*Runs and kiſſes him.*

TATTLE.

Hold, hold, that's pretty well — but you ſhould not have given it me, but have ſuffer'd me to have taken it.

Miſs *PRUE.*

Well, we'll do it again.

TATTLE.

With all my Heart — Now then my little Angel.

[*Kiſſes her.*

Miſs *PRUE.*

Fiſh.

TATTLE.

That's right, — again my Charmer. [*Kiſſes again.*

Miſs *PRUE.*

O fie, nay, now I can't abide you.

TATTLE.

Admirable! That was as well as if you had been bred a

nd bred in *Covent-Garden*,——And won't you ſhew me, retty Miſs, where your Bed-Chamber is?

Miſs *PRUE*.

No, indeed won't I: but I'll run there, and hide my lf from you behind the Curtains.

TATTLE.

I'll follow you.

Miſs *PRUE*.

Ah, but I will hold the Door with both Hands, and angry; and you ſhall puſh me down before you come .

TATTLE

No, I'll come in firſt, and puſh yourdown afterwards.

Miſs *PRUE*.

Will you? then I'll be more angry, and more com-ying.

TATTLE.

Then I'll make you cry out.

Miſs *PRUE*.

Oh but you ſhan't, for I'll hold my Tongue——

TATTLE.

Oh my dear apt Scholar.

Miſs *PRUE*.

Well, now I'll run and make more haſte than you.

TATTLE.

You ſhall not fly ſo faſt, as I'll purſue.

End of the Second Act.

ACT

ACT III. SCENE I.

NURSE *alone.*

NURSE.

MISS, Miſs, Miſs *Prue* —— Mercy on marry and Amen. Why, what's beco of the Child?—— Why Miſs, Miſs *ſight* —— Sure ſhe has lockt her ſelf up her Chamber, and gone to ſleep, or to P ers: Miſs, Miſs, I hear her ——Com y our Father, Child: Open the Door Open the D Miſs —— I hear you cry huſht——O Lord, who's th [*peeps*] What's here to do?——O the Father! a with her!—Why, Miſ I ſay; God's my Life, here's doings towards——O Lord, we're all undone——O young Harlotry [*knocks.*] Od's my Life, won't you the Door? I'll come in the back way.

SCENE II.

TATTLE, *Miſs* PRUE.

Miſs *PRUE.*

O Lord, ſhe's coming—and ſhe'll tell my Father, ſhall I do now?

TATTLE.

Pox take her; if ſhe had ſtaid two Minutes long ſhou'd have wiſh'd for her coming.

Miſs PRUE.

O Dear, what ſhall I ſay? Tell me, Mr. *Tattle*, tell me Lie.

TATTLE.

There's no Occaſion for a Lie; I cou'd never tell a Lie no Purpoſe——But ſince we have done nothing, we uſt ſay nothing, I think. I hear her——I'll leave you gether, and come off as you can.

[*Thruſts her in, and ſhuts the Door.*

SCENE III.

TATTLE, VALENTINE, SCANDAL, ANGELIICA.

ANGELICA.

YOU can't accuſe me of Inconſtancy; I never told you that I lov'd you.

VALENTINE.

But I can accuſe you of Uncertainty, for not telling me ether you did or not.

ANGELICA.

You miſtake Indifference for Uncertainty; I never had ncern enough to ask my ſelf the Queſtion.

SCANDAL

Nor good Nature enough to anſwer him that did ask : I'll ſay that for you, Madam.

ANGELICA.

What, are you ſetting up for good Nature?

SCANDAL.

Only for the Affectation of it, as the Women do for Nature.

ANGELICA.

Perſuade your Friend, that it is all Affectation.

SCANDAL.

I ſhall receive no Benefit from the Opinion: For I know

know no effectual Difference between continued Affection and Reality.

TATTLE. [*coming up.*]

Scandal, are you in private Diſcourſe, any thing of Secreſie? [*Aſide to* Scandal.

SCANDAL.

Yes, but I dare truſt you; we were talking of *Angelica*'s Love to *Valentine*; you won't ſpeak of it.

TATTLE.

No, no, not a Syllable——I know that's a Secret, for it's whiſper'd every where.

SCANDAL.

Ha, ha, ha.

ANGELICA.

What is, Mr. *Tattle?* I heard you ſay ſomething was whiſper'd every where.

SCANDAL.

Your Love of *Valentine*.

ANGELICA.

How!

TATTLE.

No, Madam, his Love for your Ladyſhip——God take me, I beg your Pardon—for I never heard a Word of your Ladyſhip's Paſſion 'till this Inſtant.

ANGELICA.

My Paſſion! And who told you of my Paſſion, pray Sir?

SCANDAL.

Why, is the Devil in you? Did not I tell it you for a Secret?

TATTLE.

Gadſo; but I thought ſhe might have been truſted with her own Affairs.

SCANDAL.

Is that your Diſcretion? truſt a Woman with herſelf?

TATTLE.

You ſay true, I beg your Pardon;—I'll bring all off—

It was impoſſible, Madam, for me to imagine, that a Perſon of your Ladyſhip's Wit and Gallantry, could have ſo long receiv'd the paſſionate Addreſſes of the accompliſh'd *Valentine*, and yet remain inſenſible; therefore you will pardon me, if from a juſt weight of his Merit, with your Ladyſhip's good Judgment, I form'd the Ballance of a reciprocal Affection.

VALENTINE.

O the Devil, what damn'd Coſtive Poet has given thee this Leſſon of Fuſtian to get by Rote?

ANGELICA.

I dare ſwear you wrong him, it is his own —— And Mr. *Tattle* only judges of the Succeſs of others, from the Effects of his own Merit. For certainly Mr. *Tattle* was never deny'd any thing in his Life.

TATTLE.

O Lord! yes indeed, Madam, ſeveral times.

ANGELICA.

I ſwear I don't think 'tis poſſible.

TATTLE.

Yes, I vow and ſwear I have: Lord, Madam, I'm the moſt unfortunate Man in the World, and the moſt cruelly us'd by the Ladies.

ANGELICA.

Nay, now you're ungrateful.

TATTLE

No, I hope not —— 'tis as much Ingratitude to own ſome Favours, as to conceal others.

VALENTINE.

There, now it's out.

ANGELICA.

I don't underſtand you now. I thought you had never grac'd any thing, but what a Lady might modeſtly grant, and you confeſs.

SCANDAL.

So faith, your Buſineſs is done here; now you may go and ſomewhere elſe.

TAT-

TATTLE.

Brag! O Heav'ns! Why, did I name any body?

ANGELICA.

No; I ſuppoſe that is not in your Power; but yo wou'd if you cou'd, no doubt on't.

TATTLE.

Not in my Power, Madam! What does your Lad ſhip mean, that I have no Woman's Reputation in m Power?

SCANDAL.

'Cons, why you won't own it, will you? [*Aſi*

TATTLE.

Faith, Madam, you're in the right; no more I ha as I hope to be ſav'd; I never had it in my Power to ſ any thing to a Lady's Prejudice in my Life —— For a was telling you, Madam, I have been the moſt unſu ceſsful Creature living, in things of that Nature; and n ver had the good Fortune to be truſted once with a L dy's Secret, not once.

ANGELICA.

No.

VALENTINE.

Not once, I dare anſwer for him.

SCANDAL.

And I'll anſwer for him; for I'm ſure if he had, wou'd have told me; I find, Madam, you don't kn Mr. *Tattle.* ——

TATTLE.

No indeed, Madam, you don't know me at all, I ſi For ſure my intimate Friends wou'd have known——

ANGELICA.

Then it ſeems you would have told, if you had b truſted.

TATTLE.

O Pox, *Scandal* that was too far put —— Never t told Particulars, Madam. Perhaps I might have talk' of a third Perſon —— or have introduc'd an Amou my own, in Converſation, by way of Novel: But n have explain'd Particulars.

ANGELICA.

But whence comes the Reputation of Mr. *Tattle's* Secreſie, if he was never truſted?

SCANDAL.

Why thence it ariſes —— The thing is proverbially ſpoken; but may be apply'd to him——As if we ſhould ſay in general Terms, he only is ſecret who never was truſted; a Satyrical Proverb upon our Sex —— There's another upon yours——As ſhe is Chaſte, who was never ask'd the Queſtion. That's all.

VALENTINE.

A couple of very civil Proverbs, truly: 'Tis hard to tell whether the Lady or Mr. *Tattle* be the more oblig'd to you. For you found her Virtue upon the Backwardneſs of the Men; and his Secreſie upon the Miſtruſt of the Women.

TATTLE.

Gad, it's very true, Madam; I think we are oblig'd to acquit our ſelves——And for my part——But your Ladyſhip is to ſpeak firſt——

ANGELICA.

Am I? Well, I freely confeſs I have reſiſted a great deal of Temptation.

TATTLE.

And i'gad, I have given ſome Temptation that has not been reſiſted.

VALENTINE.

Good.

ANGELICA.

I cite *Valentine* here, to declare to the Court, how fruitleſs he has found his Endeavours, and to confeſs all his Solicitations and my Denials.

VALENTINE.

I am ready to plead, Not Guilty, for you; and Guilty, for my ſelf.

SCANDAL.

So, why this is fair, here's Demonſtration with a Witneſs.

TATTLE.

Well, my Witneſſes are not preſent —— But I confeſ I have had Favours from Perſons —— But as the Favour are numberleſs, ſo the Perſons are nameleſs.

SCANDAL.

Pooh, this proves nothing.

TATTLE.

No? I can ſhew Letters, Lockets, Pictures, and Rings and if there be Occaſion for Witneſſes, I can ſummo the Maids at the Chocolate-Houſes, all the Porters at *Pal Mall* and *Covent-Garden*, the Door-Keepers at the Play Houſe, the Drawers at *Locket's*, *Pontack's*, the *Rumm Spring-Garden*, my own Landlady and *Valet de Cham bre*; all who ſhall make Oath, that I receive more Lette than the Secretary's Office; and that I have more Vizo Masks to enquire for me, than ever went to ſee t Hermaphrodite, or the naked Prince. And it is noto ous, that in a Country Church, once, an Enquiry bei made, who I was, it was anſwer'd, I was the famo *Tattle*, who had ruin'd ſo many Women.

VALENTINE.

It was there, I ſuppoſe, you got the Nick-name of t *Great Turk.*

TATTLE.

True; I was call'd *Turk-Tattle* all over the Pariſh— The next *Sunday* all the old Women kept their Dau ters at home, and the Parſon had not half his Congre tion. He wou'd have brought me into the Spiri Court, but I was reveng'd upon him, for he had a ha ſome Daughter whom I initiated into the Science. I repented it afterwards, for it was talk'd of in Tow And a Lady of Quality that ſhall be nameleſs, in a rag Fit of Jealouſie, came down in her Coach and ſix Ho and expos'd her ſelf upon my Account; Gad I was ſ for it with all my Heart —— You know whom I m ——You know where we raffl'd——

SCANDAL.

Mum, *Tattle*,

VAL

VALENTINE.

'Sdeath, are not you aſham'd?

ANGELICA.

O barbarous! I never heard ſo inſolent a Piece of Vanity——Fie, Mr. *Tattle* —— I'll ſwear I could not have believ'd it——is this your Secreſie!

TATTLE.

Gad ſo, the Heat of my Story carry'd me beyond my Diſcretion, as the Heat of the Lady's Paſſion hurry'd her beyond her Reputation —— But I hope you don't know whom I mean; for there were a great many Ladies raffled —Pox on't, now could I bite off my Tongue.

SCANDAL.

No don't; for then you'll tell us no more —— Come, I'll recommend a Song to you upon the Hint of my two Proverbs, and I ſee one in the next Room that will ſing it. [*Goes to the Door.*

TATTLE.

For Heav'ns ſake, if you do gueſs, ſay nothing; Gad, I'm very unfortunate.

SCANDAL.

Pray ſing the firſt Song in the laſt new Play.

SONG.

Set by Mr. *John Eccles.*

I.

A Nymph and a Swain to Apollo *once pray'd,*
The Swain had been jilted, the Nymph been betray'd:
Their Intent was to try if his Oracle knew
A Nymph that was Chaſte, or a Swain that was true.

II.

Apollo was mute, and had like t'have been pos'd,
But ſagely at length he this Secret diſclos'd:
He alone won't betray in whom none will confide;
And the Nymph may be Chaſte that has never been try'd.

SCENE IV.

[*To them*] *Sir* SAMPSON, *Mrs.* FRAIL, *Miſs* PRUE, *and Servant.*

Sir *SAMPSON.*

IS *Ben* come? Odſo, my Son *Ben* come? Odd, I'm glad on't Where is he? I long to ſee him. Now, Mrs. *Fra* you ſhall ſee my Son *Ben*—— Body o'me, he's the Hop of my Family —— I han't ſeen him theſe three Years- I warrant he's grown——Call him in, bid him make ha ——I'm ready to cry for Joy.

Mrs. *FRAIL.*

Now Miſs you ſhall ſee your Husband.

Miſs *PRUE.*

Piſh, he ſhall be none of my Husband.

[*Aſide to* Fr

Mrs. *FRAIL.*

Huſh: Well he ſhan't, leave that to me —— I'll beck Mr. *Tattle* to us.

ANGELICA.

Won't you ſtay and ſee your Brother?

VALENTINE.

We are the Twin-Stars, and cannot ſhine in one Sphe when he riſes I muſt ſet —— Beſides, if I ſhou'd ſta don't know but my Father in good Nature may p me to the immediate ſigning the Deed of Conveyanc my Eſtate; and I'll defer it as long as I can——— W you'll come to a Reſolution.

AN

ANGELICA.

I can't. Reſolution muſt come to me, or I ſhall never have one.

SCANDAL.

Come, *Valentine*, I'll go with you; I've ſomething in my Head to communicate to you.

SCENE V.

ANGELICA, *Sir* SAMPSON, TATTLE, *Mrs.* FRAIL, *Miſs* PRUE.

Sir *SAMPSON.*

WHAT, is my Son *Valentine* gone? What, is he ſneak'd off, and would not ſee his Brother? There's an unnatural Whelp! There's an ill-natur'd Dog! What, were you here too, Madam, and could not keep him! Cou'd neither Love, nor Duty, nor natural Affection oblige him? Odsbud, Madam, have no more to ſay to him; he is not worth your Conſideration. The Rogue has not a Drachm of generous Love about him: All Intereſt, all Intereſt; he's an undone Scoundrel, and courts your Eſtate: Body o'me, he does not care a Doit for your Perſon.

ANGELICA.

I'm pretty even with him, Sir *Sampſon*; for if ever I cou'd have lik'd any thing in him, it ſhou'd have been his Eſtate too: But ſince that's gone, the Bait's off, and the naked Hook appears.

Sir *SAMPSON.*

Odsbud, well ſpoken; and you are a wiſer Woman than I thought you were: For moſt young Women now a-days are to be tempted with a naked Hook.

ANGELICA.

If I marry, Sir *Sampſon*, I'm for a good Eſtate with any Man, and for any Man with a good Eſtate: There-

fore if I were oblig'd to make a Choice, I declare I'd rather have you than your Son.

Sir *SAMPSON.*

Faith and Troth you're a wiſe Woman, and I'm glad to hear you ſay ſo; I was afraid you were in Love with the Reprobate; Odd, I was ſorry for you with all my Heart: Hang him, Mungrel; caſt him off; you ſhall ſee the Rogue ſhew himſelf, and make Love to ſome deſponding *Cadua* of fourſcore for Suſtenance. Odd, I love to ſee a young Spendthrift forc'd to cling to an old Woman for ſupport, like Ivy round a dead Oak: Faith I do; I love to ſee 'em hug and cotton together, like Down upon a Thiſtle.

SCENE VI.

[*To them*] BEN. LEGEND *and Servant.*

BEN.

WHERE's Father?

SERVANT.

There, Sir; his Back's towards you.

Sir *SAMPSON.*

My Son *Ben*! Bleſs thee, my dear Boy; body o'me, thou art heartily welcome.

BEN.

Thank you, Father, and I'm glad to ſee you.

Sir *SAMPSON.*

Odsbud, and I'm glad to ſee thee: Kiſs me Boy, kiſs me again and again, dear *Ben.* [*Kiſſes him.*

BEN.

So, ſo, enough, Father——Meſs, I'd rather kiſs theſe Gentlewomen.

Sir *SAMPSON.*

And ſo thou ſhalt——Mrs. *Angelica*, my Son *Ben.*

BEN.

BEN.

Forſooth if you pleaſe——[*Salutes her.*] Nay Miſtreſs, I'm not for dropping Anchor here; about Ship i'faith—[*Kiſſes* Frail.] Nay, and you too, my little Cock-Boat—ſo——[*Kiſſes Miſs.*

TATTLE.

Sir, you're welcome a-ſhoar.

BEN.

Thank you, thank you, Friend.

Sir *SAMPSON.*

Thou haſt been many a weary League, *Ben*, ſince I ſaw thee.

BEN.

Ey, ey, been! Been far enough, and that be all—— Well Father, and how do all at home? How does Brother *Dick*, and Brother *Val*?

Sir *SAMPSON.*

Dick! body o'me, *Dick* has been dead theſe two Years; I writ you Word, when you were at *Leghorne*.

BEN.

Meſs, that's true: Marry I had forgot. *Dick*'s dead, as you ſay——Well, and how? I have a many Queſtions to ask you; well, you ben't marry'd again, Father, be you?

Sir *SAMPSON.*

No, I intend you ſhall marry, *Ben*; I would not marry for thy ſake.

BEN.

Nay, what does that ſignifie?——an you marry again—Why then, I'll go to Sea again, ſo there's one for t'other, an that be all——Pray don't let me be your Hindrance; e'en marry a God's Name an the Wind ſit that Way. As for my Part, may-hap I have no Mind to marry.

FRAIL.

That wou'd be pity, ſuch a handſome young Gentleman.

BEN.

Handſome! he, he, he, nay Forſooth, an you be for joking,

joking, I'll joke with you, for I love my Jeſt, an the Ship were ſinking, as we ſayd at Sea. But I'll tell you why I don't much ſtand towards Matrimony. I love to roam about from Port to Port, and from Land to Land; I could never abide to be Port-bound, as we call it: Now a Man that is marry'd, has as it were, d'ye ſee, his Feet in the Bilboes, and may-hap mayn't get 'em out again when he wou'd.

Sir *SAMPSON.*

Ben's a Wagg.

BEN.

A Man that is marry'd, d'ye ſee, is no more like another Man, than a Gally-Slave is like one of us free Sailors, he is chain'd to an Oar all his Life; and may-hap forc'd to tug a leaky Veſſel into the Bargain.

Sir *SAMPSON.*

A very Wag, *Ben*'s a very Wag; only a little rough, he wants a little poliſhing.

Mrs. *FRAIL.*

Not at all; I like his Humour mightily, it's plain and honeſt, I ſhou'd like ſuch a Humour in a Husband extreamly.

BEN.

Say'n you ſo Forſooth? Marry and I ſhou'd like ſuch a handſome Gentlewoman for a Bed-Fellow hugely; how ſay you, Miſtreſs, wou'd you like going to Sea? Mes you're a tight Veſſel, and well rigg'd, an you were but as well mann'd.

Mrs. *FRAIL.*

I ſhou'd not doubt that, if you were Maſter of me.

BEN.

But I'll tell you one thing, an you come to Sea in a high Wind, or that Lady ——— You mayn't carry ſo much Sail o'your Head ——— Top and top gallant, by the Meſs.

Mrs. *FRAIL.*

No, why ſo?

BEN.

BEN.

Why an you do, you may run the risk to be over-ſet: nd then you'll carry your Keels above Water, he, he, he,

ANGELICA.

I ſwear, Mr. *Benjamin* is the verrieſt Wag in Nature; n abſolute Sea-Wit.

Sir *SAMPSON.*

Nay, *Ben* has Parts, but as I told you before, they want a little Poliſhing; You muſt not take any Thing ill, Madam.

BEN.

No, I hope the Gentlewoman is not angry; I mean ll in good Part: For if I give a Jeſt, I'll take a Jeſt: And ſo Forſooth you may be as free with me.

ANGELICA.

I thank you, Sir, I am not at all offended;——But methinks, Sir *Sampſon*, you ſhou'd leave him alone with his Miſtreſs. Mr. *Tattle*, we muſt not hinder Lovers.

TATTLE.

Well Miſs, I have your Promiſe. [*Aſide to Miſs.*

Sir *SAMPSON.*

Body o'me, Madam, you ſay true:——Look you, *Ben*; this is your Miſtreſs,——Come Miſs, you muſt ot be ſhame-fac'd, we'll leave you together.

Miſs *PRUE.*

I can't abide to be left alone, mayn't my Couſin ſtay with me?

Sir *SAMPSON.*

No, no. Come, let's away.

BEN.

Look you, Father, may-hap the young Woman mayn't take a liking to me.——

Sir *SAMPSON.*

I warrant thee Boy; come, come, we'll be gone; I'll venture that.

SCENE VII.

BEN, *and Miſs* PRUE.

BEN.

COME Miſtreſs, will you pleaſe to ſit down? For an you ſtand a ſtern a that'n, we ſhall never grapple together, —— Come, I'll haule a Chair; there, an you pleaſe to ſit, I'll ſit by you.

Miſs *PRUE.*

You need not ſit ſo near one, if you have any thing to ſay, I can hear you farther off, I an't deaf.

BEN.

Why that's true, as you ſay, nor I an't dumb; I can be heard as far as another,——I'll heave off, to pleaſe you. [*Sits farther off.*] An we were a League aſunder, I'd undertake to hold Diſcourſe with you, an 'twere not a main high Wind indeed, and full in my Teeth. Look you Forſooth, I am as it were bound for the Land of Matrimony; 'tis a Voyage, d'ye ſee, that was none of my ſeeking I was commanded by Father, and if you like of it, may-hap I may ſteer into your Harbour. How ſay you, Miſtreſs? The ſhort of the thing is, that if you like me, and I like you, we may chance to ſwing in a Hammock together.

Miſs *PRUE.*

I don't know what to ſay to you, nor I don't care to ſpeak with you at all.

BEN.

No? I'm ſorry for that.——But pray why are you ſo ſcornful?

Miſs *PRUE.*

As long as one muſt not ſpeak one's Mind, one had better not ſpeak at all, I think, and truly I won't tell a Lie for the Matter.

BEN.

Nay, you ſay true in that it's but a Folly to lie: For to ſpeak one thing, and to think juſt the contrary Way; is as it were, to look one Way, and to row another. Now, for my Part d'ye ſee, I'm for carrying Things above Board, I'm not for keeping any thing under Hatches. —— ſo that if you ben't as willing as I, ſay ſo a God's Name, there's no harm done: May-hap you may be ſhame-fac'd, ſome Maidens tho'f they love a Man well enough yet they don't care to tell'n ſo to's Face: If that's the Caſe, why Silence gives Conſent.

Miſs *PRUE.*

But I'm ſure it is not ſo, for I'll ſpeak ſooner than you ſhould believe that; and I'll ſpeak Truth, tho' one ſhould always tell a Lie to a Man; and I don't care, let my Father do what he will, I'm too big to be whipt; ſo I'll tell you plainly, I don't like you, nor love you at all, nor never will, that's more: So, there's your Anſwer for you; and don't trouble me no more, you ugly Thing.

BEN.

Look you, young Woman, you may learn to give good Words however. I ſpoke you fair, d'ye ſee, and civil.——As for your Love or your Liking, I don't value it of a Rope's End; ——— And mayhap I like you as little as you do me: — What I ſaid was in Obedience to Father; Gad I fear a Whipping no more than you do. But I tell you one thing, if you ſhou'd give ſuch Language at Sea, you'd have a Cat o'Nine Tails laid croſs your Shoulders. Fleſh! who are you? You heard t'other handſome young Woman ſpeak civilly to me, of her own Accord: Whatever you think of your ſelf, Gad I don't think you are any more to compare to her, than a Can of ſmall-Beer to a Bowl of Punch.

Miſs *PRUE.*

Well, and there's a handſome Gentleman, and a fine Gentleman, and a ſweet Gentleman, that was here, that loves me, and I love him; and if he ſees you ſpeak to me

me any more, he'll thraſh your Jacket for you, he will, you great Sea-Calf.

BEN.

What, do you mean that fair-Weather Spark that was here juſt now? Will he thraſh my Jacket?——Let'n,—let'n,———But an he comes near me, mayhap I may giv'n a ſalt Eel for's Supper, for all that. What does Father mean, to leave me alone, as ſoon as I come home, with ſuch a dirty Dowdy.———Sea-Calf? I an't Calf enough to lick your chalk'd Face, you Cheeſe-Curd you,———marry thee! Oons I'll marry a *Lapland* Witch as ſoon, and live upon ſelling contrary Winds, and wreck'd Veſſels.

Miſs *PRUE.*

I won't be call'd Names, nor I won't be abus'd thus, ſo I won't.——If I were a Man———[*Cries.*]——you durſt not talk at this rate——— No you durſt not, you ſtinking Tar-Barrel.

SCENE VIII.

[*To them*] *Mrs.* FORESIGAT *and Mrs.* FRAIL.

Mrs. *FORESIGHT.*

THEY have quarrel'd, juſt as we cou'd wiſh.

BEN.

Tar-Barrel? Let your Sweet-Heart there call me ſo, if he'll take your Part, your *Tom Eſſence*, and I'll ſay ſomething to him; Gad I'll lace his Musk-Doublet for him, I'll make him ſtink; he ſhall ſmell more like a Weaſel that a Civet-Cat, afore I ha' done with 'en.

Mrs. *FORESIGHT.*

Bleſs me! what's the Matter, Miſs? What, does ſhe cry?——— Mr. *Benjamin*, what have you done to her?

BEN.

BEN.

Let her cry: The more ſhe cries, the leſs ſhe'll——— ſhe has been gathering foul Weather in her Mouth, and now it rains out at her Eyes.

Mrs. *FORESIGHT.*

Come, Miſs, come along with me, and tell me, poor Child.

Mrs. *FRAIL.*

Lord, what ſhall we do? there's my Brother *Foreſight*, and Sir *Sampſon* coming. Siſter, do you take Miſs down into the Parlour, and I'll carry Mr. *Benjamin* into my Chamber, for they muſt not know that they are fall'n out.——Come, Sir, will you venture your ſelf with me? [*Looking kindly on him.*

BEN.

Venture? Meſs, and that I will, tho' 'twere to Sea in a Storm.

SCENE IX.

Sir SAMPSON *and* FORESIGHT.

Sir *SAMPSON.*

I Left 'em together here; what, are they gone? *Ben*'s a brisk Boy: He has got her into a Corner, Father's own Son, faith, he'll touzle her, and mouzle her: The Rogue's ſharp ſet, coming from Sea; if he ſhould not ſtay for ſaying Grace, old *Foreſight*, but fall too without the Help of a Parſon, ha? Odd if he ſhou'd I cou'd not be angry with him; 'twould be but like me, *A Chip of the old Block.* Ha! thou'rt melancholick, old Prognoſtication; as melancholick as if thou hadſt ſpilt the Salt, or pair'd thy Nails on a Sunday:———Come, cheer up, look about thee: Look up, old Star-Gazer.—Now is he poring upon the Ground for a crooked Pin, or an old Horſe-Nail, with the Head towards him.

FORE-

FORESIGHT.

Sir *Sampſon*, we'll have the Wedding to Morrow Morning.

Sir *SAMPSON.*

With all my Heart.

FORESIGHT.

At ten a Clock, punctually at ten.

Sir *SAMPSON.*

To a Minute, to a Second; thou ſhall ſet thy Watch, and the Bridegroom ſhall obſerve its Motions; they ſhall be marry'd to a Minute, go to Bed to a Minute; and when the Alarm ſtrikes, they ſhall keep Time like the Figures of St. *Dunſtan*'s Clock, and *Conſummatum eſt* ſhall ring all over the Pariſh———

SCENE X.

[*To them*] SCANDAL.

SCANDAL.

SIR *Samſ.*, ſad News.

FORESIGHT.

Bleſs us!

Sir *SAMPSON.*

Why, what's the Matter?

SCANDAL.

Can't you gueſs at what ought to afflict you and him, and all of us, more than any thing elſe?

Sir *SAMPSON.*

Body o'me, I don't know any Univerſal Grievance, but a new Tax, or the Loſs of the *Canary* Fleet. Unleſs Popery ſhou'd be landed in the *Weſt*, or the *French* Fleet were at Achor at *Blackwall*.

SCANDAL.

No? Undoubtedly. Mr. *Foreſight* knew all this, and might have prevented it.

FORE-

FORESIGHT.

'Tis no Earthquake!

SCANDAL.

No, not yet; nor Whirlwind. But we don't know what it may come to——
But it has had a Conſequence already that touches us all.

Sir *SAMPSON.*

Why, body o'me, out with it.

SCANDAL.

Something has appear'd to your Son *Valentine*——— He's gone to Bed upon't, and very ill ——— He ſpeaks little, yet he ſays he has a World to ſay. Asks for his Father and the wiſe *Foreſight*; talks of *Raymond Lully*, and the Ghoſt of *Lilly*. He has Secrets to impart, I ſuppoſe, to you two. I can get nothing out of him but Sighs. He deſires he may ſee you in the Morning, but would not be diſturb'd to Night, becauſe he has ſome Buſineſs to do in a Dream.

Sir *SAMPSON.*

Hoity toity, what have I to do with his Dreams, or his Divination ——— Body o'me, this is a Trick to defer Signing the Conveyance. I warrant the Devil will tell him in a Dream, that he muſt not part with his Eſtate. But I'll bring him a Parſon to tell him, that the Devil's a Liar ——— Or if that won't do, I'll bring a Lawyer that ſhall out-lie the Devil And ſo I'll try whether my Black-Guard, or his, ſhall get the better of the Day.

SCENE

SCENE XI.

SCANDAL, FORESIGHT.

SCANDAL.

ALas, Mr. *Foreſight*, I'm afraid all is not right—You are a Wiſe Man, and a Conſciencious Man; a Searcher into Obſcurity and Futurity; and if you commit an Error, it is with a great deal of Conſideration, and Diſcretion, and Caution——

FORESIGHT.

Ah, good Mr. *Scandal* ——

SCANDAL.

Nay, nay, 'tis manifeſt; I do not flatter you—But Sir *Sampſon* is haſty, very haſty;—I'm afraid he is not ſcrupulous enough, Mr. *Foreſight*—He has been wicked, and Heav'n grant he may mean well in his Affair with you——But my Mind gives me, theſe things cannot be wholly inſignificant. You are wiſe, and ſhou'd not be over-reach'd, methinks you ſhou'd not——

FORESIGHT.

Alas, Mr. *Scandal*,——*Humanum eſt errare.*

SCANDAL.

You ſay true, Man will err; meer Man will err —— but you are ſomething more —— There have been wiſe Men; but they were ſuch as you——Men who conſulted the Stars, and were Obſervers of Omens——*Solomon* was wiſe, but how? by his Judgment in Aſtrology —— So ſays *Pineda* in his Third Book and Eighth Chapter—

FORESIGHT.

You are learn'd, Mr. *Scandal*.——

SCANDAL.

A Trifler —— but a Lover of Art —— And the Wiſe Men of the *Eaſt* ow'd their Inſtruction to a Star, which is rightly obſerv'd by *Gregory* the Great in Favour of Aſtrology!

ſtrology! And *Albertus Magnus* makes it the moſt valuable Science, Becauſe, ſays he, it teaches us to conſider the Cauſation of Cauſes, in the Cauſes of things.

FORESIGHT.

I proteſt I honour you, Mr. *Scandal*——I did not think you had been read in theſe Matters——Few young Men are inclin'd——

SCANDAL.

I thank my Stars that have inclined me——But I fear this Marriage and making over this Eſtate, this transferring of a rightful Inheritance, will bring Judgments upon us. I propheſie it, and I wou'd not have the Fate of *Caſſandra*, not to be believ'd. *Valentine* is diſturb'd, what can be the Cauſe of that? and Sir *Sampſon* is hurry'd on by an unuſual Violence—— I fear he does not act wholly from himſelf; methinks he does not look as he uſed to do.

FORESIGHT.

He was always of an impetuous Nature——But as to this Marriage I have conſulted the Stars; and all Appearances are proſperous——

SCANDAL.

Come, come, Mr. *Foreſight*, let not the Proſpect of worldly Lucre carry you beyond your Judgment, nor againſt your Conſcience—— You are not ſatisfy'd, that you act juſtly.

FORESIGHT.

How!

SCANDAL.

You are not ſatisfy'd, I ſay—— I am loth to diſcourage you—— But it is palpable that you are not ſatisfy'd.

FORESIGHT.

How does it appear, Mr. *Scandal*? I think I am very well ſatisfy'd.

SCANDAL.

Either you ſuffer your ſelf to deceive your ſelf; or you do not know your ſelf.

FORESIGHT.

Pray explain your ſelf.

SCAN-

SCANDAL.

Do you ſleep well o' nights?

FORESIGHT.

Very well.

SCANDAL.

Are you certain? You do not look ſo.

FORESIGHT.

I am in Health, I think.

SCANDAL.

So was *Valentine* this Morning; and look'd juſt ſo.

FORESIGHT.

How! Am I alter'd any way? I don't perceive it.

SCANDAL.

That may be, but your Beard is longer than it was two Hours ago.

FORESIGHT.

Indeed! bleſs me.

SCENE XII.

[*To them*] *Mrs.* FORESIGHT.

Mrs. *FORESIGHT.*

HUsband, will you go to Bed? It's ten a Clock. Mr. *Scandal*, your Servant.

SCANDAL.

Pox on her, ſhe has interrupted my Deſign —— but I muſt work her into the Project.—You keep early Hours, Madam.

Mrs. *FORESIGHT.*

Mr. *Foreſight* is punctual; we ſit up after him.

FORESIGHT.

My Dear, pray lend me your Glaſs, your little Looking-glaſs.

SCANDAL.

Pray lend it him, Madam —— I'll tell you the Reaſon

[*She*

[*She gives him the Glaſs:* Scandal *and ſhe whiſper.*] My Paſſion for you is grown ſo violent——that I am no longer Maſter of my ſelf——I was interrupted in the Morning, when you had Charity enough to give me your Attention, and I had Hopes of finding another Opportunity of explaining my ſelf to you——but was diſappointed all this Day; and the Uneaſineſs that has attended me ever ſince, brings me now hither at this unſeaſonable Hour.——

Mrs. *FORESIGHT.*

Was there ever ſuch Impudence, to make Love to me before my Husband's Face? I'll ſwear I'll tell him.

SCANDAL.

Do, I'll die a Martyr, rather than diſclaim my Paſſion. But come a little farther this way, and I'll tell you what Project I had to get him out of the way; that I might have an Opportunity of waiting upon you. [*Whiſper.*

[Foreſight *looking in the Glaſs.*

FORESIGHT.

I do not ſee any Revolution here;——Methinks I look with a ſerene and benign Aſpect——pale, a little pale——but the Roſes of theſe Cheeks have been gather'd many Years;—— ha! I do not like that ſudden Fluſhing——Gone already!——hem, hem, hem! faintiſh. My Heart is pretty good; yet it beats; and my Pulſes, ha!——I have none——Mercy on me——hum——Yes, here they are—Gallop, gallop, gallop, gallop, gallop, gallop, gallop! Whither will they hurry me?—Now they're gone again—— And now I'm faint again; and pale again, and hem! and my hem!——breath, and hem!——grows ſhort; hem! hem! he, he, hem!

SCANDAL.

It takes, purſue it in the Name of Love and Pleaſure.

Mrs. *FORESIGHT,*

How do you do, Mr. *Foreſight?*

FORE-

FORESIGHT.

Hum, not ſo well as I thought I was. Lend me you Hand.

SCANDAL.

Look you there now——Your Lady ſays, your Slee has been unquiet of late.

FORESIGHT.

Very likely.

Mrs. FORESIGHT.

O mighty reſtleſs, but I was afraid to tell him ſo,- He has been ſubject to Talking and Starting.

SCANDAL.

And did not uſe to be ſo?

Mrs FORESIGHT.

Never, never; 'till within theſe three Nights; I ca not ſay, that he has once broken my Reſt, ſince we ha been marry'd.

FORESIGHT.

I will go to Bed.

SCANDAL.

Do ſo, Mr. *Foreſight*, and ſay your Pray'rs——H looks better than he did.

Mrs. FORESIGHT.

Nurſe, Nurſe!

FORESIGHT.

Do you think ſo, Mr. *Scandal*?

SCANDAL.

Yes, yes, I hope this will be gone by Morning, ta it in time.——

FORESIGHT.

I hope ſo.

SCEN

SCENE XIII.

[*To them*] NURSE.

Mrs. *FORESIGHT.*

NURSE; your Maſter is not well; put him to Bed.

SCANDAL.

I hope you will be able to ſee *Valentine* in the Morning. —you had beſt take a little Diacodion and Cowſlip-Water, and lye upon your Back; may be you may dream.

FORESIGHT.

I thank you, Mr. *Scandal*; I will —— Nurſe, let me have a Watch-Light, and lay the Crums of Comfort by me.—

NURSE.

Yes, Sir.

FORESIGHT.

And —— hem, hem! I am very faint. ——

SCANDAL.

No, no, you look much better.

FORESIGHT.

Do I? And d'ye hear —— bring me, let me ſee —— within a Quarter of Twelve —— hem—he, hem!—juſt upon the turning of the Tide, bring me the Urinal; —And I hope, neither the Lord of my Aſcendant, nor the Moon will be combuſt; and then I may do well.

SCANDAL.

I hope ſo—Leave that to me; I will erect a Scheme; and I hope I ſhall find both *Sol* and *Venus* in the ſixth Houſe.

FORESIGHT.

I thank you, Mr. *Scandal*, indeed that wou'd be a great Comfort to me. Hem, hem! good Night.

SCENE

SCENE XIV.

SCANDAL, *Mrs.* FORESIGHT,

SCANDAL.

GOOD Night, good Mr. *Foreſight*; —— and I hope *Mars* and *Venus* will be in Conjunction; —— while your Wife and I are together.

Mrs. *FORESIGHT.*

Well; and what uſe do you hope to make of this Project? You don't think, that you are ever like to ſucceed in your Deſign upon me?

SCANDAL.

Yes, Faith I do; I have a better Opinion both of you and my ſelf, than to deſpair.

Mrs. *FORESIGHT.*

Did you ever hear ſuch a Toad —— hark'ee Devil; do you think any Woman honeſt?

SCANDAL.

Yes, ſeveral, very honeſt; —— they'll cheat a little at Cards, ſometimes, but that's nothing.

Mrs. *FORESIGHT.*

Pſhaw! but virtuous, I mean?

SCANDAL.

Yes, Faith, I believe ſome Women are virtuous too; but 'tis as I believe ſome Men are Valiant, thro' Fear—For why ſhou'd a Man court Danger, or a Woman ſhun Pleaſure?

Mrs. *FORESIGHT.*

O monſtrous! What are Conſcience and Honour?

SCANDAL.

Why, Honour is a publick Enemy; and Conſcience a Domeſtick Thief; and he that wou'd ſecure his Pleaſure muſt pay a Tribute to one, and go halves with t'other.

A

As for Honour, that you have ſecur'd, for you have purchas'd a perpetual Opportunity for Pleaſure.

Mrs. *FORESIGHT.*

An Opportunity for Pleaſure?

SCANDAL.

Ay, your Husband, a Husband is an Opportunity for Pleaſure, ſo you have taken care of Honour, and 'tis the leaſt I can do to take care of Conſcience.

Mrs. *FORESIGHT.*

And ſo you think we are free for one another?

SCANDAL.

Yes Faith, I think ſo; I love to ſpeak my Mind.

Mrs. *FORESIGHT*

Why then I'll ſpeak my Mind. Now as to this Affair between you and me. Here you make Love to me; why, I'll confeſs it does not diſpleaſe me. Your Perſon is well enough, and your Underſtanding is not amiſs.

SCANDAL.

I have no great Opinion of my ſelf; but I think, I'm neither deform'd, nor a Fool.

Mrs. *FORESIGHT.*

But you have a villainous Character; you are a Libertine in Speech, as well as Practice.

SCANDAL.

Come, I know what you wou'd ſay,——you think it more dangerous to be ſeen in Converſation with me, than to allow ſome other Men the laſt Favour: you miſtake; the Liberty I take in talking, is purely affected, for the Service of your Sex. He that firſt cries out Stop Thief, is often he that has ſtol'n the Treaſure. I am a Jugler, that act by Confederacy; and if you pleaſe, we'll put a Trick upon the World.

Mrs. *FORESIGHT.*

Ay; but you are ſuch an univerſal Jugler,——that I'm afraid you have a great many Confederates.

SCANDAL.

Faith, I'm ſound.

Mrs.

Mrs. *FORESIGHT.*

O, fie—— I'll ſwear you're impudent.

SCANDAL.

I'll ſwear you're handſom.

Mrs. *FORESIGHT.*

Piſh, you'd tell me ſo, tho' you did not think ſo.

SCANDAL.

And you'd think ſo, tho' I ſhould not tell you ſo: And now I think we know oneanother pretty well.

Mrs. *FORESIGHT.*

O Lord, who's here?

SCENE XV.

[*To them*] *Mrs.* FRAIL *and* BEN.

BEN.

MESS, I love to ſpeak my Mind —— Father has no thing to do with me—— Nay, I can't ſay that neither; he has ſomething to do with me. But what do that ſignifie? If ſo be, that I ben't minded to be ſteer by him; 'tis as tho'f he ſhould ſtrive againſt Wind a Tide.

Mrs. *FRAIL.*

Ay, but my Dear, we muſt keep it ſecret, 'till t Eſtate be ſettled; for you know, marrying without Eſtate, is like ſailing in a Ship without Ballaſt.

BEN.

He, he, he; why that's true; juſt ſo for all the Wo ſt is indeed, as like as two Cable Ropes.

Mrs. *FRAIL.*

And tho' I have a good Portion; you know one wo not venture all in one Bottom.

BE

BEN.

Why that's true again; for mayhap one Bottom may ſpring a Leak. You have hit it indeed, Meſs you've nick'd the Channel.

Mrs. *FRAIL.*

Well, but if you ſhou'd forſake me after all, you'd break my Heart.

BEN.

Break your Heart? I'd rather the *Mary-Gold* ſhou'd break her Cable in a Storm, as well as I love her. Fleſh, you don't think I'm falſe-hearted, like a Land-man. A Sailor will be honeſt, tho'f may-hap he has never a Penny of Mony in his Pocket ——— May-hap I may not have ſo fair a Face, as a Citizen or a Courtier; but for all that, I've as good Blood in my Veins, and a Heart as ſound as a Bisket.

Mrs. *FRAIL.*

And will you love me always?

BEN.

Nay, an I love once, I'll ſtick like Pitch; I'll tell you that. Come, I'll ſing you a Song of a Sailor.

Mrs. *FRAIL.*

Hold, there's my Siſter, I'll call her to hear it.

Mrs. *FORESIGHT*

Well; I won't go to Bed to my Husband to Night; becauſe I'll retire to my own Chamber, and think of what you have ſaid.

SCANDAL.

Well; you'll give me leave to wait upon you to your Chamber Door; and leave you my laſt Inſtructions?

Mrs. *FORESIGHT.*

Hold, here's my Siſter coming towards us.

Mrs. *FRAIL.*

If it won't interrupt you, I'll entertain you with a Song.

BEN.

The Song was made upon one of our Ships-Crew's

Wife; our Boat-swain made the Song, may-hap you may know her, Sir. Before she marry'd, she was call'd Buxom *Joan* of *Deptford*.

SCANDAL.

I have heard of her. [Ben. *sings*

BALLAD.

Set by Mr. *John Eccles*.

I.

A Soldier, and a Sailor,
A Tinker, and a Tailor,
Had once a doubtful Strife, Sir,
To make a Maid a Wife, Sir,
Whose Name was Buxom Joan.
For now the time was ended,
When she no more intended
To lick her Lips at Men, Sir,
And gnaw the Sheets in vain, Sir,
And lye o' Nights alone.

II.

The Soldier swore like Thunder,
He lov'd her more than Plunder;
And shew'd her many a Scar, Sir,
That he had brought from far, Sir,
With fighting for her Sake.
The Tailor thought to please her,
With off'ring her his Measure.
The Tinker too with Mettle,
Said he could mend her Kettle,
And stop up ev'ry Leak.

III.

III.

But while theſe three were prating,
The Sailor ſlily waiting,
Thought if it came about, Sir,
That they ſhould all fall out, Sir:
He then might play his Part.
And juſt e'en as he meant, Sir,
To Loggerheads they went, Sir,
And then he let fly at her,
A Shot 'twixt Wind and Water,
That won this fair Maid's Heart.

B E N.

If ſome of our Crew that came to ſee me, are not gone; you ſhall ſee, that we Sailors can dance ſometimes, as well as other Folks. [*Whiſtles.*] I warrant that brings 'em, an they be within hearing.

Enter Seamen.

Oh here they be——— And Fiddles along with 'em; come, my Lads, let's have a Round, and I'll make one.

[*Dance.*

B E N.

We're merry Folks, we Sailors, we han't much to care for. Thus we live at Sea; eat Bisket, and drink Flip; put on a clean Shirt once a Quarter——Come home, and lye with our Landladies once a Year, get rid of a little Mony; and then put off with the next fair Wind. How d'ye like us?

Mrs. *F R A I L.*

O' you are the happieſt, merrieſt Men alive.

Mrs. *F O R E S I G H T.*

We're beholden to Mr. *Benjamin* for this Entertainment.

believe it's late.

B E N.

Why, forſooth, an you think ſo, you had beſt go to bed. For my Part, I mean to toſs a Can, and remember my Sweet-Heart, a-fore I turn in; may-hap I may dream of her.

Wife; our Boat-ſwain made the Song, may-hap you may know her, Sir. Before ſhe marry'd, ſhe was call'd Buxom *Joan* of *Deptford*.

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Oh here they be——— And Fiddles along with 'em; come, my Lads, let's have a Round, and I'll make one.

[*Dance.*

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O' you are the happiest, merriest Men alive.

Mrs. *F O R E S I G H T.*

We're beholden to Mr. *Benjamin* for this Entertainment.

believe it's late.

B E N.

Why, forsooth, an you think so, you had best go to bed. For my Part, I mean to toss a Can, and remember my Sweet-Heart, a-fore I turn in; may-hap I may dream of her.

Mrs. *FORESIGHT.*

Mr. *Scandal*, you had beſt go to Bed and dream too.

SCANDAL.

Why Faith, I have a good lively Imagination; and can dream as much to the Purpoſe as another, if I ſet about it: But dreaming is the poor Retreat of a lazy, hopeleſs, and imperfect Lover; 'tis the laſt Glimpſe of Love to worn-out Sinners, and the faint dawning of a Bliſs to wiſhing Girls, and growing Boys.

There's nought but willing, waking Love that can
Make Bleſt the Ripen'd Maid and finiſh'd Man.

End of the Third Act.



ACT

ACT IV. SCENE I.

VALENTINE's *Lodging.*

SCANDAL *and* JEREMY.

SCANDAL.

WELL, is your Maſter ready; does he look madly, and talk madly?

JEREMY.

Yes, Sir; you need make no great doubt of that; he that was ſo near turning Poet Yeſterday Morning, can't be much to ſeek in playing the Madman to Day.

SCANDAL.

Would he have *Angelica* acquainted with the Reaſon of his Deſign?

JEREMY.

No, Sir, not yet;——He has a Mind to try, whether his playing the Madman, won't make her play the Fool, and fall in Love with him; or at leaſt own, that ſhe has lov'd him all this while, and conceal'd it.

SCANDAL.

I ſaw her take Coach juſt now with her Maid; and think I heard her bid the Coachman drive hither.

JEREMY.

Like enough, Sir; for I told her Maid this Morning, my Maſter was run ſtark mad only for Love of her Miſtreſs. I hear a Coach ſtop; if it ſhould be ſhe, Sir, I believe he would not ſee her, 'till he hears how ſhe takes it.

SCANDAL.

Well, I'll try her——'tis ſhe, here ſhe comes.

SCENE II.

[*To them*] ANGELICA *with* JENNY.

ANGELICA.

MR. *Scandal*, I ſuppoſe you don't think it a Novelty, to ſee a Woman viſit a Man at his own Lodgings in a Morning?

SCANDAL.

Not upon a kind Occaſion, Madam. But when a Lady comes tyrannically to inſult a ruin'd Lover, and make manifeſt the cruel Triumphs of her Beauty; the Barbarity of it ſomething ſurpriſes me.

ANGELICA.

I don't like Raillery from a ſerious Face —— pray tell me what is the Matter?

JEREMY.

No ſtrange Matter, Madam; my Maſter's mad, that's all: I ſuppoſe your Ladyſhip has thought him ſo a great while.

ANGELICA.

How d'ye mean, mad?

JEREMY.

Why faith, Madam, he's mad for want of his Wits juſt as he was poor for want of Mony; his Head is e'en as light as his Pockets; and any Body that has a Mind to a bad Bargain, can't do better than to beg him for his Eſtate.

ANGELICA.

If you ſpeak Truth, your endeavouring at Wit is very unſeaſonable——

SCANDAL.

She's concern'd, and loves him. [*Aſide*

ANGE

ANGELICA.

Mr. *Scandal*, you can't think me guilty of ſo much Inhumanity, as not to be concern'd for a Man I muſt own my ſelf oblig'd to —— pray tell me the Truth.

SCANDAL.

Faith, Madam, I wiſh telling a Lie would mend the Matter. But this is no new Effect of an unſucceſsful Paſſion.

ANGELICA. [*Aſide.*]

I know not what to think —— Yet I ſhou'd be vext to have a Trick put upon me —— May I not ſee him?

SCANDAL.

I'm afraid the Phyſician is not willing you ſhou'd ſee him yet —— *Jeremy*, go in and enquire.

SCENE III.

SCANDAL, ANGELICA, JENNY.

ANGELICA.

HA! I ſaw him wink and ſmile — I fancy 'tis a Trick —— I'll try —— I would diſguiſe to all the World a Failing, which I muſt own to you —— I fear my Happineſs depends upon the Recovery of *Valentine*. Therefore I conjure you, as you are his Friend, and as you have Compaſſion upon one fearful of Affliction, to tell me what I am to hope for ——— I cannot ſpeak ——— But you may tell me, for you know what I wou'd ask?

SCANDAL.

So, this is pretty plain — Be not too much concerned, Madam; I hope his Condition is not deſperate: An Acknowledgement of Love from you, perhaps, may work a Cure; as the Fear of your Averſion occaſion'd his Diſtemper.

ANGELICA. [*Aſide.*]

Say you ſo? nay then I'm convinc'd: And if I don't play Trick for Trick, may I never taſte the Pleaſure of Revenge——— Acknowledgement of Love! I find you have miſtaken my Compaſſion, and think me guilty of a Weakneſs I am a Stranger too. But I have too much Sincerity to deceive you, and too much Charity to ſuffer him to be deluded with vain Hopes. Good Nature and Humanity oblige me to be concern'd for him; but to love is neither in my Power nor Inclination; and if he can't be cur'd without I ſuck the Poiſon from his Wounds, I'm afraid he won't recover his Senſes 'till I loſe mine.

SCANDAL.

Hey, brave Woman, I faith—Won't you ſee him then if he deſire it?

ANGELICA.

What ſignifie a Madman's Deſires? Beſides, 'twou'd make me uneaſie———If I don't ſee him, perhaps my Concern for him may leſſen——— If I forget him, 'tis no more than he has done by himſelf; and now the Surpriſe is over, methinks I am not half ſo ſorry as I was———

SCANDAL.

So, faith good Nature works apace; you were confeſſing juſt now an Obligation to his Love.

ANGELICA.

But I have conſider'd that Paſſions are unreaſonable and involuntary; if he loves, he can't help it; and if I don't love, I can't help it; no more than he can help his being a Man, or I my being a Woman; or no more than I can help my want of Inclination to ſtay longer here—Come, *Jenny.*

SCENE IV.

SCANDAL, JEREMY.

SCANDAL.

HUMH!——An admirable Compoſition, Faith, this ſame Womankind.

JEREMY.

What, is ſhe gone, Sir?

SCANDAL.

Gone! why ſhe was never here, nor any where elſe; nor I don't know her if I ſee her; nor you neither.

JEREMY.

Good lack! What's the matter now? Are any more of us to be mad? Why, Sir, my Maſter longs to ſee her; and is almoſt mad in good earneſt, with the joyful News of her being here.

SCANDAL.

We are all under a Miſtake——— Ask no Queſtions, for I can't reſolve you; but I'll inform your Maſter. In the mean time, if our Project ſucceed no better with his Father, than it does with his Miſtreſs, he may deſcend from his Exaltation of Madneſs into the Road of common Senſe, and be content only to be made a Fool with other reaſonable People. I hear Sir *Sampſon*. You know your Cue; I'll to your Maſter.

SCENE V.

JEREMY, *Sir* SAMPSON LEGEND, *with a* LAWYER.

Sir *SAMPSON.*

D'YE ſee, Mr. *Buckram*, here's the Paper ſign'd with his own Hand.

BUCKRAM.

Good, Sir. And the Conveyance is ready drawn in this Box, if he be ready to ſign and ſeal.

Sir *SAMPSON.*

Ready! Body o'me, he muſt be ready: His Sham-Sickneſs ſhan't excuſe him — O, here's his Scoundrel. Sirrah, where's your Maſter?

JEREMY.

Ah, Sir, he's quite gone.

Sir *SAMPSON.*

Gone! What, he is not dead?

JEREMY.

No, Sir, not dead.

Sir *SAMPSON.*

What, is he gone out of Town, run away, ha! has he trick'd me? ſpeak, Varlet.

JEREMY.

No, no, Sir, he's ſafe enough, Sir, an he were but as ſound, poor Gentleman. He is indeed here, Sir, and not here, Sir.

Sir *SAMPSON.*

Hey day, Raſcal, do you banter me? Sirrah, d'ye banter me, — Speak Sirrah, where is he, for I will find him.

JEREMY.

Would you could, Sir; for he has loſt himſelf. Indeed Sir, I have almoſt broke my Heart about him — I can't refrain

refrain Tears when I think of him, Sir: I'm as melancholy for him as a Paſſing-Bell, Sir; or a Horſe in a Pound.

Sir *SAMPSON.*

A Pox confound your Similitudes, Sir ——— Speak to be underſtood, and tell me in plain Terms what the Matter is with him, or I'll crack your Fool's Skull.

JEREMY.

Ah, you've hit it, Sir; that's the Matter with him, Sir; his Skull's crack'd, poor Gentleman; he's ſtark mad, Sir.

Sir *SAMPSON.*

Mad!

BUCKRAM.

What, is he *Non Compos*?

JEREMY.

Quite *Non Compos*, Sir.

BUCKRAM.

Why then all's obliterated, Sir *Sampſon*, if he be *Non Compos mentis*, his Act and Deed will be of no Effect, it is not good in Law.

Sir *SAMPSON.*

Oons, I won't believe it; let me ſee him, Sir ——— Mad! I'll make him find his Senſes.

JEREMY.

Mr. *Scandal* is with him, Sir; I'll knock at the Door. [*Goes to the Scene, which opens.*

SCENE

SCENE VI.

Sir SAMPSON, VALENTINE, SCANDAL, JEREMY, *and* LAWYER (Valentine *upon a Couch diſorderly dreſs'd.*)

Sir *SAMPSON.*

HOW now, what's here to do?

VALENTINE.

Ha! Who's that? [*Starting.*

SCANDAL.

For Heav'n's ſake ſoftly, Sir, and gently; don't provoke him.

VALENTINE.

Anſwer me; Who is that? and that?

Sir *SAMPSON.*

Gods bobs, does he not know me? Is he miſchievous? I'll ſpeak gently —— *Val, Val,* do'ſt thou not know me, Boy? Not know thy own Father, *Val*! I am thy own Father, and this honeſt *Brief Buckram* the Lawyer.

VALENTINE.

It may be ſo———I did not know you—the World is full——— There are People that we do know, and People that we do not know; and yet the Sun ſhines upon all alike——— There are Fathers that have many Children; and there are Children that have many Fathers ———'tis ſtrange! But I am Truth, and come to give the World the Lie.

Sir *SAMPSON.*

Body o'me, I know not what to ſay to him.

VALENTINE.

Why does that Lawyer wear Black?———Does he carry his Conſcience without-ſide?——— Lawyer, what art thou? Doſt thou know me?

BUCKRAM.

O Lord, what muſt I ſay?———Yes, Sir.

VA

VALENTINE.

Thou lieſt, for I am Truth. 'Tis hard I cannot get a Livelyhood amongſt you. I have been ſworn out of *Weſtminſter-Hall* the firſt Day of every Term ——— Let me ſee——No matter how long ——— But I'll tell you one Thing; it's a Queſtion that would puzzle an Arithmetician, if you ſhould ask him, whether the Bible ſaves more Souls in *Weſtminſter-Abby*, or damns more in *Weſtminſter-Hall*: For my Part, I am Truth, and can't tell; I have very few Acquaintance.

Sir *SAMPSON.*

Body o'me, he talks ſenſibly in his Madneſs ——— Has he no Intervals?

JEREMY.

Very ſhort, Sir.

BUCKRAM.

Sir, I can do you no Service while he's in this Condition: Here's your Paper, Sir ——— He may do me a Miſchief if I ſtay ——— The Conveyance is ready, Sir: If he recover his Senſes.

SCENE VII.

Sir SAMPSON, VALENTINE, SCANDAL, JEREMY.

Sir *SAMPSON.*

HOLD, hold, don't you go yet.

SCANDAL.

You'd better let him go, Sir; and ſend for him, if there be Occaſion; for I fancy his Preſence provokes him more.

VALENTINE.

Is the Lawyer gone? 'Tis well, then we may drink about without going together by the Ears—— heigh ho! What a Clock is't? My Father here! Your Bleſſing, Sir?

Sir

Sir *SAMPSON.*

He recovers——————bleſs thee, *Val.*——————How doſt thou do, Boy?

VALENTINE.

Thank you, Sir, pretty well——————I have been a little out of Order; won't you pleaſe to ſit, Sir?

Sir *SAMPSON.*

Ay, Boy,—— Come, thou ſhalt ſit down by me.

VALENTINE.

Sir, 'tis my Duty to wait.

Sir *SAMPSON.*

No, no, come, come, ſit thee down, honeſt *Val*: How do'ſt thou do? let me feel thy Pulſe —— Oh, pretty well now, *Val.* Body o'me, I was ſorry to ſee thee indiſpoſed: But I'm glad thou art better, honeſt *Val.*

VALENTINE.

I thank you, Sir.

SCANDAL.

Miracle! The Monſter grows loving. [*Aſide.*

Sir *SAMPSON.*

Let me feel thy Hand again, *Val.* It does not ſhake—I believe thou canſt write, *Val:* Ha, Boy?—thou canſt write thy Name, *Val*?—————*Jeremy*, ſtep and overtake Mr. *Buckram*, bid him make haſte back with the Conveyance——quick.—— [*In whiſper to* Jeremy.

SCENE VIII.

Sir SAMPSON, VALENTINE, SCANDAL.

SCANDAL.

THAT ever I ſhou'd ſuſpect ſuch a Heathen of any Remorſe! [*Aſide.*

Sir *SAMPSON.*

Do'ſt thou know this Paper, *Val*? I know thou'rt honeſt, and wilt perform Articles.

[*Shews him the Paper, but holds it out of his reach.*

VALENTINE.

Pray let me ſee it, Sir. You hold it ſo far off, that I can't tell whether I know it or no.

Sir *SAMPSON.*

See it, Boy? Ay, ay, why thou do'ſt ſee it——— 'tis thy own Hand, *Vally*. Why, let me ſee, I can read it as plain as can be: Look you here [*Reads.*] *The Condition of this Obligation*———Look you, as plain as can be, ſo it begins———And then at the Bottom——— *As witneſs my Hand*, VALENTINE LEGEND, in great Letters. Why, 'tis as plain as the Noſe in one's Face: What, are my Eyes better than thine? I believe I can read it farther off yet——let me ſee.

[*Stretches his Arm as far as he can.*

VALENTINE.

Will you pleaſe to let me hold it, Sir?

Sir *SAMPSON.*

Let thee hold it, ſay'ſt thou———Ay, with all my Heart———What Matter is it who holds it? What need any Body hold it? —— I'll put it up in my Pocket, *Val.* and then no body need hold it [*Puts the Paper in his Pocket.*] There *Val:* it's ſafe enough, Boy——— But thou ſhalt have it as ſoon as thou haſt ſet thy Hand to another Paper, little *Val.*

SCENE IX

[*To them*] JEREMY *with* BUCKRAM.

VALENTINE.

WHAT, is my bad Genius here again! Oh no, 'tis the Lawyer with an itching Palm; and he's come to be ſcratch'd——My Nails are not long enough——— Let me have a Pair of Red-hot Tongs quickly, quickly, and you ſhall ſee me act St. *Dunſtan*, and lead the Devil by the Noſe.

BUCK-

BUCKRAM.

O Lord, let me be gone; I'll not venture my ſelf with a Madman.

SCENE X.

Sir SAMPSON, VALENTINE, SCANLAL, JEREMY.

VALENTIHE.

HA, ha, ha; you need not run ſo faſt, Honeſty will not overtake you———Ha ha, ha, the Rogue found me out to be in *Forma Pauperis* preſently.

Sir *SAMPSON.*

Oons! What a Vexation is here! I know not what to do, or ſay, nor which way to go.

VALENTINE.

Who's that, that's out of his Way? —I am Truth, and can ſet him right — Harkee, Friend, the ſtrait Road is the worſt Way you can go———He that follows his Noſe always, will very often be led into a Stink. *Probatum eſt* But what are you for? Religion or Politicks? There's a Couple of Topicks for you, no more like one another than Oil and Vinegar; and yet thoſe two beaten together by a State-Cook, make Sauce for the whole Nation.

Sir *SAMPSON.*

What the Devil had I to do, ever to beget Sons? Why did I ever marry?

VALENTINE.

Becauſe thou wert a Monſter; old Boy: The two greateſt Monſters in the World, are a Man and a Woman: What's thy Opinion?

Sir *SAMPSON.*

Why, my Opinion is, that thoſe two Monſters join'd together, make yet a greater, that's a Man and his Wife.

VA-

VALENTINE.

A ha! Old True-penny, ſay'ſt thou ſo? thou haſt nick'd it ——— But it's wonderful ſtrange, *Jeremy.*

JEREMY.

What is, Sir?

VALENTINE.

That gray Hairs ſhould cover a green Head——and I make a Fool of my Father. What's here! *Erra Pater*: Or a bearded *Sybil*? If Prophecy comes Truth muſt give Place.

SCENE XI.

Sir SAMPSON, SCANDAL, FORESIGHT, *Mrs.* FORESIGHT, *Mrs.* FRAIL.

FORESIGHT.

WHAT ſays he? What, did he propheſie? Ha, Sir *Sampſon*, bleſs us! How are we?

Sir *SAMPSON.*

Are we? A Pox o'your Prognoſtication —— Why, we are Fools as we us'd to be——Oons, that you cou'd not foreſee, that the Moon wou'd predominate, and my Son be mad———Where's your Oppoſitions, your Trines, and your Quadrates?———What did your *Cardan* and your *Ptolome* tell you? Your *Meſſahalah* and your *Longomontanus*, your Harmony of Chiromancy with Aſtrology, Ah! pox on't, that I that know the World, and Men and Manners, that don't believe a Syllable in the Sky and Stars, and Sun and Almanacks, and Traſh, ſhould be directed by a Dreamer, an Omen-hunter, and defer Buſineſs in Expectation of a lucky Hour: When, Body o'me, there never was a lucky Hour after the firſt Opportunity.

SCENE

SCENE XII.

SCANDAL, FORESIGHT, *Mrs.* FORESIGHT, *Mrs.* FRAIL.

FORESIGHT.

AH, Sir *Sampſon*, Heav'n help your Head——This i none of your lucky Hour; *Nemo omnibus horis ſapi* What, is he gone, and in Contempt of Science! Ill Star and unconvertible Ignorance attend him.

SCANDAL.

You muſt excuſe his Paſſion, Mr. *Foreſight*; for he ha been heartily vex'd —— His Son is *Non compos mentis*, an thereby incapable of making any Conveyance in Law ſo that all his Meaſures are diſappointed.

FORESIGHT.

Ha! ſay you ſo?

Mrs. *FRAIL.*

What, has my Sea-Lover loſt his Anchor of Hope then [*Aſide to Mrs.* Foreſigh

Mrs. *FORESIGHT.*

O Siſter, what will you do with him?

Mrs. *FRAIL.*

Do with him! ſend him to Sea again in the next fo Weather——He's us'd to an inconſtant Element, a won't be ſurpris'd to ſee the Tide turn'd.

FORESIGHT.

Wherein was I miſtaken, not to foreſee this. [*Conſide*

SCANDAL.

Madam, you and I can tell him ſomething elſe, th he did not foreſee, and more particularly relating to h own Fortune. [*Aſide to Mrs.* Foreſigh

Mrs. *FORESIGHT.*

What do you mean? I don't underſtand you.

SCA

SCANDAL.

Hush, softly——the Pleasures of last Night, my Dear, too considerable to be forgot so soon.

Mrs. *FORESIGHT.*

Last Night! and what wou'd your Impudence infer from last Night? last Night was like the Night before, I think.

SCANDAL.

'Sdeath, do you make no Difference between me and your Husband?

Mrs. *FORESIGHT.*

Not much,——he's superstitious; and you are mad, in my Opinion.

SCANDAL.

You make me mad——You are not serious——pray recollect your self.

Mrs. *FORESIGHT.*

O yes, now I remember, you were very impertinent and impudent,——and would have come to Bed to me.

SCANDAL.

And did not?

Mrs. *FORESIGHT.*

Did not! With what Face can you ask the Question?

SCANDAL.

This I have heard of before, but never believ'd. I have been told, she had that admirable Quality of forgetting to a Man's Face in the Morning, that she had lain with him all Night, and denying that she had done Favours with more Impudence, than she cou'd grant 'em——Madam, I'm your humble Servant, and honour you.——You look pretty well, Mr. *Foresight.*——How did you rest last Night?

FORESIGHT.

Truly Mr. *Scandal,* I was so taken up with broken Dreams and distracted Visions, that I remember little.

SCANDAL.

——'Twas a very forgetting Night.——But 'would you but talk with *Valentine,* perhaps you may understand him; I'm

I'm apt to believe, there is ſomething myſterious in hi Diſcourſes, and ſometimes rather think him inſpir'd tha mad.

FORESIGHT.

You ſpeak with ſingular good Judgment, Mr. *Scandal* truly,—— I am inclining to your *Turkiſh* Opinion in thi Matter, and do reverence a Man whom the Vulgar thin mad. Let us go to him.

Mrs. *FRAIL.*

Siſter, do you ſtay with them; I'll find out my Lo ver, and give him his Diſcharge, and come to you. O'm Conſcience here he comes.

SCENE XIII.

Mrs. FRAIL, BEN.

BEN.

ALL mad, I think———Fleſh, I believe all the C *lentures* of the Sea are come aſhore, for my Part.

Mrs. *FRAIL.*

Mr. *Benjamin* in Choler!

BEN.

No, I'm pleas'd well enough, now I have found yo ———Meſs, I have had ſuch a Hurricane upon yo Account yonder.——

Mrs. *FRAIL.*

My Account! pray what's the Matter?

BEN.

Why, Father came and found me ſquabling with y chitty-fac'd Thing, as he would have me marry,—— ſo he ask'd what was the Matter. —— He ask'd in a ſu ly ſort of a Way —— (It ſeems Brother *Val.* is gone ma and ſo that put'n into a Paſſion; but what did I kno that, what's that to me?)——— So he ask'd in a ſur ſo

ort of manner, —— and Gad I anſwer'd 'en as ſurlily, What tho'f he be my Father, I an't bound Prentice to 'en: —ſo faith I told'n in plain Terms, if I were minded o marry I'd marry to pleaſe my ſelf, not him: And for he young Woman that he provided for me, I thought it nore fitting for her to learn her Sampler, and make Dirt-ies, than to look after a Husband; for my part I was one of her Man.—— I had another Voyage to make, t him take it as he will.

Mrs. *FRAIL.*

So then, you intend to go to Sea again?

BEN.

Nay, nay, my Mind run upon you, ——— but I you'd not tell him ſo much — So he ſaid he'd make y Heart ake; and if ſo be that he cou'd get a Woman his Mind, he'd marry himſelf. Gad, ſays I, an you ay the Fool and marry at theſe Years, there's more anger of your Head's aking than my Heart.——He was oundy angry when I gav'n that Wipe. —— He had'nt a ord to ſay, and ſo I left'n, and the green Girl together; ay-hap the Bee may bite, and he'll marry her himſelf, ith all my Heart.

Mrs. *FRAIL.*

And were you this undutiful and graceleſs Wretch to our Father?

BEN.

Then why was he graceleſs firſt,——If I am undutiful and graceleſs, why did he beget me ſo? I did not get y ſelf.

Mrs. *FRAIL.*

O Impiety! How have I been miſtaken! What an Inuman mercileſs Creature have I ſet my Heart upon? O am happy to have diſcover'd the Shelves and Quicksnds that lurk beneath that faithleſs ſmiling Face.

BEN.

Hey toſs! What's the Matter now? Why you ben't anry, be you?

Mrs.

Mrs. *FRAIL.*

O ſee me no more, ——— for thou wert born a mong Rocks, ſuckl'd by Whales, cradled in a Tempeſt and Whiſtled to by Winds; and thou art come forth wit Fins and Scales, and three Rows of Teeth, a moſt outra gious Fiſh of Prey.

BEN.

O Lord, O Lord, ſhe's mad, poor young Woman Love has turn'd her Senſes, her Brain is quite overſet Well-a-day, how ſhall I do to ſet her to rights.

Mrs. *FRAIL.*

No, no, I am not mad, Monſter, I am wiſe enoug to find you out. ——— Hadſt thou the Impudence t aſpire at being a Husband with that ſtubborn and diſobe dient Temper? ——— You that know not how to ſub mit to a Father, preſume to have a ſufficient Stock o Duty to undergo a Wife? I ſhould have been finely fobb' indeed, very finely fobb'd.

BEN.

Harkee Forſooth; if ſo be that you are in your righ Senſes, d'ye ſee; for ought as I perceive I'm like tobe finely fobb'd, —— if I have got Anger here upon your Ac count, and you are tack'd about already ——— Wha d'ye mean, after all your fair Speeches, and ſtroaking m Cheeks, and kiſſing and hugging, what wou'd you ſhee off ſo? Wou'd you, and leave me aground?

Mrs. *FRAIL.*

No, I'll leave you a-drift, and go which Way yo will.

BEN.

What, are you falſe-hearted then?

Mrs. *FRAIL.*

Only the Wind's chang'd.

BEN.

More ſhame for you, ——— the Wind's chang'd! It's an ill Wind blows no Body good, ——— may-hap have a good Riddance on you, if theſe be your Tricks — what did you mean all this while, to make a Foo of me?

Mrs.

Mrs. *FRAIL.*

Any Fool, but a Husband.

BEN.

Husband! Gad I wou'd not be your Husband, if you wou'd have me, now I know your Mind; tho'f you had your Weight in Gold and Jewels, and tho'f I lov'd you never ſo well.

Mrs. *FRAIL.*

Why, can'ſt thou love, *Porpuſſe*?

BEN.

No matter what I can do; don't call Names——— don't love you ſo well as to bear that, whatever I did, ———I'm glad you ſhew your ſelf, Miſtreſs:——— Let them marry you, as don't know you:——Gad I know you too well, by ſad Experience; I believe he that marries you will go to Sea in a Hen-peck'd Frigat——— believe that, young Woman——and mayhap may come an Anchor at *Cuckolds-Point*; ſo there's a Daſh for you, take it as you will; may-hap you may holla after me then I won't come too.

Mrs. *FRAIL.*

Ha, ha, ha, no doubt on't, ——

My true Love is gone to Sea——— [*Sings.*

SCENE XIV.

Mrs. FRAIL, *Mrs.* FORESIGHT.

Mrs. *FRAIL.*

O Siſter, had you come a Minute ſooner, you would have ſeen the Reſolution of a Lover,——Honeſt *Ben* and I are parted;———and with the ſame Indifference that we met:———O'my Life I am half griev'd at the Inſenſibility of a Brute that I deſpis'd.

Mrs. *FORESIGHT.*

What then, he bore it moſt heroically?

Mrs.

Mrs. *FRAIL.*

Moſt Tyrannically, ——for you ſee he has got the ſtart of me; and I the poor forſaken Maid am left complaining on the Shoar. But I'll tell you a Hint that he has given me; Sir *Sampſon* is enraged, and talks deſperately of committing Matrimony himſelf. ——— If he has a Mind to throw himſelf away, he can't do it more effectually than upon me, if we could bring it about.

Mrs. *FORESIGHT.*

O hang him old Fox, he's too cunning, beſides he hates both you and me. —— But I have a Project in my Head for you, and I have gone a good Way towards it. I have almoſt made a Bargain with *Jeremy*, *Valentine*'s Man, to ſell his Maſter to us.

Mrs. *FRAIL.*

Sell him, how?

Mrs. *FORESIGHT.*

Valentine raves upon *Angelica*, and took me for her; and *Jeremy* ſays will take any Body for her that he impoſes on him. —— Now I have promiſed him Mountains; if in one of his mad Fits he will bring you to him in her ſtead, and get you marry'd together, and put to Bed together; and after Conſummation, Girl, there's no revoking. And if he ſhou'd recover his Senſes, he'll be glad at leaſt to make you a good Settlement —— Here they come, ſtand aſide a little, and tell me how you like the Deſign.

SCENE XV.

Mrs. FORESIGHT, *Mrs.* FRAIL, VALENTINE, SCANDAL, FORESIGHT, *and* JEREMY.

SCANDAL.

AND have you given your Maſter a Hint of their Plot upon him? [*To* Jeremy.

JER.

JEREMY.

Yes, Sir; he ſays he'll favour it, and miſtake her for *Angelica*.

SCANDAL.

It may make us Sport.

FORESIGHT.

Mercy on us!

VALENTINE.

Huſht —— Interrupt me not ——— I'll whiſper Prediction to thee, and thou ſhalt propheſie; ——— I am Truth, and can teach thy Tongue a new Trick, ——— I have told thee what's paſt, —— Now I'll tell what's to come; ——— Doſt thou know what will happen to Morrow? ——— Anſwer me not —— for I will tell thee: To Morrow Knaves will thrive thro' Craft, and Fools thro' Fortune; and Honeſty will go as it did, Froſt-nipt in a Summer Suit. Ask me Queſtions concerning to Morrow.

SCANDAL.

Ask him, Mr. *Foreſight*.

FORESIGHT.

Pray what will be done at Court?

VALENTINE.

Scandal will tell you; —— I am Truth, I never come there.

FORESIGHT.

In the City?

VALENTINE.

Oh, Prayers will be ſaid in empty Churches, at the uſual Hours. Yet you will ſee ſuch zealous Faces behind Counters, as if Religion were to be ſold in every Shop. Oh Things will go methodically in the City, the Clocks will ſtrike twelve at Noon, and the horn'd Herd Buz in the Exchange at two. Husbands and Wives will drive diſtinct Trades, and Care and Pleaſure ſeparately occupy the Family. Coffee-Houſes will be full of Smoak and Stratagem. And the cropt Prentice that ſweeps his Maſter's Shop in the Morning, may ten to one dirty his Sheets before Night. But there are two things that you

will ſee very ſtrange; which are wanton Wives with their Legs at Liberty, and tame Cuckolds with Chains about their Necks. But hold, I muſt examine you before I go further; you look ſuſpiciouſly. Are you a Husband?

FORESIGHT.

I am married.

VALENTINE.

Poor Creature! Is your Wife of *Covent-Garden* Pariſh?

FORESIGHT.

No; St. *Martin's* in the Fields.

VALENTINE.

Alas; poor Man! his Eyes are ſunk, and his Hands ſhrivell'd; his Legs dwindled, and his Back bow'd: Pray pray, for a Metamorphoſis ——— Change thy Shape and ſhake off Age; get thee *Medea's* Kettle, and be boil'd a-new; come forth with lab'ring Callous Hands, a Chin of Steel, and *Atla's* Shoulders. Let *Taliacotius* trim the Calves of twenty Chairmen, and make thee Pedeſtals to ſtand erect upon, and look Matrimony in the Face. Ha, ha, ha! That a Man ſhou'd have a Stomach to a Wedding Supper, when the Pidgeons ought rather to be laid to his Feet! ha, ha, ha.

FORESIGHT.

His Frenzy is very high now, Mr. *Scandal.*

SCANDAL.

I believe it is a Spring Tide.

FORESIGHT.

Very likely truly; you underſtand theſe Matters—Mr. *Scandal,* I ſhall be very glad to confer with you bout theſe Things which he has utter'd.——His Sayings are very Myſterious and Hieroglyphical.

VALENTINE.

Oh, why would *Angelica* be abſent from my Eyes ſo lon

JEREMY.

She's here, Sir.

Mrs. *FORESIGHT.*

Now, Siſter.

Mrs. *FRAIL.*

O Lord, what muſt I ſay?

SCA

SCANDAL.

Humour him, Madam, by all Means.

VALENTINE.

Where is ſhe? Oh I ſee her——ſhe comes, like Riches, Health and Liberty at once, to a deſpairing, ſtarving, and abandon'd Wretch.
Oh welcome, welcome.

Mrs. *FRAIL.*

How d'ye Sir? Can I ſerve you?

VALENTINE.

Harkee;——I have a Secret to tell you——*Endymion* and the Moon ſhall meet us upon Mount *Latmos*, and we'll be marry'd in the dead of Night.——But ſay not a Word. *Hymen* ſhall put his Torch into a dark Lanthorn, that it may be ſecret; and *Juno* ſhall give her *Peacock* Poppy-Water, that he may fold his ogling Tail, and *Argus*'s hundred Eyes be ſhut, ha? No body ſhall know, but *Jeremy*.

Mrs. *FRAIL.*

No, no, we'll keep it ſecret; it ſhall be done preſently.

VALENTINE.

The ſooner the better——*Jeremy*, come hither——cloſer——that none may over-hear us;——*Jeremy*, I can tell you News; *Angelica* is turn'd Nun; and I am turning Fryar, and yet we'll marry one another in ſpite of the Pope——Get me a Coul and Beads, that I may play my Part,——For ſhe'll meet me two Hours hence in black and white, and a long Veil to cover the Project, and we won't ſee one anothers Faces, till we have done ſomething to be aſham'd of; and then we'll bluſh once for all.

SCENE XVI.

[*To them*] TATTLE *and* ANGELICA.

JEREMY.

I'LL take care, and——

VALENTINE.

Whiſper.

ANGELICA.

Nay, Mr. *Tattle*, if you make Love to me, you ſpoil my Deſign; for I intend to make you my Confident.

TATTLE.

But, Madam, to throw away your Perſon, ſuch a Perſon! and ſuch a Fortune, on a Madman!

ANGELICA.

I never lov'd him 'till he was mad; but don't tell any Body ſo.

SCANDAL.

How's this! *Tattle* making Love to *Angelica*?

TATTLE.

Tell, Madam! alas you don't know me——I have much ado to tell your Ladyſhip, how long I have been in Love with you —— but encourag'd by the Impoſſibility of *Valentine*'s making any more Addreſſes to you, I have ventur'd to declare the very inmoſt Paſſion of my Heart. Oh, Madam, look upon us both. There you ſee the Ruins of a poor decay'd Creature——Here, a compleat lively Figure, with Youth and Health, and all his five Senſes in Perfection, Madam; and to all this, the moſt paſſionate Lover——

ANGELICA.

O fie for Shame, hold your Tongue: A paſſionate Lover, and five Senſes in Perfection! when you are as mad as *Valentine*, I'll believe you love me, and the maddeſt ſhall take me.

VALENTINE.

It is enough. Ha! Who's here?

FRAIL.

O Lord, her coming will ſpoil all. [*To* Jeremy

JEREMY.

No, no, Madam, he won't know her; if he ſhou'd, can perſuade him.

VALENTINE.

Scandal, who are theſe? Foreigners? If they are, I tell you what I think——get away all the Company but *Angelica*, that I may diſcover my Deſign to her.

[*Whiſper*

SCAN

SCANDAL.

I will —— I have diſcover'd ſomething of *Tattle*, that is of a piece with Mrs. *Frail*. He courts *Angelica*; if we cou'd contrive to couple 'em together—Hark'ee—[*Whiſper.*

Mrs. *FORESIGHT.*

He won't know you, Couſin; he knows no body.

FORESIGHT.

But he knows more than any body, —— Oh Neice, he knows things paſt and to come, and all the profound Secrets of Time.

TATTLE.

Look you, Mr. *Foreſight*, it is not my way to make many Words of Matters, and ſo I ſhan't ſay much, —— But in ſhort, d'ye ſee, I will hold you a hundred Pound now, that I know more Secrets than he.

FORESIGHT.

How! I cannot read that Knowledge in your Face, Mr. *Tattle* —— Pray, what do you know?

TATTLE.

Why, d'ye think I'll tell you, Sir! Read it in my Face? No, Sir, 'tis written in my Heart; and ſafer there, Sir, than Letters writ in Juice of Lemon, for no Fire can fetch it out. I am no Blab, Sir.

VALENTINE.

Acquaint *Jeremy* with it, he may eaſily bring it about. ——They are welcome, and I'll tell 'em ſo my ſelf. [*To* Scandal] What, do you look ſtrange upon me? — Then I muſt be plain. [*Coming up to them.*] I am Truth, and hate an old Acquaintance with a new Face.

[Scandal *goes aſide with* Jeremy

TATTLE.

Do you know me, *Valentine?*

VALENTINE.

You? Who are you? No, I hope not.

TATTLE.

I am *Jack Tattle*, your Friend.

VALENTINE.

My Friend! what to do? I am no married Man, and thou canſt not lye with my Wife: I am very poor, and

thou canſt not borrow Mony of me: Then what Employment have I for a Friend?

TATTLE.

Hah! A good open Speaker, and not to be truſted with a Secret.

ANGELICA.

Do you know me, *Valentine?*

VALENTINE.

Oh very well.

ANGELICA.

Who am I?

VALENTINE.

You're a Woman,——One to whom Heav'n gave Beauty, when it grafted Roſes on a Briar. You are the Reflection of Heav'n in a Pond, and he that leaps at you is ſunk. You are all white, a Sheet of lovely ſpotleſs Paper, when you firſt are born; but you are to be ſcrawl'd and blotted by every Gooſe's Quill. I know you; for I lov'd a Woman, and lov'd her ſo long, that I found out a ſtrange thing: I found out what a Woman was good for.

TATTLE.

Ay, pr'ythee, what's that?

VALENTINE.

Why, to keep a Secret.

TATTLE.

O Lord!

VALENTINE.

O exceeding good to keep a Secret: For tho' ſhe ſhould tell, yet ſhe is not to be believ'd.

TATTLE.

Hah! good again, faith.

VALENTINE.

I would have Muſick——Sing me the Song that I like——

SONG.

SONG.

Set by Mr. *Finger*.

I.

I Tell thee, Charmion, *could I Time retrieve,*
And could again begin to Love and Live,
To you I ſhould my earlieſt Off'ring give;
I know, my Eyes would lead my Heart to you,
And I ſhould all my Vows and Oaths renew;
But to be plain, I never would be true.

II.

For by our weak and weary Truth, I find,
Love hates to center in a Point aſſign'd;
But runs with Joy the Circle of the Mind.
Then never let us chain what ſhou'd be free,
But for Relief of either Sex agree:
Since Women love to change, and ſo do we.

No more, for I am melancholly. [*Walks muſing.*

JEREMY.

I'll do't, Sir. [*To* Scandal.

SCANDAL.

Mr. *Foreſight*, we had beſt leave him. He may grow outragious, and do Miſchief.

FORESIGHT.

I will be directed by you.

JEREMY [to Mrs. *Frail.*]

You'll meet, Madam;——I'll take care every thing ſhall be ready.

Mrs. *FRAIL.*

Thou ſhalt do what thou wilt; in ſhort, I will deny thee nothing.

TATTLE.

Madam, ſhall I wait upon you? [*To* Angelica.

ANGELICA.

No, I'll ſtay with him——Mr. *Scandal* will protect me. Aunt, Mr. *Tattle* deſires you would give him leave to wait on you.

TATTLE.

Pox on't, there's no coming off, now she has said that ——Madam, will you do me the Honour?

Mrs. *FORESIGHT.*

Mr. *Tattle* might have us'd less Ceremony.

SCENE XVII.

ANGELICA, VALENTINE, SCANDAL.

SCANDAL.

Jeremy, follow *Tattle*.

ANGELICA.

Mr. *Scandal*, I only stay 'till my Maid comes, and because I had a mind to be rid of Mr. *Tattle*.

SCANDAL.

Madam, I am very glad that I over-heard a better Reason, which you gave to Mr. *Tattle*; for his Impertinence forc'd you to acknowldge a Kindness for *Valentine*, which you deny'd to all his Sufferings and my Sollicitations. So I'll leave him to make use of the Discovery; and your Ladyship to the free Confession of your Inclinations.

ANGELICA.

Oh Heav'ns! You won't leave me alone with a Madman?

SCANDAL.

No, Madam; I only leave a Madman to his Remedy.

SCENE XVIII.

ANGELICA, VALENTINE.

VALENTINE.

MADAM, you need not be very much afraid, for I fancy I begin to come to my self.

ANGELICA.

Ay, but if I don't fit you, I'll be hang'd. [*Aside.*

VALEN-

VALENTINE.

You ſee what Diſguiſes Love makes us put on; Gods have been in counterfeited Shapes for the ſame Reaſon; and the divine Part of me, my Mind, has worn this Maſque of Madneſs and this motly Livery, only as the Slave of Love, and menial Creature of your Beauty.

ANGELICA

Mercy on me, how he talks! poor *Valentine.*

VALENTINE.

Nay Faith, now let us underſtand one another, Hypocriſie part — The Comedy draws toward an end, and let us think of leaving acting and be our ſelves; and ſince you have lov'd me, you muſt own, I have at length deſerv'd you ſhou'd confeſs it.

ANGELICA Sighs.

I would I had lov'd you —— for Heav'n knows I pity you; and could I have foreſeen the bad Effects, I wou'd have ſtriven; but that's too late. [*Sighs.*

VALENTINE.

What ſad Effects?—What's too late? My ſeeming Madneſs has deceiv'd my Father, and procur'd me time to think of Means to reconcile me to him, and preſerve the Right of my Inheritance to his Eſtate; which otherwiſe, by Articles, I muſt this Morning have reſign'd: And this I had inform'd you of to Day, but you were gone, before I knew you had been here.

ANGELICA.

How! I thought your Love of me had caus'd this Tranſport in your Soul; which, it ſeems, you only counterfeited; for mercenary Ends, and ſordid Intereſt.

VALENTINE.

Nay, now you do me Wrong; for if any Intereſt was conſider'd, it was yours; ſince I thought I wanted more than Love, to make me worthy of you.

ANGELICA.

Then you thought me mercenary —— But how am I deluded by this interval of Senſe, to reaſon with a Madman?

VALENTINE.

Oh, 'tis barbarous to miſunderſtand me longer.

SCENE XIX.

[*To them*] JEREMY.

ANGELICA.

OH here's a reasonable Creature——sure he will not have the Impudence to persevere ——Come, *Jeremy*, acknowledge your Trick, and confess your Master's Madness counterfeit.

JEREMY.

Counterfeit, Madam! I'll maintain him to be as absolutely and substantially mad, as any Freeholder in *Bethlehem*; Nay, he's as mad as any Projector, Fanatick, Chymist, Lover, or Poet in *Europe*.

VALENTINE.

Sirrah, you lie; I am not mad.

ANGELICA.

Ha, ha, ha! you see he denies it.

JEREMY.

O Lord, Madam, did you ever know any Madman mad enough to own it?

VALENTINE.

Sot, can't you apprehend?

ANGELICA.

Why he talk'd very sensibly just now.

JEREMY.

Yes, Madam; he has Intervals: But you see he begins to look wild again now.

VALENTINE.

Why you thick-skull'd Rascal, I tell you the Farce is done, and I'll be mad no longer. [*Beats him.*

ANGELICA.

Ha, ha, ha! is he mad or no, *Jeremy*?

JEREMY.

Partly, I think—for he does not know his own Mind two Hours — I'm sure I left him just now in the Humour to be mad: And I think I have not found him very quiet at this Present. Who's there? [*One knocks.*

VALENTINE.

Go ſee, you Sot. I'm very glad that I can move your Mirth, tho' not your Compaſſion.

ANGELICA.

I did not think you had Apprehenſion enough to be exceptious: But Madmen ſhew themſelves moſt, by over-pretending to a ſound Underſtanding; as drunken Men do by over-acting Sobriety; I was half inclining to believe you, 'till I accidently touch'd upon your tender Part: But now you have reſtor'd me to my former Opinion and Compaſſion.

JEREMY.

Sir, your Father has ſent to know if you are any better yet —— Will you pleaſe to be mad, Sir, or how?

VALENTINE.

Stupidity! You know the Penalty of all I'm worth muſt pay for the Confeſſion of my Senſes; I'm mad, and will be mad to every Body but this Lady.

JEREMY.

So — Juſt the very backſide of Truth, —— But lying is a Figure in Speech, that interlards the greateſt part of my Converſation——Madam, your Ladyſhip's Woman.

SCENE XX.

VALENTINE, ANGELICA, JENNY.

ANGELICA.

WELL, have you been there?——Come hither.

JENNY.

Yes, Madam, Sir *Sampſon* will wait upon you preſently. [*Aſide to* Angelica.

VALENTINE.

You are not leaving me in this Uncertainty?

ANGELICA.

Wou'd any thing, but a Madman, complain of Uncertainty? Uncertainty and Expectation are the Joys of Life. Security is an inſipid thing, and the overtaking and poſſeſſing of a Wiſh, diſcovers the Folly of the Chaſe. Never

ver let us know one another better; for the Pleaſure of a Maſquerade is done, when we come to ſhew our Faces; but I'll tell you two things before I leave you; I am not the Fool you take me for; and you are mad, and don't know it.

SCENE XXI.

VALENTINE, JEREMY.

VALENTINE.

FROM a Riddle, you can expect nothing but a Riddle. There's my Inſtruction, and the Moral of my Leſſon.

JEREMY.

What, is the Lady gone again, Sir? I hope you underſtood one another before ſhe went?

VALENTINE.

Underſtood! She is harder to be underſtood than a Piece of *Ægyptian* Antiquity, or an *Iriſh* Manuſcript; you may pore 'till you ſpoil your Eyes, and not improve your Knowledge.

JEREMY.

I have heard 'em ſay, Sir, they read hard *Hebrew* Books backwards; may be you begin to read at the wrong end.

VALENTINE.

They ſay ſo of a Witch's Prayer, and Dreams and *Dutch* Almanacks are to be underſtood by Contraries. But there's Regularity and Method in that; ſhe is a Medal without a Reverſe or Inſcription, for Indifference has both ſides alike. Yet while ſhe does not ſeem to hate me, I will purſue her, and know her if it be poſſible, in ſpight of the Opinion of my Satirical Friend, *Scandal*, who ſays,

That Women are like Tricks by Slight of Hand,
Which, to admire, we ſhould not underſtand.

End of the Fourth Act.

ACT

ACT V. SCENE I.

A Room in FORESIGHT's *Houſe.*

ANGELICA, *and* JENNY.

ANGELICA.

WHERE is Sir *Sampſon*? Did you not tell me, he would be here before me?

JENNY.

He's at the great Glaſs in the Dining-Room, Madam, ſetting his Cravat and Wig.

ANGELICA.

How! I'm glad on't — If he has a Mind I ſhould like him, it's a ſign he likes me; and that's more than half my Deſign.

JENNY.

I hear him, Madam.

ANGELICA.

Leave me; and d'ye hear, if *Valentine* ſhou'd come, or ſend, I am not to be ſpoken with.

SCENE II.

ANGELICA, *Sir* SAMPSON.

Sir *SAMPSON.*

I Have not been honour'd with the Commands of a fair Lady. a great while —— odd, Madam, you have reviv'd me—Not ſince I was five and thirty.

ANGE-

ANGELICA.

Why, you have no great Reaſon to complain, Sir *Sampſon*, that is not long ago.

Sir *SAMPSON.*

Zooks, but it is, Madam, a very great while; to a Man that admires a fine Woman, as much as I do.

ANGELICA.

You're an abſolute Courtier, Sir *Sampſon.*

Sir *SAMPSON.*

Not at all, Madam: Ods-bud you wrong me; I am not ſo old neither, to be a bare Courtier, only a Man of Words: Odd, I have warm Blood about me yet, and can ſerve a Lady any way——Come, come, let me tell you, you Women think a Man old too ſoon, faith and troth you do—— Come, don't deſpiſe fifty; odd, fifty in a hale Conſtitution, is no ſuch contemptible Age.

ANGELICA.

Fifty a contemptible Age! Not at all: a very faſhionable Age I think—I aſſure you, I know very conſiderable Beaus, that ſet a good Face upon fifty. Fifty! I have ſeen fifty in a Side-Box by Candle-Light, out-bloſſom five and twenty.

Sir *SAMPSON.*

Outſides, Outſides; a pize take 'em, meer Outſides: Hang your Side-Box Beaus; no, I'm none of thoſe, none of your forc'd Trees, that pretend to bloſſom in the Fall; and Bud when they ſhould bring forth Fruit: I am of a long liv'd Race, and inherit Vigour, none of my Anceſtors marry'd 'till fifty; yet they begot Sons and Daughters 'till fourſcore: I am of your Patriarchs, I, a Branch of one of your *Antideluvian* Families, Fellows, that the Flood could not waſh away. Well, Madam, what are your Commands? Has any young Rogue affronted you, and ſhall I cut his Throat? or——

ANGELICA.

No, Sir *Sampſon*, I have no Quarrel upon my Hands ——I have more Occaſion for your Conduct than your Courage at this time. To tell you the Truth, I'm weary of living ſingle, and want a Husband.

Sir

Sir *SAMPSON.*

Odsbud, and 'tis pity you ſhould —— Odd, wou'd ſhe wou'd like me, then I ſhou'd hamper my young Rogues: Odd, wou'd ſhe wou'd; faith and troth ſhe's deviliſh handſome. [*Aſide.*] Madam, you deſerve a good Husband, and 'twere pity you ſhou'd be thrown away upon any of theſe young idle Rogues about the Town. Odd, there's ne'er a young Fellow worth hanging,——that is a very young Fellow——Pize on 'em, they never think beforehand of any thing;——And if they commit Matrimony, 'tis as they commit Murder; out of a Frolick: And are ready to hang themſelves, or to be hang'd by the Law, the next Morning:——Odſo, have a care, Madam.

ANGELICA.

Therefore I ask your Advice, Sir *Sampſon*: I have Fortune enough to make any Man eaſie that I can like; If there were ſuch a thing as a young agreeable Man, with a reaſonable Stock of good Nature and Senſe——For I would neither have an abſolute Wit, nor a Fool.

Sir *SAMPSON.*

Odd, you are hard to pleaſe, Madam; to find a young Fellow that is neither a Wit in his own Eye, nor a Fool in the Eye of the World, is a very hard Task. But, faith and troth, you ſpeak very diſcreetly; for I hate both a Wit and a Fool.

ANGELICA.

She that marries a Fool, Sir *Sampſon*, forfeits the Reputation of her Honeſty or Underſtanding: And ſhe that marries a very witty Man is a Slave to the Severity and inſolent Conduct of her Husband. I ſhould like a Man of Wit for a Lover, becauſe I would have ſuch an one in my Power: but I would no more be his Wife, than his Enemy. For his Malice is not a more terrible Conſequence of his Averſion, than his Jealouſie is of his Love.

Sir *SAMPSON.*

None of old *Foreſight's Sybils* ever utter'd ſuch a Truth. Od bud, you have won my Heart: I hate a Wit; I had a Son that was ſpoil'd among 'em; a good hopeful Lad,

'til

'till he learn'd to be a Wit———And might have risen in the State———But, a pox on't, his Wit run him out of his Mony, and now his Poverty has run him out of his Wits.

ANGELICA.

Sir *Sampſon*, as your Friend, I muſt tell you, you are very much abus'd in that Matter; he's no more mad than you are.

Sir *SAMPSON.*

How, Madam! Wou'd I cou'd prove it.

ANGELICA.

I can tell you how that may be done———But it is a thing that wou'd make me appear to be too much concern'd in your Affairs.

Sir *SAMPSON.*

Odsbud, I believe ſhe likes me — [*Aſide.*]——— Ah, Madam, all my Affairs are ſcarce worthy to be laid at your Feet; and I wiſh, Madam, they were in a better Poſture, that I might make a more becoming Offer to a Lady of your incomparable Beauty and Merit.— If I had *Peru* in one Hand, and *Mexico* in t'other, and the *Eaſtern* Empire under my Feet; it would make me only a more glorious Victim to be offer'd at the Shrine of your Beauty.

ANGELICA.

Bleſs me, Sir *Sampſon*, what's the Matter?

Sir *SAMPSON.*

Odd, Madam, I love you — And if you wou'd take my Advice in a Husband———

ANGELICA.

Hold, hold, Sir *Sampſon*. I ask'd your Advice for a Husband, and you are giving me your Conſent———I was indeed thinking to propoſe ſomething like it in Jeſt, to ſatisfie you about *Valentine*: For if a Match were ſeemingly carried on, between you and me, it would oblige him to throw off his Diſguiſe of Madneſs, in Apprehenſion of loſing me: For you know he has long pretended a Paſſion for me.

Sir

Sir *SAMPSON.*

Gadzooks, a moſt ingenious Contrivance——If we were to go through with it. But why muſt the Match only be ſeemingly carried on?——Odd, let it be a real Contract.

ANGELICA.

O fie, Sir *Sampſon*, what would the World ſay?

Sir *SAMPSON.*

Say! they would ſay, you were a wiſe Woman, and I a happy Man. Odd, Madam, I'll love you as long as I live; and leave you a good Jointure when I die.

ANGELICA.

Ay; but that is not in your Power, Sir *Sampſon*; for when *Valentine* confeſſes himſelf in his Senſes, he muſt make over his Inheritance to his younger Brother.

Sir *SAMPSON.*

Odd, you're cunning, a wary Baggage! Faith and Troth I like you the better——But, I warrant you, I have a Proviſo in the Obligation in favour of my ſelf——Body o'me, I have a Trick to turn the Settlement upon the Iſſue Male of our two Bodies begotten. Odsbud, let us find Children, and I'll find an Eſtate!

——*ANGELICA.*

Will you? Well, do you find the Eſtate, and leave the other to me——

Sir *SAMPSON.*

O Rogue! But I'll truſt you. And will you conſent? Is it a Match then?

ANGELICA.

Let me conſult my Lawyer concerning this Obligation; and if I find what you propoſe practicable; I'll give you my Anſwer.

Sir *SAMPSON.*

With all my Heart;——Come in with me, and I'll lend you the Bond——You ſhall conſult your Lawyer, and I'll conſult a Parſon: Odzooks I'm a young Man: Odzooks I'm a young Man, and I'll make it appear——Odd, you're deviliſh handſome: Faith and Troth, you're very handſome, and I'm very youug, and very luſty——

Odsbud,

Odsbud, Huſſy, you know how to chuſe, and ſo do I;—Odd, I think we are very well met—Give me your Hand, odd, let me kiſs it; 'tis as warm and as ſoft—as what?——Odd, as t'other Hand—give me t'other Hand, and I'll mumble 'em, and kiſs 'em 'till they melt in my Mouth.

ANGELICA.

Hold, Sir *Sampſon*——You're profuſe of your Vigour before your time: You'll ſpend your Eſtate before you come to it.

Sir *SAMPSON.*

No, no, only give you a Rent-Roll of my Poſſeſſions——Ah! Baggage——I warrant you for little *Sampſon:* Odd, *Sampſon*'s a very good Name for an able Fellow: Your *Sampſons* were ſtrong Dogs from the Beginning.

ANGELICA.

Have a care, and don't over-act your Part——If you remember, *Sampſon*, the ſtrongeſt of the Name, pull'd an old Houſe over his Head at laſt.

Sir *SAMPSON.*

Say you ſo, Huſſy?——Come, let's go then; odd, I long to be pulling too, come away——Odſo, here's ſome body coming.

SCENE III.

TATTLE, JEREMY.

TATTLE.

IS not that ſhe, gone out juſt now?

JEREMY.

Ay, Sir, ſhe's juſt going to the Place of Appointment. Ah, Sir, if you are not very faithful and cloſe in this Buſineſs, you'll certainly be the Death of a Perſon that has a moſt extraordinary Paſſion for your Honour's Service.

TATTLE.

Ay, who's that?

JERE-

JEREMY.

Even my unworthy ſelf, Sir———Sir, I have had an Appetite to be fed with your Commands a great while; —And now, Sir, my former Maſter, having much troubled the Fountain of his Underſtanding; it is a very plauſible Occaſion for me to quench my Thirſt at the Spring of your Bounty ——I thought I could not recommend my ſelf better to you, Sir, than by the Delivery of a great Beauty and Fortune into your Arms, whom I have heard you ſigh for.

TATTLE.

I'll make thy Fortune; ſay no more--- Thou art a pretty Fellow, and canſt carry a Meſſage to a Lady, in a pretty ſoft kind of Phraſe, and with a good perſuading Accent.

JEREMY.

Sir, I have the Seeds of Rhetorick and Oratory in my Head——I have been at *Cambridge*.

TATTLE.

Ay; 'tis well enough for a Servant to be bred at an Univerſity: But the Education is a little too pedantick for a Gentleman. I hope you are ſecret in your Nature, private, cloſe, ha?

JEREMY.

O Sir, for that, Sir, 'tis my chief Talent; I'm as ſecret as the Head of *Nilus*.

TATTLE.

Ay? Who's he, tho'? A Privy-Counſellor?

JEREMY.

O Ignorance! [*Aſide.*] A cunning *Ægyptian*, Sir, that with his Arms would over-run the Country, yet no Body could ever find out his Head-Quarters.

TATTLE.

Cloſe Dog! A good Whoremaſter, I warrant him —— the time draws nigh, *Jeremy*. *Angelica* will be veil'd like a Nun; and I muſt be hooded like a Friar; ha, *Jeremy*?

JEREMY.

Ay, Sir, hooded like a Hawk, to ſeize at firſt Sight upon the Quarry. It is the Whim of my Maſter's Madneſs to be ſo dreſs'd; and ſhe is ſo in Love with him, ſhe'll

ſhe'll comply with any Thing to pleaſe him: Poor Lady, I'm ſure ſhe'll have Reaſon to pray for me, when ſhe finds what a happy Exchange ſhe has made, between a Madman and ſo accompliſh'd a Gentleman.

TATTLE.

Ay Faith, ſo ſhe will, *Jeremy*: You're a good Friend to her, poor Creature ——— I ſwear I do it hardly ſo much in conſideration of my ſelf, as Compaſſion to her.

JEREMY.

'Tis an Act of Charity, Sir, to ſave a fine Woman with thirty thouſand Pound, from throwing her ſelf away.

TATTLE.

So 'tis, faith —— I might have ſav'd ſeveral others in my time, but i'Gad I could never find in my Heart to marry any Body before.

JEREMY.

Well, Sir, I'll go and tell her my Maſter's coming; and meet you in half a Quarter of an Hour, with your Diſguiſe, at your own Lodgings. You muſt talk a little madly, ſhe won't diſtinguiſh the Tone of your Voice.

TATTLE.

No, no, let me alone for a Counterfeit; ——— I'll be ready for you.

SCENE IV.

TATTLE, *Miſs* PRUE.

Miſs *PRUE.*

O Mr. *Tattle*, are you here! I'm glad I have found you; I have been looking up and down for you like any thing, 'till I'm as tired as any thing in the World.

TATTLE.

O Pox how ſhall I get rid of this fooliſh Girl? [*Aſide.*

Miſs *PRUE.*

O I have pure News, I can tell you pure News —— I muſt not marry the Seaman now ——— my Father ſays ſo.

ſo. Why won't you be my Husband? You ſay you love me, and you won't be my Husband. And I know you may be my Husband now if you pleaſe.

TATTLE.

O fie, Miſs: Who told you ſo, Child?

Miſs *PRUE.*

Why, my Father — — I told him that you lov'd me.

TATTLE.

O fie, Miſs, why did you do ſo? And who told you ſo, Child?

Miſs *PRUE.*

Who? Why you did; did not you?

TATTLE.

O Pox, that was yeſterday, Miſs; that was a great while ago, Child. I have been aſleep ſince; ſlept a whole Night, and did not ſo much as dream of the Matter.

Miſs *PRUE.*

Pſhaw, O but I dreamt that it was ſo tho'.

TATTLE.

Ay, but your Father will tell you that Dreams come by Contraries, Child———O fie; what, we muſt not love one another now———Pſhaw, that would be a fooliſh thing indeed —— Fie, fie, you're a Woman now, and muſt think of a new Man every Morning, and forget him every Night——— No, no, to marry is to be a Child again, and play with the ſame Rattle always: O fie, marrying is a paw thing.

Miſs *PRUE.*

Well, but don't you love me as well as you did laſt Night then?

TATTLE.

No, no, Child, you would not have me.

Miſs *PRUE.*

No? Yes but I would tho'.

TATTLE.

Pſhaw, but I tell you, you would not —— You forget you're a Woman, and don't know your own Mind.

Miſs *PRUE.*

But here's my Father, and he knows my Mind.

SCENE

SCENE V.

[*To them*] FORESIGHT.

FORESIGHT.

O Mr. *Tattle*, your Servant, you are a cloſe Man; but methinks your Love to my Daughter was a Secret I might have been truſted with,——Or had you a Mind to try if I could diſcover it by my Art——hum, ha! I think there is ſomething in your Phyſiognomy, that ... reſemblance of her; and the Girl is like me.

TATTLE.

And ſo you would infer, that you and I are alike——what does the old Dog mean? I'll banter him, and laugh at him, and leave him. [*Aſide.*] I fancy you have a wrong Notion of Faces.

FORESIGHT.

How? What? a wrong Notion! How ſo?

TATTLE.

In the way of Aſtrology I have ſome taking Features, not obvious to vulgar Eyes; that are Indications of a ſudden turn of good Fortune, in the Lottery of Wives; and promiſe a great Beauty and great Fortune reſerved alone for me, by a private Intrigue of Deſtiny, kept ſecret from the piercing Eye of Perſpicuity; from all Aſtrologers, and the Stars themſelves.

FORESIGHT.

How! I will make it appear, that what you ſay is impoſſible.

TATTLE.

Sir, I beg your Pardon, I'm in haſte——

FORESIGHT.

For what?

TATTLE.

To be marry'd, Sir, marry'd.

FORESIGHT.

Ay, but pray take me along with you, Sir——

TAT

TATTLE.

No, Sir; 'tis to be done privately —— I never make Confidents.

FORESIGHT.

Well; but my Conſent, I mean——You won't marry my Daughter without my Conſent?

TATTLE.

Who I, Sir? I'm an abſolute Stranger to you and your Daughter, Sir.

FORESIGHT.

Hey day! What time of the Moon is this?

TATTLE.

Very true, Sir, and deſire to continue ſo. I have no more Love for your Daughter, than I have Likeneſs of you; and I have a Secret in my Heart, which you wou'd be glad to know, and ſhan't know; and yet you ſhall know it too, and be ſorry for't afterwards. I'd have you to know, Sir, that I am as knowing as the Stars, and as ſecret as the Night. And I'm going to be married juſt now, yet did not know of it half an Hour ago; and the Lady ſtays for me, and does not know of it yet——— There's a Myſtery for you, ——— know you love to untie Difficulties———Or if you can't ſolve this; ſtay here a Quarter of an Hour, and I'll come and explain it to you.

SCENE VI.

FORESIGHT, *Miſs* PRUE.

Miſs *PRUE.*

O Father, why will you let him go? Won't you make him to be my Husband?

FORESIGHT.

Mercy on us, what do theſe Lunacies portend? Alas! he's mad, Child, ſtark wild.

Miſs

Miſs *PRUE.*

What, and muſt not I have e'er a Husband then? What, muſt I go to Bed to Nurſe again, and be a Child as long as ſhe's an old Woman? Indeed but I won't. For now my Mind is ſet upon a Man, I will have a Man ſome way or other. Oh! methinks I'm ſick when I think of a Man; and if I can't have one, I wou'd go to ſleep all my Life: For when I'm awake it makes me wiſh and long, and I don't know for what——And I'd rather be always aſleep, than ſick with thinking.

FORESIGHT.

O fearful! I think the Girl's influenc'd too,——Huſſy, you ſhall have a Rod.

Miſs *PRUE.*

A Fiddle of a Rod, I'll have a Husband; and if you won't get me one, I'll get one for my ſelf: I'll marry our *Robin* the Butler, he ſays he loves me, and he's a handſome Man, and ſhall be my Husband: I warrant he'll be my Husband, and thank me too, for he told me ſo.

SCENE VII.

[*To them*] SCANDAL, *Mrs.* FORESIGHT, *and* NURSE.

FORESIGHT.

DID he ſo——I'll diſpatch him for't preſently; Rogue! Oh, Nurſe, come hither.

NURSE.

What is your Worſhip's Pleaſure?

FORESIGHT.

Here take your young Miſtreſs, and lock her up preſently, 'till farther Orders from me——not a Word Huſſy——Do what I bid you. No Reply: away. And bid *Robin* make ready to give an Account of his Plate and Linnen, d'ye hear. Be gone when I bid you.

Mrs. *FORESIGHT.*

What's the Matter, Husband?

FORE

FORESIGHT.

'Tis not convenient to tell you now —— Mr. *Scandal*, Heav'n keep us all in our Senſes ——— I fear there is a contagious Frenzy abroad. How does *Valentine*?

SCANDAL.

O, I hope he will do well again —— I have a Meſſage from him to your Neice *Angelica*.

FORESIGHT.

I think ſhe has not return'd, ſince ſhe went abroad with Sir *Sampſon*. Nurſe, why are you not gone?

SCENE VIII.

FORESIGHT, SCANDAL, *Mrs.* FORESIGHT, BEN.

Mrs. *FORESIGHT.*

HERE's Mr. *Benjamin*, he can tell us if his Father be come home.

BEN.

Who, Father? ay, he's come home with a Vengeance.

Mrs. *FORESIGHT.*

Why, what's the Matter?

BEN.

Matter! Why he's mad.

FORESIGHT.

Mercy on us! I was afraid of this.

BEN.

And there's the handſome young Woman, ſhe, as they ſay, Brother *Val.* went mad for, ſhe's mad too, I think.

FORESIGHT.

O my poor Neice! my poor Neice! is ſhe gone too? Well, I ſhall run mad next.

Mrs. *FORESIGHT.*

Well, but how mad? how d'ye mean?

BEN.

Nay, I'll give you leave to gueſs —— I'll undertake to make a Voyage to *Antegoa* ——— No, I mayn't ſay ſo neither

neither——But I'll ſail as far as *Leghorn*, and back again, before you ſhall gueſs at the Matter, and do nothing elſe; Meſs, you may take in all the Points of the Compaſs, and not hit right.

Mrs. *FORESIGHT.*

Your Experiment will take up a little too much time.

BEN.

Why then I'll tell you; there's a new Wedding upon the Stocks, and they two are going to be married to rights.

SCANDAL.

Who?

BEN.

Why Father, and —— the young Woman. I can't hit of her Name.

SCANDAL.

Angelica?

BEN.

Ay, the ſame.

Mrs. *FORESIGHT.*

Sir *Sampſon* and *Angelica?* impoſſible!

BEN.

That may be —— but I'm ſure it is as I tell you.

SCANDAL.

'Sdeath, it's a Jeſt. I can't believe it.

BEN.

Look you, Friend, it's nothing to me, whether you believe it or no. What I ſay is true; d'ye ſee, they are married, or juſt going to be married, I know not which.

FORESIGHT.

Well, but they are not mad, that is, not Lunatick?

BEN.

I don't know what you may call Madneſs—— But ſhe's mad for a Husband, and he's horn mad, I think, or they'd ne'er make a Match together——Here they come.

SCENE

SCENE IX.

[*To them*] *Sir* SAMPSON, ANGELICA, BUCKRAM.

Sir *SAMPSON.*

WHERE is this old Soothſayer? this Uncle of mine elect? A ha, old *Foreſight*, Uncle *Foreſight*, wiſh me Joy, Uncle *Foreſight*, double Joy, both as Uncle and Aſtrologer; here's a Conjunction that was not foretold in all your *Ephemeris* —— The brighteſt Star in the blue Firmament——is *ſhot from above, in a Jelly of Love*, and ſo forth; and I'm Lord of the Aſcendant. Odd, you're an old Fellow, *Foreſight*; Uncle I mean, a very old Fellow, Uncle *Foreſight*; and yet you ſhall live to dance at my Wedding; faith and troth you ſhall. Odd, we'll have the Muſick of the Spheres for thee, old *Lilly*, that we will, and thou ſhalt lead up a Dance in *Via Lactea*.

FORESIGHT.

I'm Thunder-ſtruck! You are not married to my Neice?

Sir *SAMPSON.*

Not abſolutely marry'd, Uncle; but very near it, within a Kiſs of the Matter, as you ſee. [*Kiſſes* Angelica.

ANGELICA.

'Tis very true indeed, Uncle; I hope you'll be my Father, and give me.

Sir *SAMPSON.*

That he ſhall, or I'll burn his Globes —— Body o'me, he ſhall be thy Father, I'll make him thy Father, and thou ſhalt make me a Father, and I'll make thee a Mother, and we'll beget Sons and Daughters enough to put the weekly Bills out of Countenance.

SCANDAL.

Death and Hell! Where's *Valentine*.

SCENE X.

Sir SAMPSON, ANGELICA, FORESIGHT, *Mrs.* FORESIGHT, BEN, BUCKRAM.

Mrs. *FORESIGHT.*

THIS is ſo ſurpriſing———

Sir *SAMPSON.*

How! What does my Aunt ſay? Surpriſing, Aunt? Not at all, for a young Couple to make a Match in Winter? Not at all—It's a Plot to undermine cold Weather; and deſtroy that Uſurper of a Bed call'd a Warming-Pan.

Mrs. *FORESIGHT.*

I'm glad to hear you have ſo much Fire in you, Sir *Sampſon.*

BEN.

Meſs, I fear his Fire's little better than Tinder; may-hap it will only ſerve to light up a Match for ſome Body elſe. The young Woman's a handſom young Woman, I can't deny it: But, Father, if I might be your Pilot in this Caſe, you ſhould not marry her. It's juſt the ſame thing, as if ſo be you ſhould ſail ſo far as the *Straights* without Proviſion.

Sir *SAMPSON.*

Who gave you Authority to ſpeak, Sirrah? To your Element, Fiſh, be mute, Fiſh, and to Sea, rule your Helm, Sirrah, don't direct me.

BEN.

Well, well, take you care of your own Helm, or you mayn't keep your new Veſſel ſteady.

Sir *SAMPSON.*

Why, you impudent Tarpaulin! Sirrah, do you bring your Forecaſtle Jeſts upon your Father? But I ſhall be even with you, I won't give you a Groat. Mr. *Buckram,* is the Conveyance ſo worded, that nothing can poſſibly deſcend

deſcend to this Scoundrel? I would not ſo much as have him have the Proſpect of an Eſtate; tho' there were no way to come to it, but by the *North-Eaſt* Paſſage.

BUCKRAM.

Sir, it is drawn according to your Directions; there is not the leaſt Cranny of the Law unſtopt.

BEN.

Lawyer, I believe there's many a Cranny and Leak unſtopt in your Conſcience—If ſo be that one had a Pump to your Boſom, I believe we ſhou'd diſcover a foul Hold. They ſay a Witch will ſail in a Sieve———But I believe the Devil wou'd not venture aboard o'your Conſcience. And that's for you.

Sir *SAMPSON.*

Hold your Tongue, Sirrah. How now, who's here?

SCENE XI.

[*To them*] TATTLE, *and Mrs.* FRAIL.

Mrs. *FRAIL.*

O, Siſter, the moſt unlucky Accident.

Mrs. *FORESIGHT.*

What's the Matter?

TATTLE.

O, the two moſt unfortunate poor Creatures in the World we are.

FORESIGHT.

Bleſs us! How ſo?

Mrs. *FRAIL.*

Ah Mr. *Tattle* and I, poor Mr. *Tattle* and I are———I can't ſpeak it out.

TATTLE.

Nor I——But poor Mrs. *Frail* and I are——

Mrs. *FRAIL.*

Married.

Mrs. *FORESIGHT.*

Married! How?

TATTLE.

Suddenly——before we knew where we were——that Villain *Jeremy*, by the help of Diſguiſes, trickt us into one another.

FORESIGHT.

Why, you told me juſt now, you went hence in haſte to be married.

ANGELICA.

But I believe Mr. *Tattle* meant the Favour to me, I thank him.

TATTLE.

I did, as I hope to be ſav'd, Madam; my Intentions were good —— But this is the moſt cruel thing, to marry one does not know how, nor why, nor wherefore —— The Devil take me if ever I was ſo much concern'd at any thing in my Life.

ANGELICA.

'Tis very unhappy, if you don't care for one another.

TATTLE.

The leaſt in the World — That is for my Part, I ſpeak for my ſelf. Gad, I never had the leaſt Thought of ſerious Kindneſs — I never lik'd any Body leſs in my Life. Poor Woman! Gad I'm ſorry for her too; for I have no Reaſon to hate her neither; but I believe I ſhall lead her a damn'd ſort of a Life.

Mrs. *FORESIGHT.*

He's better than no Husband at all——tho' he's a Coxcomb. [*To* Frail.

Mrs *FRAIL* [*to her.*]

Ay, ay, it's well it's no worſe — Nay, for my part I always deſpiſed Mr. *Tattle* of all things; nothing but his being my Husband could have made me like him leſs.

TATTLE.

Look you there, I thought as much——Pox on't, I wiſh we could keep it ſecret; why I don't believe any of this Company wou'd ſpeak of it.

Mrs.

Mrs. *FRAIL.*

But, my Dear, that's impoſſible; the Parſon and that Rogue *Jeremy* will publiſh it.

TATTLE.

Ay, my Dear, ſo they will, as you ſay.

ANGELICA.

O you'll agree very well in a little time; Cuſtom will make it eaſie to you.

TATTLE.

Eaſie! Pox on't, I don't believe I ſhall ſleep to Night.

Sir *SAMPSON.*

Sleep, Quotha! No, why you would not ſleep o' your Wedding-Night? I'm an older Fellow than you, and don't mean to ſleep.

BEN.

Why there's another Match now, as tho'f a couple of Privateers were looking for a Prize, and ſhould fall foul of one another. I'm ſorry for the young Man with all my Heart. Look you, Friend, if I may adviſe you, when ſhe's going, for that you muſt expect, I have Experience of her, when ſhe's going, let her go. For no Matrimony is tough enough to hold her, and if ſhe can't drag her Anchor along with her, ſhe'll break her Cable, I can tell you that.—Who's here? the Madman?

SCENE *The Laſt.*

VALENTINE, SCANDAL, *Sir* SAMPSON, ANGELICA, FORESIGHT, *Mrs.* FORESIGHT, TATTLE, *Mrs.* FRAIL, BEN, JEREMY, BUCKRAM.

VALENTINE.

NO; here's the Fool; and if Occaſion be, I'll give it under my Hand.

Sir *SAMPSON.*

How now?

VALEN-

VALENTINE.

Sir, I'm come to acknowledge my Errors, and ask your Pardon.

Sir *SAMPSON.*

What, have you found your Senſes at laſt then? In good time, Sir.

VALENTINE.

You were abus'd, Sir; I never was diſtracted.

FORESIGHT.

How! Not mad! Mr. *Scandal*?

SCANDAL.

No really, Sir; I'm his Witneſs, it was all Counterfeit.

VALENTINE.

I thought I had Reaſons——But it was a poor Contrivance, the Effect has ſhewn it ſuch.

Sir *SAMPSON.*

Contrivance! what, to cheat me? to cheat your Father! Sirrah, could you hope to proſper?

VALENTINE.

Indeed, I thought, Sir, when the Father endeavoured to undo the Son, it was a reaſonable return of Nature.

Sir *SAMPSON.*

Very good, Sir——Mr. *Buckram*, are you ready?——Come, Sir, will you ſign and ſeal?

VALENTINE.

If you pleaſe, Sir; but firſt I would ask this Lady one Queſtion.

Sir *SAMPSON.*

Sir, you muſt ask me leave firſt: That Lady? No, Sir; you ſhall ask that Lady no Queſtions, 'till you have ask'd her Bleſſing, Sir; that Lady is to be my Wife.

VALENTINE.

I have heard as much, Sir; but I wou'd have it from her own Mouth.

Sir *SAMPSON.*

That's as much as to ſay, I lie, Sir, and you don't believe what I ſay.

VALEN-

VALENTINE.

Pardon me, Sir. But I reflect that I very lately counterfeited Madneſs; I don't know but the Frolick may go round.

Sir *SAMPSON.*

Come, Chuck, ſatisfie him, anſwer him; —— Come, Mr. *Buckram*, the Pen and Ink.

BUCKRAM.

Here it is, Sir, with the Deed; all is ready.

[Val. *goes to* Ang.

ANGELICA.

'Tis true, you have a great while pretended Love to me; nay, what if you were ſincere? Still you muſt pardon me, if I think my own Inclinations have a better Right to diſpoſe of my Perſon, than yours.

Sir *SAMPSON.*

Are you anſwer'd now, Sir?

VALENTINE.

Yes, Sir.

Sir *SAMPSON.*

Where's your Plot, Sir? and your Contrivance now, Sir? Will you ſign, Sir? Come, will you ſign and ſeal?

VALENTINE.

With all my Heart, Sir.

SCANDAL.

'Sdeath, you are not mad indeed, to ruin your ſelf?

VALENTINE.

I have been diſappointed of my only Hope; and he that loſes Hope may part with any thing. I never valu'd Fortune, but as it was ſubſervient to my Pleaſure; and my only Pleaſure was to pleaſe this Lady: I have made many vain Attempts, and find at laſt that nothing but my Ruin can effect it: Which, for that Reaſon, I will ſign to —— Give me the Paper.

ANGELICA.

Generous *Valentine!* [*Aſide.*

BUCKRAM.

Here is the Deed, Sir.

VALEN-

VALENTINE.

But where is the Bond, by which I am obliged to ſign this?

BUCKRAM.

Sir *Sampſon*, you have it.

ANGELICA.

No, I have it; and I'll uſe it, as I wou'd every thing that is an Enemy to *Valentine*. [*Tears the Paper.*

Sir *SAMPSON.*

How now!

VALENTINE.

Ha!

ANGELICA.

Had I the World to give you, it cou'd not make me worthy of ſo generous and faithful a Paſſion: Here's my Hand, my Heart was always yours, and ſtruggled very hard to make this utmoſt Tryal of your Virtue. [*To* Val.

VALENTINE.

Between Pleaſure and Amazement, I am loſt —— But on my Knees I take the Bleſſing.

Sir *SAMPSON.*

Oons, what is the Meaning of this?

BEN.

Meſs here's the Wind chang'd again. Father, you and I may make a Voyage together now.

ANGELICA.

Well, Sir *Sampſon*, ſince I have plaid you a Trick, I'll adviſe you how you may avoid ſuch another. Learn to be a good Father, or you'll never get a ſecond Wife. I always lov'd your Son, and hated your unforgiving Nature. I was reſolv'd to try him to the utmoſt; I have try'd you too, and know you both. You have not more Faults than he has Virtues; and 'tis hardly more Pleaſure to me, that I can make him and my ſelf happy, than that I can puniſh you.

VALENTINE.

If my Happineſs cou'd receive Addition, this kind Surpriſe wou'd make it double.

Sir

Sir *SAMPSON.*

Oons you're a *Crocodile.*

FORESIGHT.

Really, Sir *Sampſon,* this is a ſudden Eclipſe.

Sir *SAMPSON.*

You're an illiterate old Fool, and I'm another.

TATTLE.

If the Gentleman is in Diſorder for want of a Wife, I can ſpare him mine. Oh are you there, Sir? I'm indebted to you for my Happineſs. [*To* Jereimy.

JEREMY.

Sir, I ask you ten thouſand Pardons, 'twas an errant Miſtake——You ſee, Sir, my Maſter was never mad, nor any thing like it —— Then how cou'd it be otherwiſe?

VALENTINE.

Tattle, I thank you; you would have interpoſed between me and Heav'n; but Providence laid Purgatory in your way——You have but Juſtice.

SCANDAL.

I hear the Fiddles that Sir *Sampſon* provided for his own Wedding; methinks 'tis pity they ſhou'd not be employ'd when the Match is ſo much mended. *Valentine,* tho' it be Morning, we may have a Dance.

VALENTINE.

Any thing, my Friend, every thing that looks like Joy and Tranſport.

SCANDAL.

Call 'em, *Jeremy.*

ANGELICA.

I have done diſſembling now, *Valentine*; and if that Coldneſs which I have always worn before you ſhould turn to an extream Fondneſs, you muſt not ſuſpect it.

VALENTINE.

I'll prevent that Suſpicion —— For I intend to doat to that immoderate Degree, that your Fondneſs ſhall never diſtinguiſh it ſelf enough to be taken Notice of. If ever you ſeem to love too much, it muſt be only when I can't love enough.

ANGE-

ANGELICA.

Have a care of Promiſes; you know you are apt to run more in Debt than you are able to pay.

VALENTINE.

Therefore I yield my Body as your Priſoner, and make your beſt on't.

SCANDAL.

The Muſick ſtays for you. [*Dance.*

SCANDAL.

Well, Madam, you have done exemplary Juſtice in puniſhing an inhuman Father, and rewarding a faithful Lover: but there is a third good Work, which I, in particular, muſt thank you for; I was an Infidel to your Sex, and you have converted me——For now I am convinc'd that all Women are not like Fortune, blind in beſtowing Favours, either on thoſe who do not merit, or who do not want 'em.

ANGELICA.

Tis an unreaſonable Accuſation, that you lay upon our Sex: You tax us with Injuſtice, only to cover your own want of Merit. You would all have the Reward of Love; but few have the Conſtancy to ſtay 'till it becomes your due. Men are generally Hypocrites and Infidels, they pretend to worſhip, but have neither Zeal nor Faith: How few, like *Valentine*, would perſevere even to Martyrdom, and ſacrifice their Intereſt to their Conſtancy! In admiring me, you miſplace the Novelty.

The Miracle to Day is, that we find
A Lover true: Not that a Woman's kind.

MVSEVM BRITAN NICVM

The End of the Firſt Volume.